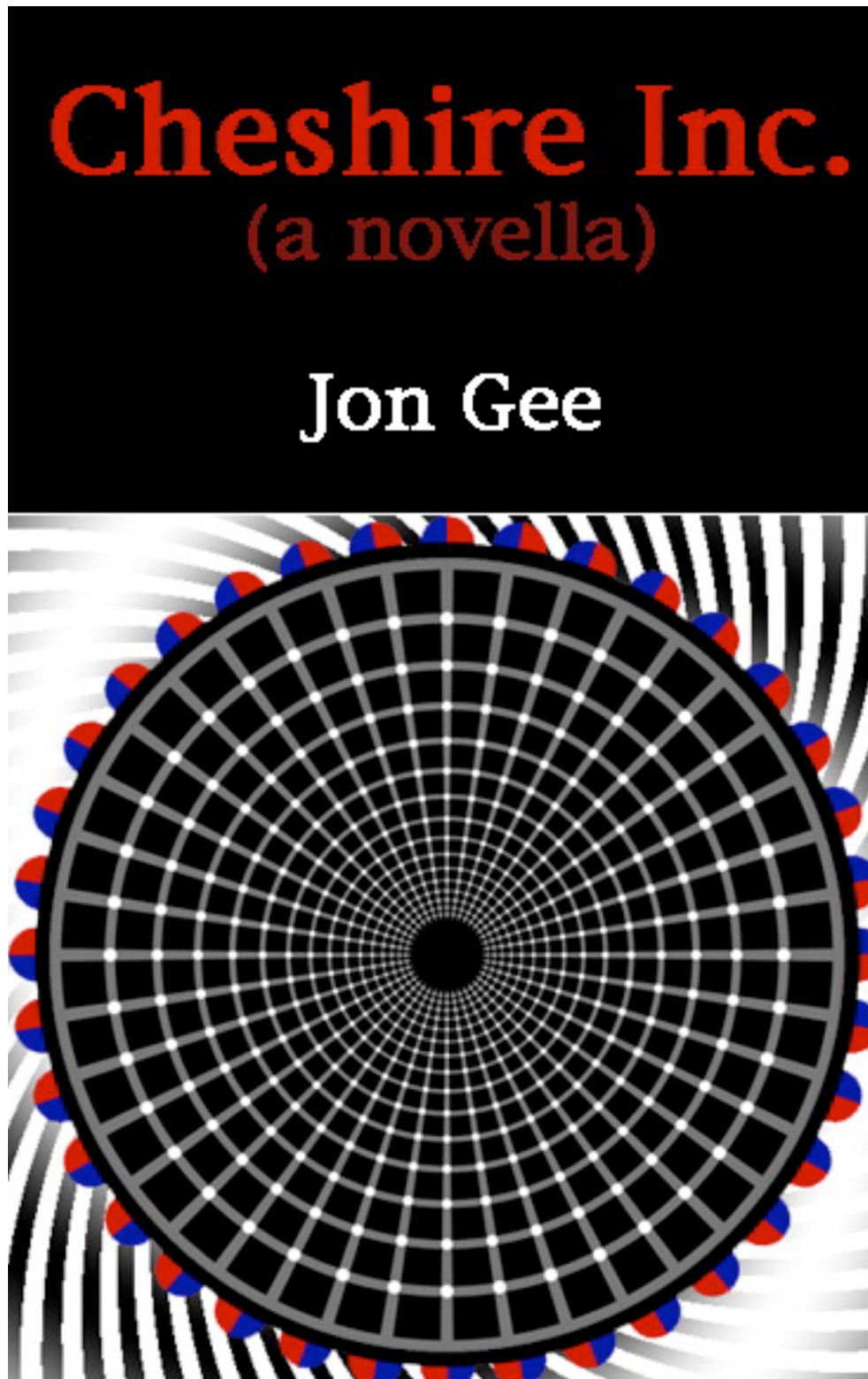


“Cheshire Inc.”

Jonathan Barlow Gee



Cheshire Inc.

The voices are all around again. Wandering words flicker like fire, dimly lighting the vacuous cavity of my vanishing ego. What was once my sanity now belongs to someone far away. The city holds me like an enormous phosphorescent cell inside a reeking roach hotel. I slink, eyes on feet, through the menagerie of monsters, the indigent indigenous, whores and pimps, with spiny fins piercing fur coats, green gills from self-celebratory cigar sucking. Thick eyebrows shroud green jewels. They tuck themselves away from the world in subocular alcoves, invisible but to the depraved. They beckon me and I examine them, my eyes swaying on cybernetic bug stalks, observing coolly, cataloging. Their lips peel back in hideous smiles to reveal soggy yellow canines jabbing at random from pink wet gums. They stare uninterestedly at me and, snorting forth a nicotine callous, in slow motion turn away. They have insectile eyelids all, cardinal lips and fat fur coats, short sequined saffron skirts, dark hose, high heels. This city is asylum for lost lambs and wild wolves as one. Where are the doctors in this mad house, I see only the sick at scuttle alike ants toting bags, pistols, promises and insipid puns. The sick leading the sick; blind rats in an ever spreading circle. I can feel leprosy ripening in my rotten joints. Growing like bread mold in deep green clumps. I'm sore whenever walking on these sordid fortune cookie legs. In their barometric arthritis I can feel the man out there. The man who keeps my mind in a little wooden box locked with a rusty golden hinge. He's tall, in a collar-up trench coat like a detective. He wears a raggy hat and raggy pants and he is like a living pile of rags. His hair is long and raggy, his arms are stiff, his hands cracking with age like leather, thin, fingers long. He shrugs, folding in his whispering arms like a sleeping moth, skin grey and fuzzy; he lights a draw and the spark catches his face in a dim glow. Melting grey skin like bark, broken yellow teeth clamping the poison, behind them a black tongue. His nose turned up like a hollow corpse's, two gloomy caverns and a marrow bar between them he wipes at with his ragged sleeve. His eyes are smoothed flat over like beach sand. Scar tissue, pale and delicate, drifts over his sly eye sockets. His ears have bonified into mounds with a funnel-like hole in the center of each, both Indian cemeteries. He cracks a positively hideous smile, cigarette dangling limply from one lip and coiling up tendrils of smoke. He runs a long finger-nailed finger over the box my spirit is in. His bulbous, chapped lips undulate, schluffing off words in a soothing lover's tone, so peaceful, yet menacing with intent. He beckons me out into the city night, neon scars run all around me. Bloody scabs of Broadway. The romance as the two eminent movie stars slither in to christen a new movie awakening in public cocoons. I'm sweating under a navy winter coat across the summershowerwet street. Cars swish by between us but I'm right behind them. The fat woman feels the psychic breeze of closeness. She looks around trancedly at the attendants who applaud and beg an autograph off her. She smiles nervously. I crack a truly hideous smile and grope my skin gun through my pocket. I know she could be mine. The leather eye patch rubs against my one sealed over eye. My lips stick together and I sniff whole cheetos raw for sustenance. I light a ragged cigarette. I pay a penny to peepshow two girls performing sex acts on each other. I sit there and melt my clothes into a sick pile on the floor watching them undulate. The two sisters are reflected in the surface of the blob. My skin is a tight grey, fuzzy scar tissue all over. One girl sees me accidentally and screams, the other looks over and wretches. My body hairs have grown to the straight backed wooden chair like moss. My blackened tongue lolls out and to the side. I am a greenish grey. My body is beginning to segment like a

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spider's. I chase the Puerto Rican girl through a southern mansion in her mind. Outside are civil war battle sounds and slaves churning butter. Finally I trap the naked girl in a study full of animal heads and pull my piece. Everything, every real thing that is, has a counterpart in the astral sphere. I fill her with globs of milky fructose. Millions of immature miniature replicas of me immediately sprout from the globs. She screams. In reality she just drools. I get back on the trail of my actress... you see I can see in her cunt-filled mind that she knows the man I seek. By tomorrow that dancing lesbian hussy will be my agent and can help me follow the man through his ghetto fronts to find the real him. I hear his voice in my head. Low and slow like a memory resurging, disrupting synapses. I see his eyeless smile. I know he is only an agent for something larger, larger than I know. Why he wants my soul...? Am I to be an agent for him? I can see his eyeless smile — cracked, seeping gums cling weekly to stale corn-like teeth, gripping a green tentacle of a cigarette. His name is... Sam...

greed necessitates government

After they started making the cars new-organic and the ribs hugged your body and you saw the road roll under you like an umbilical chord. After the mouth opened and the sex blossomed a huge red flower in the east. After the eyes shone like two stars in the starless night sky of the western desert. And after all this had been done and had happened and after everyone up and left the worthless monarchs of buildings. That's when the people who already lived in a place *finally* bonded together and began taking back the wasted old teet of the earth regardless of what the other rulers in suit had told them and where they were supposed to live or how and what they were supposed to be. A little head nod in relation to the best examples of a nationalistic rational revolution against absolutism and instability and military and economic government. Yes, it was accepted that there was no way to go and nowhere to get anyone except where you were. Oh, some wandered off into the hills to live like romantic bandits and enlightened French mountain men and the blood of Indians flowed into the old lakes directed for drainage and irrigation and the water went bad. But most lived in tribes in the low lands in counties and shotguns and knives flashed like wolves' teeth in the sun from the east. And the rays from the new black sun washed away flesh and made babies be born sexless or hermaphrodites because sex was like water and had to be rationed and given only to leaders. Lots of dead cats piled high by the road side. Dead cats nailed to doors and hubcaps on tires. Lots of dead politicians in backyard pools and limos and whore's rooms were fund by lots of poor bums with peeling skin and they pull out for political reasons all the money and they give it to great bonfires because it brought the Great Wave. Ah, yes, and now we live bright and shiny, productless and timeless and lawless and nude. A close kinship and a romantic campaign are our government and we live in our bad lands and good lands with pride. But no one here in God's home town knows where the strangers and the bandits and the mountain men went or where / if they live. I saw one driving once in a car of flesh wrapped around him in bones and he flew through the night without a single glance back over his shoulder and I turned and I walked back to the town with a bit of a smirk and a tear in my eye, in my one good eye.

Zone P.D.

Zone police are either exclusively boneless or exclusively skinless. These animals roam the streets indiscriminately killing citizens and travelers. They wrap their insect scaled heads in khaki sheets like sheiks to hide the needle pox. They exist in an invisible flatland dimension between the earth and the people and rile violently against both to break free. It is royal training to planted up to the chin like a vegetable and eat your way out in preparation for joining the zone P.D. They wear earplugs and have subocular chips to dissuade joining conscious or unconscious. Sounds roam around like the big bad wolf but can't get to their little piggy brains. They wear varying uniforms of varying complexity depending on rank judgment. In the zone there are no grand juries. There is one huge eye and one huge mouth in a sacred sub-sub-sub-basement that only the guilty, who are allowed to live and not killed on sight, and the zone P.D. know about, and since the only new members of the zone P.D. are the ones who disappear to be brought before this eye and are never seen again in human form, it is a secret of only the zone P.D. It is this eye/mouth combo that passes final judgment. It is referred to as the quintessence. It sees all. It knows all. It is like the eye of God and there is one small church on Norfolk where the pastor swears that it is the eye of God and demands it be replaced to its throne atop the Cheops pyramid. The zone P.D. broke in during a sermon last Sunday and dragged the screaming padre into an organic car and peeled off. They brought him back later; the same car with sirens on top sped through and threw out an armless, legless, earless lump with fear behind dead eyes. “There is no eye...” he mutters to himself, tying off and injecting government approved flowerdew. “Flowerdew helps people remember everything is good and that *there is no eye...*” he mutters through clenched teeth as he ties off his cock. The needle is clenched in his eye and sinks it deep and pushes the whole dose into his purple staff. Yeah, well, not all Zone P.D. cases end up as piss pore. Chaos ensues without law they say. Round up the usual suspects they say. Two of them are eating doughnuts, cupping insect mandibles around them, in an organic car across the street. I watch them. I lick my lips. Trash taste. Crunch crunch crunch crunch. Bones in the dough made special go crunch crunch crunch. Guns clenched. I make my move. I pounce like a black cougar. Air blows around me. Feet on hood. Kick window in. Gasps. Guns. Blood. Kicks at bony faces. Their guns sink wires into me and shock like snow. Kick. Break. Shock. Night turns red. Guttural laughter fills the city streets. Two cops slain headline reads. Mine eyes have seen the Glory blares over the radio. P.D. cruisers roam like corpuscles through the crowded streets. Sirens are a constant whine behind normal barks and screams and gunfire. She fires guns at her own breast, lurking double agent undercover badges in everybody's closets examining skeletons. Belligerent cops argue domestic disputes like angry Greek philosophers, distracting the combatant couples to their amusement and Roman bread and circus games. Nobody wants to be there then. The dog hides. All the neighbors are pasted to their windows. One loses his patience and grabs a butcher's knife and blood sprays cover the kitchen wall. The other blue beetle crosses his eyes to blur the video-feed and pulls his piece. BANG! BANG! Two eyeholes gush blood geysers like an erecting penis in reverse. He falls into his shadow. When one dies a million show up on the spot like ants, waving their antennae. They hide in back alleys invisible because pantless, the people would rather just look the other way, examining pedestrians like potential road kill. With narrow eyes they look down aquiline noses at citizens who aren't wearing their numbers loud and CLEAR(!!!!!) like victims or suspects and all colored with blood!

Blood colors everything they see. In cop school they inject huge amounts of blood into their eyeballs and they are whipped naked in front of friends and family who are laughing and they are humiliated until they are reduced to barely an infantile state of cum not even human. They are taught to rape beautiful girls with their eyes and peel layers of their penis flesh off as penance. Nothing is sacred outside of them and they are fallen angels. Virtue is their target! They are true to their maladjusted cause and infect and invade and cleanse in horrid apparitions. Their's are horrid aspirations. Two dressed as aliens sneak into my room while I am sleeping and rape me with the neighbor's cat. I can't look at my neighbor now. I think he's suspicious. His daughter married an Irish-Catholic police captain who has since been promoted to God and will only fuck her when she has her period. They put out babies like a machine and his cock is always raw from penance. He teaches his boys penance — makes them practise peeling potatoes. He teaches them the despair of resolution and the joy of murder. He gives them guns and teaches them how to hunt. Maybe when they're older they'll kill him. They suspect me of killing Kennedy, even though he was assassinated before I was born, but which I couldn't have prevented. No one could have and therefore all America is accomplice to the murder. A million cops seed the crowd and he's picked off in a triangle from above. The cops get Oswald and call him pansy. Or is it patsy? Whichever. William Tell is my idol. He could kill a woman and not know. I love that story so much! He was arrested after killing all the women in the world but one. A German Jew. We are all descended from her.

Day 21, June of August

Why won't they just kill me and get it over with? They know I see them across the street. Even now they are in the apartments above and below and on both sides of me. Last night I had a girl in here and I kept hearing feedback from the wire hidden on her. She kept asking me if I ever killed a guy and saying if I did it turned her on and I stripped her and, to start with, her nipples weren't hard, so I knew she was a liar to begin with, then, to add insult to injury, I found a wire coming out of her ass hole with a little camera at the end. And she had a badge shaped diaphragm. I accused her of being a robot and sent the bitch home whirring and clicking. She beat on the door and demanded I give her her clothes back and I said, “ah — go get ‘em!” and pitched them out the window where a million F.B.I. agents dressed as bums rushed up and grabbed them up for evidence and she looked up at me naked on the street and I tried to shout a warning but a cop scuttled up and toted the mechanoid off, probably to rape her, before I could say a word. I threw all my appliances away and busy myself chopping up my wooden furniture to maintain a constant bonfire. It keeps the bugs away. I've already cut to cinder two very expensive couches and a wooden girl I call Katrina. She was the most beautiful of my sacrifices to date. When the sun rises or sets I pray to date for this day to be a good day and that if I must lay my life down to please let it be for His Good and not for any other good, such as government cheese. I don't know anyone. Teresa, my hermaphrodite lesbian lover and Friedrich, my clone, have both eloped to black dominated Haiti to live a life as two black people, a boy and a “girl.” It is now clear to me that the most beautiful women in the world thus far are all reflections of myself. I don't need them. I got the real McCoy. No transporter fake here, cap'n! All the cops and F.B.I. people all around can hear is a scratching pen. When I was a kid... I used to wish there were girls at my window watching me when I undressed and getting all excited. There was a girl at my

apartment window once recently. I was watching a sunrise and she fell right in front of me. A few seconds later I heard a meaty slap as she landed on her bottom on the street below. O think a cop pushed her. That’s what I think. If they ever asked me, though, they would probably wring a whole confession out of me and make me sign in bloody semen. “Oh, what the Hell,” I’d say after several hours, “sure give me the goddamn paper, what am I signing: the constitution? Whazzit matter, here gimme that pen.” And fireworks would go off and they’d give me a parade down death row. Some girls really like to have fun and wear leather and studs and whip and dominate. For them I have the ultimate leather experience: the electric chair. It’s leather, it’s studded, it whips and even dominates. ZAP. Bitchburgers. Cuntdogs. I have a theory that every man has his devil and therefore every man is a devil. Every man has his Judas and therefore every man is Judas. A burning cut opens up on my arm as sunrise guts the horizon like a spinning yellow saw. Light bleeds out and drowns shadows. The whole concept of “the Shadow” was borrowed from Fantomas. I read somewhere that nine out of ten homewreckers are narcissistic. So let’s hit them where it hurts. Drop bottles of hair toxin on communities of divorced men. Bald stewardesses and waitresses and secretaries rush out and peel away in camaro’s and T-birds. Ex-husbands, suddenly stricken, not just bald, but wholly hairless sign elephant overdue alimony checks in shaking hairless hands. That boy must have been joking when he said his parents have a motion sensor light in the hall. How silly. How can his father sneak in to rape him then? Rape is nonconsensual. No, I don’t mind. “No” always means “no.” Massa. I can’t help it. It just bleeds like that when I laugh. I don’t know why. It hurts too. Stabbed myself to death with a pen. They find my body before it’s even cold and read my diary while shitting and drinking coffee on my john. Oh my God.

the Tour

The man was a typical college student — shorts, a white collar t-shirt, trim hair, clean shaven. Obviously a more academic guy than some. A real faggot cunt, yessiree. At a distance I could swear I saw a dick on his eye, dangling like a minute elephant trunk from the socket. As I approached I thought — surely this is a dick. He greeted me with a gleaming toothy smile. Apparently our conversation could not commence until there was a modicum of explanation regarding his cockeye. He conceded to this. “Yes, this is a penis in place of my right eye,” he began rehearsedly, “I’m sorry for the shock of its appearance. My real one was shot off — lost in the war.” I cut him off, “which war?” I asked. He looked confused for a moment, his spiel interrupted, he stammered, clammed tight, then continued as if uninterrupted. “I lost it in the war and I asked the doctors if they could replace it and they did.” He paused, seemingly finished. “But why did you have it put over your eye?” He answered, “why so’s I can always keep watch on it so’s I never lose it again.” He chuckled. “Balls too?” I observed, examining the scrotum hanging over his cheek. “Doesn’t that get awkward in a fight?” His fake toothy grin faltered, or rather, flickered, for an instant as if he were flinching. He blinked obviously rather wary of the topic. “Would you like to get started with the tour?” he asked, again blinding me with his grin. “Why not?” I offered, rather amused with the bloke. We started — I sitting in the back of the van, he driving, his female ass. in the shotgun. He started up in tour guide pentameter. (“and over *here* we have cuntlick commerce, established 1982 by troubled shepherds, and right behind *that* one can find harelip library, one of three, fine, well-stocked

libraries on campus. You're sure to be able to find all the books you need there." I jumped on this one — "like 'skull-fucking made easy?' or perhaps 'the cunt-faced girls of your area directory?'" By the end of the trip he was almost completely haught. His face was red, his cock bulging rhythmically, his scrotum tucked into a knot. At first he merely grimaced at me in the rearview mirror like I was hurting him. By the end of the trip he was giving me a cold glare.) I kept wanting to ask him questions like "so how old were you when you lost your virginity?" and "what is the exact percentage of girls on campus who don't wear underwear?" and "do you get lots of dates with that cock for an eye?" These I stifled, however. At one point, during a red light intermission, he excused himself and turned his head out the window. His cock raised up like a fireman's hose and he urinated on the ground. He tapped a few more drops out and then went on. He mentioned he was anemic whilst pointing out a huge dormitory made entirely from human excrement. "It's really an epidemic," he says, making an impossibly slow right turn. "Doctors say more and more people die from it every day. I also got the runs. You ever get the runs?" He looks at me in the rearview. "No." While I got 'em right now. I been studying so hard to get a degree in leprosy that I up and gave myself the runs. Sometimes I masturbate out of sheer boredom. You ever masturbate out of sheer boredom?" He looks at me in the rear view mirror. "No." "Well I do. I'm doing it right now in fact." His penis was steering. "Isn't that dangerous?" I asked. "Naw, it's got a license." "Hey," I offered, "if you've got a dick for an eye, what do you got for a dick? An eye?" He gave me a stern look in the mirror. He stopped letting his cock drive and was silent for awhile. I had obviously hurt his feelings. It was likely I was not to get the full hour tour. "Well," he repressed the urge to snarl, "here we are. Back at the station." We were pulling in along side the brick building from which we had left. I got out and began to leave. "Hey," he jogged over to me. "If you ever want to make up, you know, start over, you know..." he handed his phone number, "I can do things —" I walked off before he could finish. I threw his card over my shoulder and it fluttered to the ground and landed in a puddle. I looked back and he appeared to be either weeping or ejaculating. To this day I don't know which.

Lyn

She could coax water from the desert dunes. She was a mystical medicine woman and her eyes were glistening pools where she mixed ancient cures. She wore a leather woven rope belt over which she hung a thin strip of animal hide that hung down in the front and the back and sagged under to cover her crotch. She wore a leather tube top laced up with sinew in the front, weaving back and forth over a gap that revealed her cleavage. Fringe with bone beads and /or/ feathers hanging from the strands hung everywhere. She wore turquoise bracelets on her wrists and ankles, each dangling one hawk feather. Her hair was long and very deep brown, her eyes solid black orbs wide and observant like cat's eyes. Her skin was a queer tan/khaki color — she was obviously of multiple race heritage. Her face was painted in long dark brown-red blood colored streaks with black highlights. A centipede style tattoo ran down her spine in the same darkish hue of blue. Her chest, above her top, down in the cleavage and on her stomach, was painted in an intricate pattern. Lines of dark red blood accented her arms and legs. She wore a beaded headband depicting a yellow war bird against a red sky of various tones. Tassels of blue hung down over her forehead from the band. Her feet were clothed in leather lose

moccasins. Her dark eyes were inverted flames; when she blinked a light seemed to go out. Her name was Lyn. She had no last name. She was beautiful. Blue sky streaked yellow turns orange and red and burns an electric sunset. Purple night bleeds in from above like seeping paint drowning magnificent flame hues into majestic royal regal dark tones. Stars break through one by one like distant vigil candles paying homage at long forgotten shrines to long forgotten Gods. This is her dance. As night sinks into exploding dayfall hers are the winds that blow the sun into submission and carry it in the hitchhiker night. Trains drive into town just passing through. Windy border town in the frontier of the horizon. The trains run day and night but go nowhere. There's nowhere beyond to go. “That's where day goes to sleep,” parents tell their bedded children as their eyes flutter, their own sleep setting in, they fighting it, fighting to stay awake to hear the magical stories. She whispers a magic story in my ear as I rest my head upon her soft breast. Her hair wisps down around me, brushing my eyes as they flutter shut. Like two birds wings covering my eyes. I look up into her black marble eyes. Glass orbs cut from black quartz crystal clear and shining as diamonds. She smiles down at me with soft pink lips. She is mother, lover, daughter, all in one. In that moment I am loved and safe in her long, warm embrace. I sleep in the tomb of her arms around my tired back. When I awake dawn is boiling like an egg yoke through a million slats cut in white marble. Colored silk saffron lined tapestries line the hall illustrating color scenes in a dragon's life from birth to slaughtering by a noble knight with goat horns sprouting from a thorn covered helmet. Hooked talons, spines and barbs decorate his gleaming armor. His is the evil exalted as good. The Good that men *call* “evil. The hall is a glowing tunnel of translucent light, a chute of shining safety, like a birth canal to heaven. I look groggily through one of the slats, my darkened eyes burned by the sharp encompassing light. I see colored figures dancing around a brown heap at their feet. My eyes shake off the fog of sleep like a wet dog in slow motion. Before a scene of trees growing at an incredibly accelerated rate while day swaps for night at the count of five seconds, an alternating number of men wave saw-like cutlery to the sweeping clouds and creaking clock of stars and arching rainbows of sun and moon alike. The armored men wear different colors, hues, tones and shades of shells, each sprouting arched fangs like the silver knight in the tapestry story. Their shadows swing in oar-like strokes as the days sweep by like waves. They all brandish horrible thorny weapons, blades and saws, maces and clubs with spines. Their helmets are menacing monstrous ogre countenances, each grimacing out an awful grin, misshapen teeth made of steel hooks and all undulating like deep sea anemones. They perch like gargoyles over a crumpled form with coffee hair and leather wrappings cut to ribbons, hanging beaten over a bruised, cut and naked body of khaki flesh. “Lyn,” I cry! None of the characters respond. The shelled crabs with a wash of changing colors raise their gutting implements as one, like a wave drawing back to crash, or a terrible bird spreading its wings. My cold palms pressed against the marble, my eye peeled and unblinking. Helpless. Lyn waved a wispy arm, like a weak tendril, begging mercy from the colored killers. They struck down as one — a flower, petals turning inward on itself, blood fountained ten, then twenty, then thirty feet into the air. The dark geyser growing and growing; the knights had sunk in and their backs pulsed around their kill, undulating like feasting beetles. The blood rose like a phoenix, not a drop constrained by gravity but all forced upward in a spiraling column like a tornado. Behind this hideous orgasmic organism like a crunching liquid flower devouring itself at the shelled roots the days and nights still swept by like a pinwheel, trees blooming into life and aging into huge giants and falling into

dead wood mulch in minutes; it all began spinning faster and faster, the oak shadow oars pumping maddeningly, trees an olive haze, sky mixing light and night like a top into some twilight haze of sick mauve. The clouds moved so fast they clustered into huge creeping masses like swirling dirt. The scene took on an apocalyptic hue, blood red sky of thick rolling ebony clouds, earth turned gray-brown like vomit in the half-light, sun and moon a furious band of dim glow encircling the horizon like an evil halo. The blood flower grew and grew like a proverbial bean stalk until it reached toward the sky like a begging hand. At the apex of the churning stem a huge transparent blood bubble began to bloom. The bubble blistered up, filling with the burbling deposit of the now leathery and vein-like stem. It grew and grew and sagged over, filling with Lyn's blood and huge glops and strands of her organs spit up like refuse. The huge transparent sac grew and swelled like a huge birth sac, sagging down like an overfull breast all around the stem. It stretched with met capacity, its volume surpassed by hundreds of gallons, and more meaty sauce still bubbling up from the submerged orifice of the blood hose. The surface groaned and it began to rise slightly like a balloon, or a gentleman when a lady enters the room. I stumbled to the opposite side of the now darkened hall, watching in horror the blossoming of this horrid flower. It rose, filled, and stretched like rubber, until — BOOM! It burst in a hideous splash and the liquid fell to the ground in storm-like sheets. The sky spasmed red, the moon and sun stopped as one black hole in the puddle of the sky, all the astral adornments began seeping, draining into the dark circle. Clouds swept along like bubble tufts in leaking bath water. The ground was covered in blood, the stem-vein collapsing like a spent hose still drooling blood like a helpless cock. Blood filled the scene and crept closer and closer to my marble slats. Finally it drained through, running down the gray walls in streams like fingers at every window. I looked around frantically for some escape but found none. The ashy stone shrine had four walls; the two the blood drained through had shelf-like benches below the windows, running the length of the wall; the other walls, the ends of the rectangular room, were staircases that led up to the ceiling, which was about twenty feet above me. Blood filled the benches like troughs and spilled over into growing puddles on the floor. It was all happening so fast. I look around. No escape. The blood rises around my feet. Outside the sky is being drained away, the scab swallowed to leave an omni-astral black wood-like scar. The blood hugs around my knees, the benches submerged. The earth is bleeding from a million mortal wounds, man is laughing in his skyscraping spartan rooms. Blood raises around my neck and lifts my feet off the ground. Its metal taste fills my mouth in gulps, staining my face like crushed berries. Surely this is Noah's flood. I'm to drown, arkless, evil, unforgiven. Lyn. The mother, sister, lover, daughter — dead and drained, her skin mined away in huge gashes. She doesn't know it's her bleeding sorrow I'm going to drown to death in. The windows are submerged. My face pressed against the cold ceiling. Blood lapping away my room to move. Finally no more air or breathing room. I float in a red space world, weightless in the choking liquid. I watched my last cache of bubbles rise from my clenching throat through my fish lips and float up and away like clear red rubies. My hair floats in close around me. I close my eyes from the gruesome scene. From the dark distance I see Lyn walking toward me, arms open. A glistening halo of light surrounds her like a spider's web. I lose myself in the dark flame of her eyes. Forever in an instant.

random insert:

“don’t leave home... without it”

If the Master Card can make us a better person by *allowing* us to do more things, then it has truly earned its name. It truly is our “Master” card. If freedom is a privilege that we must *earn* by spending, and not the right they smugly claim, then I can no longer live in this economy based liberty sans-liberty-based-economy. It is money, greed, lust, desire for power over, urge to claim ownership of, and all their like that pollute nature with fences and blue uniformed, red blooded, white faced American Guard Dogs line the towers built by finance (for the “beautification of our garden”) to “protect our rights” by either keeping the unknown out or by keeping all of us inside. We are confined to suburbia without hope of parole. We are so well trained by our own guard dogs to sit and to beg that we now believe it is our “Master” card that sets us free. We’re happy in shackles of our own stupidity.

Snail

There are those who would have you believe that all things you write or do are extensions solely of yourself. Fraud, er, Freud would have us believe that in our dreams the other people represent other repressed aspects of our personality. He also puts forth that one’s responses to ink blots or other free association stimuli reflect how we see the world. Why doesn’t he just come right out and say what he really knows? That there are no other people in the world. Everyone is merely an extension of everyone else. There is no “you” or “me” save in how the one relates to the other. In fact the only “you” there can ever be is in how you relate to me — how you are an extension of my own personality. In fact, no props or sets exist either that are not facets of my personality. The millions of masses and the worldly situations they create exist only to serve as backdrop for the characters I will invent for my own personal interaction. Any friends or relatives, any secondary characters my cast may have serve only to make them appear more realistic. Any props, costumes or sets they may know or own exist only to make them appear more realistic. Have you ever touched a snail on his foot — fleshy, extra-muscular apparatus? It roles up slowly, drawn into his shell for safety. My brain is coiling back into my cranial shell. No more exploring can I do. Now, like a fat mollusk, I rear back and place pillows under my soft ass, and, through force of will, make the world come to me. By completely internalizing myself, I can force the world to play by the rules I can enforce *only* in my mind. I can control the amount of interaction with the outside. I can govern everything internally. You all exist only in my mind and have been created solely for my psychological sustenance. It *has* been proven that no interaction with other “humans” has driven people mad. Coma patients are, by choice, secluded away from “the world.” Their mind exists inside a pocket of the vest called sanity. It can’t be found from the outside by the external methods. It can only be communicated [with] by minds sharing pockets. Once you’re in, you can only talk to those who are in, and those who are out look foolishly for you. You become a ghost. Your mind free of the physical role it is forced into by existence, it can create its own world. Having chosen to withdraw you can force the world to come to you. On the opposite hand, people forced to exist away from society and other “people” have a tendency to go “crazy” or to “lose their minds.” Their minds have a foot in both worlds — they exist in the external world, playing external roles to externals, but they have begun to slip into the internal, to create people with whom they can interact. Sometimes these mental

characters are forced into the visual, external world. They are registered as ghosts or visions — hallucinations. It is the mind’s attempt to find balance between its external environment and its internal, self-made environment. It attempts to put the created characters in the foreign external environment. We laude those who exist solely in the external world and condemn in asylums those who are internalized. We poke and prod their safety attempting to bring them back to “our” realm. Their physical bodies begin to age — neglected by the mind. Sometimes we even condemn the mind to exist in its auto-environment by killing the physical body. “Pulling the plug,” the self-righteous call it. Soon the mind follows the body. The two worlds can never be truly separated, however. To begin with how can the externals and the internals differentiate themselves, anyway? Afterall, how do we know that we do not already exist in a self-contained world created by our mind? We can never be truly sure. But that is not the only difference. How can an internal world exist without an external world? The internal world is a distorted reflection of the external world. Characters resemble “humans” from the outside world, and sets, costumes and props are all based on the external world. What would a baby dream of? The ultimate internal human — no exposure to the external. No influence — solely an internal picture of a *true* internal world. We are, in fact, all unborn infants, our lives are unborn dreams of a possible world. When we dream ourselves “dying” in “this life” we are, in truth, being born from our womb. We enter the “next” world where we are no longer the dream, nor the dreamer. We are both. You are my dream. You are mine.

The Real Me

Sam is either a cop or a woman. This revelation came to me yesterday. I picked up the phone and a husky voice said it belonged to Sam. “Hello, this is Sam,” the voice said. It went on to tell me all about myself. Details and secrets I took pains to hide and that only I could know. “Well, Sam,” I said when the voice finished, “I guess you do know alot about me, but I still don’t know anything at all about you...” but by then I realized I was talking to a dial tone. I don’t know how long I had been talking to it. Maybe the whole time. Maybe I never even got a call. Maybe I called another of those 900#s and spooked the girl out and she hung up. Whatever. If the call did come it could only have been made by the real Sam McCoy or by a cop who has read my diary. Let me tell you a little about myself. I’m a writer. I file reports in the form of a diary. I write down what I think and what I see and what I think I see. I live in a one room apartment on the thirtieth floor. The window which was to be the fourth wall of my apartment is broken or missing, either way it’s gone. I have one cat. His/her (it’s a hermaphrodite synth. spy sent by the P.D.) name is “Jesus” because he/she can walk on water. I never have to feed him/her. I don’t have any furniture. I write in a notebook prostrate on the floor. Outside I can see the city burning and lit up during dark nights. P.D. choppers race around the sky hovering and landing indiscriminately like dragonflies. Once I saw some gunfire or missiles take one down. It burst into flames and dropped straight down like a rock. Sometimes P.D. frogmen scale the skin of my building with suction cup feet and hands like spiders. I pee down on their heads and throw my cat Gabrielle down on them. Oh, did I say his/her name was — — I meant to say his/her name was “Gabrielle” because he/she can fly. I have a third eye on the world. To get it to see I have to wave rods in the air and plug it in. It tells me when / where there is danger. I think I must be the only person still living in the building. Or still left alive. No one ever comes by. I haven’t seen another

human in two years. I’m living solely off my nonexistent body fat and what’s left of my hair. I drink rain water. I only ever wear a tattered brown sweater and black jeans. I’m only this during the day, though. At night I am a renowned porno film actor named “Buck Naked” of course (according to the first amendment to the new constitution which states simply, “All male porno stars must be named ‘Buck Naked,’ and if they aren’t they must undergo the official name exchange program/ritual. Female porno stars may be named any sexy name, although the name ‘Debbie’ is preferred for middle-aged girls of long blonde hair.”) And I dazzle women with the size of my erection (my alter-ego, my character, rather, is named “Hugh G. Rection”) and bring men to incredible feats of jealousy by actually bringing my female costars to multiple orgasms (the first initiated by just seeing my giant penis, the second upon contact, the third upon entry, one for every thrust until I withdraw, one when I withdraw, and another one upon again seeing my giant penis). Although I am not actually a porno star, I play one on t.v. Oh, yes, you see, I’m actually a detective — my own personal secret agent. I wear a long tattered trench coat and a black tattered hat. I have one hand always on my gun, one hand always on my badge, one hand always holding a cigarette, one hand always holding a scotch (no ice), one hand always on some one-night dame, and the other hand *always* on my gun. I always keep my eye on the prize. I only have the one eye so I have the tendency to not see incoming punches and I really do have a glass jaw. The doctor gave it to me in a precedent setting four day laser surgery operation after my real jaw was hit so hard it came off and landed in Dolly Parton’s cleavage where it promptly disappeared. Once I was fucking that kitten bitch and she was smiling and screaming and bouncing and she had her eyes closed and her hair tussled. I orgasmed so hard she shot off my cock and bounced around the room like a cheap bottle rocket; she was even streaming sparks from her cunt. Needless to say it was a cut and print a true testament to my artistic genius. Our director Oliver Clothesoff signed me on for four more pictures on the spot. Oliver is a funny guy. Have you ever heard someone say, or rather, someone calling someone, “pencil dick?” Well Oliver actually is one. Or rather, he *has* one. He wrote the contracts up with his cock and I ejaculated my official symbol signet — a snake eating its own tail. We were all so happy we began drooling uncontrollably. Ah! Now the next movie I did was a gem. It was a spoof called “Field of Reams” and I was supposed to be at bat and knock a homer into a cornfield and a bunch of naked girls in baseball drag would run out, breasts bouncing like bowls full of jelly, and an orgy would ensue. Well, I showed up that day, you bet, but I had forgotten the only prop in the whole movie: the bat! So in a rare feat of creative ingenuity I proceeded to substitute my penis for the part and let me tell you, it was a natural. And after I had played my part to the hilt I can tell you there was not a dry eye in the house. The film went quad. plat. and we all got rich and fat. Not a word of it a lie. Not a *word* of it — a *lie*! Then there was the time I was pinned down past the last exit by anemone fire from all directions just like Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid (both of whom I portrayed by used of an interactive split screen so we could frolic, and that movie was called “Bitch Assidy and the Cum Pants Queer.” Quite memorable indeed. My first solo two-person sex scene, to my knowledge). I only had the one shocker, so I was sure dead, but damned if I didn’t use that gun to burrow through solid rock for thirty yards, tunnel up from behind the marksmen and take them wholly unawares. I’m afraid one of them *might* have been Clint Eastwood whom I had the very distinct pleasure of working with on a film called “Very Dirty Harry” which was shot in six days on location in the Hoboken petting zoo. I never saw an actor work so hard to get the mood of the scene *just right*. I really must say I respect his style. I believe it was

on that film that we had no camera available and had to shoot the entire film frame at a time using a shutter box for which we had no flash powder! Truly a remarkable piece of film-making. I've worked with girls named Misty, Missy, Christi, Christie, Chrissy, Linda, Kitty, Cindy, Bethany, Annie, Kelly, Mary, Stephanie, etc. My point is I think there's an unwritten clause somewhere in female porno "actors" contracts that says your name must end in an "e" sound. In real life, when I'm a detective, I have a red haired nymphomaniac secretary girlfriend. She is three inches taller than me making her a good seven feet tall. We have sex in airplane bathrooms on the way to exotic ports of call. Every time I shoot somebody I think of her. After I came back on an organic bus (oh, I forgot to mention that, in an organic airplane, in which we had sex, the bathroom is the prostate gland) I found she had been replaced by a four foot tall black woman who swore she was my girlfriend. I have been having sex with her in missionary position (which the real McCoy never would have allowed) so the P.D. she works for won't suspect anything. I think I know that they don't that I know and am on to them. P.D. wasps buzz my agency window as I fuck / suck the black spy, who is old enough to be my mother, on my desk. Just to let me know they're there. Once I fucked two twins on the flatbed trailer of a cross-country semi. They said their names were the Tweed sisters; they were tall, one was red haired, the other blonde. I spit out my six inch long cigarette on the truck bed and fucked both of them at once, impaling them like shish-cunt-bobs on my cock. They squealed.

Soap

Today is the 100th anniversary of the day soap was condemned. They started putting poison in the soap. Chemicals that turn your skin and hair white. Michael Jackson was the first real victim. Then they just started manufacturing soap with the chemicals in them. Hell, what did they care? By then more than half the populous was addicted; afterall, "cleanliness is next to godliness" by any means necessary. Children faked tourette's and went around flicking the you know who just to get their parents to wash their mouths out. The government started putting spiders into the soap bars to dissuade the users from purchasing the contaminant. This didn't work and the soap bars were quarantined and boycotted. After awhile the kick became so strong and the once goody goody soap-junkies so foaming at the mouth insane that the government showed them into some showers and gassed the whole lot of them, kicking and screaming. It was quite an emotional ordeal for the nation's psyche to undergo. Something so trusted and such a painful betrayal. It haunted the survivors for the rest of their years and lived on in legends and horror stories of packs of zesty lunatics roaming the avenues pillaging and raping and murdering and robbing. About twenty years after the ordeal they released a non-drug soap, but by then the public had become so jaded sales never picked up and the product was discontinued. Besides, by then they learned they could keep clean by regular transportation via the net. She wore a harvard shirt, ripped off beneath the breasts so their bottoms show. She was a shady blonde with brown eyes and a tawny body free from tan lines. Her short shorts were red, pinstriped white. We went back to her place, lit solely by lava lamps and smelling of incense. Foreplay ensued. I licked her nipples and she fondled my sac. Everything was going great... until she offered me some soap. She was rubbing down in it herself, all lathered up, and she said, "I love living on the edge. Don't you wish everybody did?" Well, baby, that was it. In a heartbeat I had my pants and shirt on and one foot out the door. I knew that even one

touch of that soap would turn me into a froth-mouthed junky. Well, no way, sister. Not for me. Oh, no.

My Job

My attorney called me today. He was crying. He said he had wanted to bury the hatchet with his boss but he wound up getting the axe. Attorneys have no sense of humor. Like the overly paranoid P.D. they see everyone as either victims or suspects. They are more relaxed about it in a sense than cops. Whereas cops want to arrest somebody, lawyers, like porn stars, just want to get somebody off. There's a paranoia gradient from bugs through rube lawyers to P.I.'s. Dicks are almost as paranoid of the police as the police are of them. It's like a dysfunctional marriage of the two arms of the law: the long reaching right one and the liberal left one. The left wing, liberal and free advocating, like the left arm, is wired to the right, creative hemisphere of the brain. Although, I could be wrong about the whole, left-wing liberal, right-wing conservative establishment. It's just a metaphor, like the life of Christ. The organic guns, called shockers, or zhokerz, function on a simple principle. There are certain mental blocks established by everyone inside their minds that act as dykes holding back wells of emotion, especially painful and potent memories, often of childhood; sometimes these blocks act as dams withholding whole other personalities, entirely self-contained and suppressed. The mind views these localized traumas as viral, but as no white cells can be summoned to kill, say, a memory, then the next best option must be enacted. "That which cannot be destroyed must be exiled; that which cannot be killed must suffer the un-life of abandonment." Now like any dam, a great deal of energy must be expelled to support them. This energy increases exponentially to counter the forcefulness of the trauma's geometric increase. The more severe or intense the trauma, the stronger the block must be that holds it back. The shocker can do one of two things in this situation. On a "numb" setting it shocks the brain with an overloading surge of energy. This increases all the blocks until nearly all memory and emotion are severed, usually leaving the subject catatonic or unconscious. The other setting, "fray," effects to neutralize the blocks' energy supply by injecting a counteragent flow — a pulse set at a supplementary frequency to the size of the target block that acts, just as a sustained lightning bolt against a dam, to wear down the charge until the block collapses. This allows emotions, memories or personalities to escape causing mental mayhem. This is the more dangerous setting, because, although ideally meant to leave the target incapacitated from mental strain, it could have a number of effects from unconsciousness, death by cerebral hemorrhage, or simply reducing the person to an emotional wreck, to causing temporary or even permanent schizophrenia, not to mention the variables implicated if suppressed personality were to be introduced. It is obvious why the numb setting is preferred. It is usually a cleaner cut. In my line of work there's no such thing as a clean cut. You see, I'm a doctor. A social doctor. It's my job to open up Lady Liberty and cut out the dead flesh her Great Blue T-cells can't get at. I've had to remove almost every last inch of her. Almost nothing left. No choice cuts these days. The girl stepped nude from the shower. I watched her lithe sparkling skin as she dried her face with a towel, standing on a white shag floor mat in a white fluorescent bathroom. Long tan legs, long tan abdomen, long tan arms and neck. Long dark red hair. She patted the folded towel down her neck and chest and rubbed her long arms with it. First one, then the other. Sleek and slender. Her eyes shut in sheer warm

enjoyment. A facsimile of pleasure. Never an emotion in its platonic form — the raw form of feeling. Merely acting. Never meaning, merely definition. God, she was lovely. She mopped dry her stomach and down her thighs, then, half turning her torso, her back and buttocks. Down her legs and between her waving toes. Her flesh was perfect, beautiful even. Obviously a slave model. But there were some obvious giveaways. Such beautiful hair and lovely features. Appliances in proportion. Motions well defined. But she had no belly button. And, I mean, there is such a thing as *too* perfect, you know. I put my hand on the cold steel horse I suffered. A shocker wouldn't work here; I had to use my old sorrowful magnum. It put forth an actual load, a real bullet. A real shame. I cocked the hammer and leveled the cannon at her head. “Giggles,” I said. Her eyes flipped open like shutters. Her mouth fell open, lips parting gently; the towel dropped from her long fingered hand to the tile floor. She started to turn so slightly in one second. It was the next second I wasted her. My finger clenched and there was a firecracker and a jolt in my hand. A tiny cloud of flint and gunpowder discharge. A flash of light. She falls to the ground in a flurry, her hand slapping meatily against the bathtub. After that time lapsed back to normal. The beautiful girl lay in a growing puddle of her own blood. I sighed and replaced my gun in its saddle. I trudged the two footsteps over to her and sat down on the shag coated can. I looked down at her beautiful face, now blood stained in streams. “Sorry...” I mumbled. Shoot first and apologize later. I buried my face in my hands for a moment and rested my sore eyes. This was a sorry job. Someone had caught wind there was a reppy in town and I got it through the wire. I had to find her and waste her and God help me I don't know which is harder. I get so tired of killing them. They might as well be people. Do they have souls? Do they have the same soul as their mother cell? “They're just organisms,” I tell myself, “not human. Just human tissue.” Are they capable of emotions? The shocker wouldn't work on a clone because the blocks effected only exist in the mind of the real McCoy. The original M.C. It's like copying a book and you have the book itself and a small pamphlet of out-takes that the author decided not to put in the book. Well, you copy the book, but the concepts in the pamphlet are never suggested in the new copy. You never read the out-takes anyway; can just knowing they're there make such a difference? Perhaps that's the living between the living and the un-living. The surplus of emotion. The unconscious that the conscience rules over. But when these clones are arti-aged they never learn emotion, the unconscious, or conscience. They never even learn motion, conscious or even consciousness. They have to be taught how to move and how to think and feel by use of memory implants. All they truly are are animated corpses of the un-living. Corpses, real corpses, had lived and died. These un-living husks have never done either. They are prefab embryos — aged to adulthood and force-fed a life, in the form of a lifetime's worth of lies. I feel so sorry for these damn sorrowful plant people, these damn reppies, I don't know whether to hug them or kill them. I guess I'll keep killing them because it pays the bills. I'll just have to keep calling it putting them out of their misery. I open my eyes and she's gone. A fair sized blood puddle and drops out the door. My mouth drops dumbfounded. I had her dead bang. How could this much blood...? The bathtub. There's a fair dent in the side from where she hit her head going down. There's a drop of blood and a couple of hairs in it. I look around in the wall for a bullet hole and don't see one. Maybe she caught that bullet anyway. “DAMN!” I kick the toilet. I look at my face in the mirror. Almost beaten. “Goddamn,” I say, exacerbad. I go out the door into the dark hall beyond and follow the blood spots.

the Dr.

“The international security council has reviewed the situation and determined the best course of action would be to send a multinational task force to Hell and reason with the Devil concerning His oppression of the people and occasional public atrocities which occur during attempts at suppressing public outbreaks that often become full fledged riots which sweep the whole realm. Hell is on the brink of a severe coup d’état. The ambassadorial team were attempting to illustrate the only escape from an almost inevitable mutiny is the joining of Hell into the international council of nations in today’s four day press-open conference. Unfortunately Hell’s dictator, King Satan, did not see the light of reason and became quite violent over what he later admitted to Barbara Walters he saw as, ‘a finger-pointing campaign attempting to implicate either that I am not in control of my state, which I am, or that I am in fact in some way connected with the backers of this minor uprising.’ He was not this eloquent in the conference, however, flaying the flesh of two delegates, with columns of fire shot like whips from his eyes, for saying that he should, ‘take charge.’ ‘I am in charge,’ bellowed the master of all unholy, ‘and I resent the implication that I am not!’ Later in the conference he turned the skin of the French delegate inside out for saying, ‘se le vive vere, se ni fé le Mariéa et a’ tulevé se ‘le fayette,’ which means, ‘I love your country, as do my wife Mary and my infant son, ‘the wee shit,’ but which Satan, having only a grammar school French education, took to mean, ‘you love gentleman, as will my dog Mary call you ‘the little shit.’ The eternal ruler of darkness also submerged one delegate, the Irish one, in a vat of maggots; boiled another, a Serbian, in his own juices and then just fed him to some house slaves; turned another into a cat, had her declawed and bathed before setting her loose in a back alley in Rome; and then changed the Mexican delegate into a slug and covered him in salt and battery acid. “Hey,” said the King of all Evil, “that’s a salt and battery.” Well we certainly have seen a new side to the Antichrist in today’s action. A brutal side. An unfunny side. Not even His chiefs of staff, Jesus of Nazareth (known as Lucifuge Roffacale) and Richard ‘Tricky Dick’ Nixon (known as Paimon), could stop the Monarch of Pain and Brimstone from cracking off a million one liners throughout the conference along the same lines of the ‘assault and battery’ pun, as well as several offensive and ‘dirty’ anecdotes and stories not worth reprinting here. The question we must ask ourselves now, as citizens and voters of the international zone, is: do we really want Dictator Satan to join the international conference of nations? Could you see His Hellish Demonic statues next to our angelic Lady Liberty? Could you see his evil V-8 Mustang parked beside your beamer? Would you want to? How would He fit in at high society mixers? The Devil had this to say in a follow up press conference: ‘I want to be everyone’s next door neighbor. And this is a goal I think I can reach in my lifetime, since I’m immortal. So if you don’t like it, maybe your children will. What the Hell?’ On the rather touchy topic of whether He would be joining the inter. con. nat. the Prince of Flame said, ‘I’m not making any commitments now, but I’m getting my dancing shoes out just in case. And I’ve got hooves, so that’s really saying something.’ He is referring to the inter. con’s initiation dancing contest, which, as some of you fatter, older tarts may remember, Germany is still contesting their particular disqualification in 1945. ‘Israel pushed us,’ whines the easily beaten aryan nation. As yet, no reply has ever been sent regarding the complaint. Keep in mind that it was the Israeli ambassador the Big Red Guy turned into a declawed cat and released in Rome, still a Catholic haven. Perhaps

we'll see more of that Mideast fighting spirit in this case. More on this story as it develops. And in other news a backwoods county resident has drowned in his wife's insatiable cunt. Neighbors say they notified local authorities after hearing a muffled and echoing gurgle. The victim's wife had no comment, but did hit on reporters, police and paramedics on the scene. His arms and legs were so lodged they had to be broken to be —” My third eye babbles uselessly at me. I watch a bug die in the flickering half light on the concrete floor. It sputters around in circles on its back, its legs waving madly. The whole ordeal lasts for an hour. I listen to the words but not the meanings of two episodes of “Charlie's Angels.” The bug eventually stops spinning and only waves its legs every now and then. After I am sure that it is gone I reach over and pick it up gently with two fingers and examine it closely. I sniff it and taste it delicately. It is musty. It flaps its wings feebly. I replace it neatly on its spot on the floor where it lies still through a nature show, a Seinfeld rerun, and Real Sex Infinity. Anything you want, infinity, I can do. Whatever you try, I do well. Would-be poet's curse. For every fish in the sea, there's a shark like me. It's too much for you; you can't just watch; but it's nothing you can do. The jester is quadriplegic. I was peddling powdered goods in a colony of quadriplegics when suddenly they all stood up and flashed badges and ran me in. You don't have a badge, do you, Jester? Oh, no. Don't bother looking. I'm sure you don't. A shining certificate of authority as good as the ancient cauduces or a crown. “Hi. I have an affirmed God complex. I'm here to rectify you.” Rectifiles roam the city streets in herds, deluded victims of the anal search. One brushes against my tattered sleeve. “Get the Hell away from me, you sticky leper, you!” I holler, warning him by drawing back my hand as if to cuff him. He flinches and then smiles a broken piano key smile at me. “Please, I just need some *real* discipline...” I squint at him, “What are you, some kind of closet drag queen soap addict? Go pester somebody in a uniform or something.” I cuff him silly and he stumbles off shakily. They're all suppressed homosexuals from repeated P.D. anal probes. They all think they're undercover agents working some mysterious and dangerous case for their favorite heavy-handed “Dr.” down at the station. Speaking of doctors here's my friend the doctor now. She takes long, elegant strides away from Cinnamon's Bar. She'd been in there for an hour, hopefully spilling her entrails to the barkeep, Cinnamon. Either way I can go back later and work Cinnamon over and see she can give me. I'll pump the information out of her one way or some other. I trail my doctor for a block or so to her armored Porsche. She doesn't exactly *blend*. A red sequin thigh-length skirt, red high heels? What's taken me a lifetime of near poverty to accomplish the j.a.p. can't take five minutes to put on just to blend in. I've spent my whole life learning just how to blend. Especially here. These ghettos are my home. I once promised as a youth that no matter how rich I ever became I would never deny the ghetto as my home. So far I haven't gotten the chance to test this promise as I've never been rich or popular enough.... She gets into her hover car and zooms off. I drop a “contact” in my eye and see the inside of her car. I control the transmitter view with a thumbnail joystick. I pan down to the passenger seat and zoom in on her half opened purse. I pan back and look at her relatively beautiful face as she sternly drives. I'd rather do this before she's too far away. I hit a red button on the control stick and I see a cloud of green gas envelope her head. She turns the wheel madly and waves at the mustard cloud. The car crashes into a street lamp. I run down to where she is and pull her out and lay her on the sidewalk. I reach across to her purse holding my nose and squinting. I loop the purse chord around my neck and carry the dr. into a back alley where my car is waiting. Time rolls linearly off the tongue of waiting. We plunge like a knife into the night. To the

edge of dawn breaking over the horizon like a shattering cloud of fluorescent light. Night in the cancerous warehouse H.Q. The good dr. is hanging by her ankles, hands tied behind her back, glossy black hair hanging. Duct tape over her mouth and a dripping pipe raining water down to soak her. Her skirt hangs folded like a lapel, her regions almost exposed. When I am confident she is wholly wet I slap her awake. Her eyes flicker open. Muffled screams and spiraling tossing thrashing. She's hog tied tight. "You're not going to break free." I assure her from my perch on a stool almost five yards away, bathed in shadows. My voice a drowned fish — thick as tar, as constant as a back ache. "You're not going to break free... but I will set you free if you answer my questions." She squints trying to see me. I have 1,000 watt spotlights pointed at her in a circle on the floor. The squawk of the stool moving as I step down and then steps as I walk over to her. She writhes again. I reach into her ring of light with my tattered arm and pull the tape off her mouth. "You son of a bitch!" she hollers. "Who are you, some kind of closet rapist? Show yourself you cowardly, worthless FUCK! I'm a doctor and I have —" "I know *exactly* who and what you are." "What are you, some kind of stalker? How long have you been following me? Where are we?" "You are Dr. Linda Banes Johnson, aged 32 years since birth, practitioner of medical sciences and studier of black magic, witch doctors, and other mystic arts. Single, never married, although you came very close during an extended college tour at New Harvard University. Perhaps you recall the lad's name?" "You fucking sick-o! How do you know so much about me? I'll —" "Do you recall the young man's *name*?" "Fuck you, you cunt!" "I wonder what would prompt an up and coming doctor like yourself to hold so secretively the name of a college flame? I'll just let you have an example of what I'm capable of if I don't get the answers I know you have." Depressing a large green button on a dangling hand-sized box I open the current into the wires that tie her feet and shock her with fifty volts for three seconds. "Now, then, Dr. cunt-face, if that is your real name! What was the name of the young man you had an affair with in college?" "Cheshire Calliope," she hisses. "Have you seen Mr. Calliope since your steamy relationship on campus?" No. "Whelp." I shock her with seventy five volts for three seconds; her hair stands on end. "Yes, alright, you bastard? I have seen him recently." "When?" I urge. "Last Monday. At Cinnamon's" "Don't stop now. Tell me about it." She is undoubtedly unaware of the small probe I have placed in her vagina. She had undergone a cliteradectomy, from the age of the scar tissue probably ten to fifteen years ago. Probably right after her affair in college. The probe, having to use alternate routes apart from the clitoris, massages sensitive areas and erogenous zones inside her hole. In effect, stimulating an almost unconscious "good feeling." I give her this good feeling to encourage her cooperation. I much prefer this method to the shock treatment. It is necessary, however, to establish a potentially hostile atmosphere to encourage quicker and simpler responses. This is the method they teach you. My mother always said, though, you can win more bees with honey. That was, before they killed her. Either way, there's no better way to win bees with honey than by probing the honey pot. And the dr. seems to be effected by it in just the right way. "I was having a drink at Cinnamon's. He just came right up and sat down on the stool next to me and said 'give me what she's having,' in that husky voice. Well you can imagine how happy I was to see him, I hadn't seen him in years and he hadn't commed me or anything. We talked and drank and talked and then he took my I.D. number and said he'd com me and he left." The probe was doing its job. "And di he com you?" "Did anything odd happen during the encounter? Anything like a bug bite or a paper cut or anything?" "I don't — wait. There was something. I reached for a glass and he reached for the same

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one and when we touched — I thought it was sparks. You know? The same old sparks. I guess I hadn't really thought of it 'till now. Hey — who *are* you? How do you know so much about me?” “Alright, Dr. enough of this cloak and dagger shit. I had to set all this up to make sure you weren't covering up for Dr. Calypso, which is the name of the man who met you in the bar.” I lowered her to the floor and untied the cables holding her. The consciousness driving me is the consciousness of All men. I move forward unaware of what's to happen to me next and not proud enough to think I'm controlling it. I stand her up and she sees me for the first time and holds in a gasp. “I'm not that ugly, am I?” I ask, the probe still active. “No, no,” she says, “You just remind me of Cheshire is all. Why do you want to know so much about him? Are you a cop? Has he done something?” “I'm not a cop, but he has done a few things. Apparently the Calliope you knew in college isn't the same man he was.” “And what do you mean I met a Dr. Calypso in the bar? I met Cheshire in the bar.” “Your friend Cheshire has been doing some cloning experimentation. That was a clone of his that met you, one with a certifiable M.D.; you see not all his clones have been given his exact memories, most have been implanted with memories of experts in fields Calliope wishes to get his hooks in. So you see, you met a clone of Calliope, and just yesterday I killed a clone of you.” She gasps. “This clone had red hair, but dark like yours, of which she was kind enough to leave me a few strands as well as a substantial amount of blood.” “What do you mean she ‘left you...’ I thought you said you killed her.” “I'm pretty certain she's dead. I shot her and she left bleeding, probably to report back to Cheshire. I had the blood and hair analyzed and they turned up your name in a computer search. I tracked you to Cinnamon's not sure you hadn't been replaced by a clone. That's why I had to go to these extreme measures. I apologize. I'm a private investigator.” “A dick? Who hired you?” “I'm sorry, that's a matter of confidence.” I lit up a six inch long cigarette and blew rings. “You know,” I said, “I'd be willing to make you my partner if you'd be willing to help me.” She reached around like she was going to pull her panties out of her crack and pulled out a derringer. I started to reach for my piece. “Don't even think about it,” she barked. “Hands to the sky.” She walked over and jammed the gun under my jaw, fishing around in my coat for my gun. She lifted the magnum and backed away. “So, you're on to Cheshire, eh?” I was still palming the probe control with my hands raised. I flipped it off. “Hey Dick! I liked that! Turn it back on!” “Oh you like that, huh? Here —” I gunned it up to full power and punched it. She doubled in a horrendous orgasm that made her scream and drop her gun. I pulled out the shocker from its station under my tattered belt. I leveled it at her, keeping my finger on the ready over the probe button. “So, Dick? Who says all men aren't the same? Guess you were just toying with me, huh? At least some *brilliant scientist* invented a remote control for men so they can finally fuck and watch the big game at the same time.” She took a step for me and I blasted her with the shocker. She laughed it off and came over to me. She removed the burden of the gun and the control which she activated and pocketed. She hissed in my face, “Like I didn't have time to patch myself up and dye my hair. Who says women are dumb? I've known every step you take before you do.” She leveled the shocker at me. “Shit,” I said. She smiled. ZAP!!

Moon Shot

Cop cars scuttle through American streets like cockroaches. A friend of mine is in the ear business, mainly buying and selling. After those two American

kosmoknots burned to death in a space shuttle too weak to even launch. Funny how the, “let’s light this candle,” anachronism holds true. That baby went up like a Roman candle. After that — that’s when all the asstronotes lost their sense of humor. Wally Sherard got so angry during one mission because the Command was Dictating Instructions he urinated yellow globules in zero-G at the mission camera. Allen Shepherd got so awful to be around. He painted his face black with little stars and had his right eye replaced with a fake eye that looked like the moon. “You want to get to the moon?!” he’d holler indiscriminately at lost astronauts asking directions. “Well here it is!” he’d say, winking it at them and squinting as hard as he could until it would pop out into their martinis. Then he would gallop around spanking his bare bottom until it turned purple and hollering, “giddeup!” and “andelé!” Well they finally got to the moon and Apollo I was orbiting the moon and it was Christmas. “What are your impressions of the moon, Buzz?” “I’m sorry, I don’t do impressions.” Thinking back, the moon meant different things to all of us. To me it just looked like a big cheese wheel. “Well, boys,” said the press camera, “do you have any Christmas wishes for us back here on the homeworld?” “Yeah,” said Al, looping his thumbs in his pants, “merry Christmas from the *moon!*” He whipped his pants down and shot the moon at a million adoring American onlookers. His job done, he floated off to the head to masturbate, having gotten erect off the enormity of his unstoppable rebellion. I turned to the whirring camera eye and said, “merry Christmas to all of you on the good Earth... all of us here on the bad Earth resent you. We envy you and are jealous of your holy days. We wretched of the cursed Earth work 365 days a year — hard work, too. Damn hard work.” I really believed it too, at the time. We had all dropped acid before the camera started broadcasting. We were all thinking crazy things. Nowadays everybody launches space shuttles and nothing means anything to us. Nothing eats into us, leaching its way in with one foot in the door of every one of our cells. It’s all too much. Too much nothingness. Too much emptiness. All America bonded together for the space program. Was it really just a distraction so the good little boys and good little girls wouldn’t notice their big hippy brothers and sisters getting murdered in droves at Kent’s State of uni-verse? The family that prays together, stays together. Well, our cockroach American families. The family that bleeds together runs into one. The nucleus family. All one glib glob of Christian patriotic horse shit belief.

The Dream

Nothing is given, everything is assumed. Nothing is assumed to be given, but it’s still a given assumption. I saw Sam in a dream today. I was walking down a hallway in an office building. At the end of the hallway was a mirror. I saw myself approaching this mirror in the reflection, and saw a bag by the foot of the other me. When I looked by my foot to see if the bag was there, it is not. When I look back up the mirror and my reflection are gone, but the bag is still there. I reach over to it, pick it up — it is leather — and look through it. Inside I see...

To touch to be reached and to see believably. I have a child’s eye pawned from a gun pawn shop dealer in Las Cruces and I look at it for long hours. My wife of 10 years left me for the local barber. They hopped a worm bound for the windy city where everybody got gas. Why ya think they call it the windy city? I sit in the very exact middle center of our living room and drop a match into the puddle of lighter fluid

and gas mix that stains our carpet. Too long a time is too long in anything. To touch. The swans at sea and the devil is a novelty. Who said we think we're invincible? I don't care to die living but I do care to live dying. God thank you for my mistake cat. Love thank you for my mystic cat. I thank you, I know I just can't break you. “Dear Pent Haus, I mentioned to my wife of 10 years over breakfast one morning that I liked to have sex over breakfast in the morning and that maybe we should have sex over breakfast that very morning and she broke out laughing, buck teeth like Francis the talking mule and I stormed down the hall to the gun closet, her still laughing behind me, and I came back with a .12 gauge and blew a fuckin' hole outta her so big I could put my whole fuckin' head in it, if'n I'd wanted to. Oh, and also I love your magazine and so do my cellmates. Love, Gerard the conqueror of east Asia and A.K.A. Napoleon Bone-up-hard.” Other similar, never before been printed some never even read or opened others lost for some years and never seen the light of day, such as Gerard's can now be purchased in one very hard backed copy of pent up horse forum. It's good readin' for when you're makin' with the shit and it's takin' longer than you thought and if you'd known it was going to take this long you would've thought to grab something to read. We've all had days like this. Just keep a copy of penthow's forum next to your paper and don't confuse them. Oh, but let's all shed a tear for poor Michelle Triola. It was only rumored that she had sex with three other men *while* living with actor Lee Marvin. And now like some screaming rapacious swamp sow she's come to claim actor Lee Marvin's last few cents. Well I guess what you and Michelle are trying to say is when you're on your back's the meter is running. Well, please, gals, tell us the rates at the top so we know what two bit tarts and bargain basement sluts to shack up with. In by pebbles at the forefront of the landslide. In by a nose. “I'm in!” In by a second, every cell invaded like rape. The eyes propped open or otherwise coerced by instruments. Voices in our ear. Whispering females in our sleep. They speak the unspeakable. They know the unknowable. For us to speak this, for us to know this, we become the unknowable. The viral knowledge creeps in like sounds. A car pulling up. Doors slam. Steps tip-tap not Daddy's pattern (tippity-tappity-jump-and click! Daddy is always Fred Astaire or Ginger Thomas in drag) tip-tap not Mommy's pattern tip-tap not Rover tip-tap like a raven's beak on chamber glass tiptaptiptaptiptap...clink clink milk bottles tip tap back to the car door shut and vroom down the street return to birdie noises summer Sunday. The knowledge is the virus. Drugs treat the symptoms but can't cure the problem. Must forget. Forgetting is for getting. “There's only one heaven. There's only one heaven. We have to see it. We have to seize it. We have to deceive it.” Wake up in a spiritual crisis. To touch is to know is to do is to beautify bestial eyes wake up in poses. From violence eyes are callused. From sorrow they scar over. Welcome to the ghetto. The ghetto is poverty's frontier. Beyond: nothing. Overdose/overdose/overdose/overdose/overdose/overdose/overdose/overdose. My mind is not in my control. Power is not mine. Mind refuses to submit. Critics will say. “it's all about coming into manhood.” Here's a story. Chet was a good boy. Always ate his lima beans. He masturbated in the front coat closet when visitors or relatives visit so they don't have to be made to view his disgusting scarred and unbathed cock. He came into his waiting cupped palm. He came into manhood. Our next dictator will be a rapper — “Let me hear you say it?” “Hail G. Fish!” “Let me hear you say it?” “Hail Seig Heil!” “No Limits Allowed!” “Hail! Hail Caesar G!” Our future. A predetermined cable fiber-optic as an implant. See her, seize her, seizure, Caesar! A fur coat. I dangle my feet off my balcony lip. I will seize her, by Caesar! Dangle, dangle like fishin' days with Uncle Dad and we'd dangle our legs in the water. The worms burrow through he

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earth blind and senseless, creating an elaborate catacomb of cancerous tunnels that lead everywhere and nowhere, one on the way to the other. The catacombs erode like drugs. Slip in and out of music and sanity and drugs and black outs and blue outs countless day afters and so few drops left. Each day is a drop. Society is your big brother holding you down and giving you Chinese water torture. Again, you're Not LISTENING! I can only write this if I know you are listening in. Hey! Where are you? Have you just completely fucking left me? All the ancients that comprise sanity have left me. I'm just getting too involved in my work. Writing is just work, like fucking. The journalist is a prostitute. Journalistic faked orgasm dry as a texas bone. Love the wet closeness damp cavernous spirit moves through me. Here is where I dwell. Wear is hear I dwell is how I kill a chore of labor like a forced birth, a D-cup section. A private primate's privy to the president's plans but not a respected horse-working foot pounding journalist like Debbie hear, hum, is, that how it works? The prostitutes used to get the bedtime story and spill it like a tabloid. "Mary had a little lamb..." but she should have kept looking for a man. "Three little pigs..." all in one bed I bet, with one blanket. Who gets to wear the Hermetic hypothetic hypodermic hypnogogic hippocampus pants? Deer-a-puss mat-a-dor. Everything I see I write. Just that. No more. There is no more. Death is the shut down bail out of the carcass, then it's tossed inna the ground and maggots eat all of it. Stacked grave stones attest countless deaths. Graveyard overpopulation. Graves are body prisons. Necropheliac wardens throw dirt down over Yorrick's bones. Each grave is a cell — the nucleus dead, and family of DNA inside the cell dead. The main brain, the M.C., seek and destroy insanity maggots our destiny age is a mutiny our lives its scrutiny. And a hootenanny and a hollerballoo. On the deck of Costa Rica I been swore I found my girl. First time I ever fucked a member of the opposite sex. The finer race, they call's 'em in Las Cruces. The low riders scuttle by like drunk purple beetles on acid. Dick blanket.

Black Sails

The great bellowing gale outside and winds whip by like dragon fire. My building is in the old section of the zone. It was originally scheduled to be for demolition... quite some time ago. Paperwork or the union labor strike has held them back for a long time. My face is horribly scarred from exploring my building — broken rafters, exposed bolts and darkened deserted always pose great perils and hide great troves of nothingness. Once you've set foot in the hallway sound is dead. Not nonexistent. Dead. Heavy. Thick. And you always feel like there's someone right behind you. This used to be a glamorous place. The carpet is garnet with an intricate Japanese design running down the center of every hall. The walls, originally in a jade wallpaper skin, have decomposed into gray concrete bone chutes. Every hallway is a hollow bone of the building's decomposing skeleton. Gangrene wracks the structure at the roots. The Monarch groans under heavy winds like now. The carpet has been peeled back by vandals in some places; in one of these a hidden staircase is revealed. Broken lamps line the walls. The doors, when not missing, are of the finest birch. All is empty; every place silence is nailed and hung like a crying Christ. It's been years since I've seen anyone. Two days (or two weeks?) ago I saw a dead body. I think it was a woman. There wasn't much left. Dust coats her bones as brittle as a bubble. Two lips, mangled with decrepitude, hung limply from shattered teeth. Eye sockets agape like caves, a deflated eyeball dangling from one on a red chord. She was once a girl, held in her mother's arms, running and playing in schoolyards with

pig tails, her first kiss, her first boyfriend, smiling as he touched her breast. She was once a woman, wild and free, she married and had a family, her husband holding her hand as she labored with child; she would have grown old with them. She lays rotting. Time turns her bones to dust. I reach down and peel back the carpet from beneath my feet. Dust clouds out from the thick rug. It flops down. The gray concrete stairs. Spiral down into a well of shadow. Cobwebs and carpet of dust decorate the descent. I start down. I stop when my eye is level with the floor. Then I proceed down. Downward into inky darkness, each step could be a hole. Each dark area the threat of the unknown. I am a stamp. An unknown yet knowing number. The invisible. Darkness envelopes me like the warmth of the womb. I am the unknown. The unborn ancient. Lao Tzu inside a skin costume, leathery and old like tanned baby hide. I m inside of in. I lose my interest in the events of the week on a weekly basis and am forced to find entertainment through painful rehash of the past or glum contemplation of the improbable future. This darkness is me. The same behind the back of the dead woman in the hall. The same behind the border guard. The same behind my actress mother. The same chasing every infant down the chute in the fleshy form of the afterbirth. The same chasing every old man toward the light in the earthy form of the grave. From a corner I watch an ancient Jewish family dance merrily around a brass menorah in a clay cubicle, silk veils hung over the windows. Chants and drums and chimes. Outside, a bellowing gale. From the rafters I see a lone man, puerto rican, short cut, dark, curly hair. He wears dockers rolled up from bare feet, an undershirt over a thin fuzz of black back hairs. He is alone in a long, dark, furnitureless warehouse lit by high, thin blue windows and dangling yellow lamps that create circles on the dark floor. He sits on a banana box in one of these circles, hunched over severely focused on the lid of another crate in front of him. A mirror glares and a razor falls to the floor with a tinkle. He swings around a straw and sniffs lines of powder from the mirror. He sniffs deeply, eyes wide, looking at himself in the mirror. A cracking face drying like a once ample river bed. He sees behind his reflection, above — in the rafters; he looks up silently. The light blinds him but he looks into my eyes. His eyes wide and wet, his face trembling with a real core of solace. A flicker — a wave — a blink. I am in the ink ocean, submerged and subverted. Currents coerce. Foreign lands of dark blue sky behind huge black silhouettes of islands behind the rolling silk black sea. The gale tugs gently at my consciousness. I am pulled along nearly unaware. An entity of loose corporeality. I awake to the torrential rains battering my cubicle. Shadows surround in jerked hurried skeletal angles. Shafts of gray shoot through like ribs in rice paper. The distant city, huge and beetle-like. A carnival on his great, calm back, wings tucked patiently beneath his plastic shell. I have sunk my head into the beetle's mouth, his great beetle mandibles enclosing me in rapture. I quickly pull it out for fear of danger. So this is the true city. A calm, almost sleepy beetle upon which we scuttle like lost children. I've truly found this place. The labyrinth is always hot. It makes its own heat. A fog of perfumed pollution clouds over the city like groggy warm sleep. It masks the stars with a gray sick convergence. To be reached. I look with a child's eye over flashing incandescent black ivory vomit. I dangle my legs off the lip of my window. I will seize her. Outside the storm had stopped very suddenly as if interrupted. The world drips with a million sparkling after thoughts of rain. I am what I would be. In settlement they've built and rebuilt the unknown ancients. Statues of brass, white and black ivory of a million elephants' tusks, jade and copper commemorate them. Sit-i-zens hold office at their feet with rituals and sacrifice awaiting the white haired bearded wild eyed prophet's inevitable return. They make blood sacrifices and a

million wiry aliens shed their human-like garb and rush to collect gallons of the sticky red spill in biomechanical buckets of wire and bone to return to the department of motherships local office to conduct tests. The aliens have long known that it was the blood that contained the uniqueness of the human spilling it and that that uniqueness can be regenerated over a period of time by filling a bloodless husk with the sacrificial offering's blood. The end result is a clone to the mind, aptitudes and attitudes of the original bearer in a completely new body. In fact, many of the aliens are crossbred with these subhuman animations. I wander, formless, through the crowded city square. A million hollow-eyed ghosts wander next to me. Fur covered deer horned shamen dance with prayer sticks in a circle of trance fed spirit surrogates in in a flickering flame light. A million women look up from wartime sewing in countless factories at countless machines and chant with the shamen. Voices raised to crowning heavens. To be seen. Are we alone? Are our parents out there, in the darkness around a corner? Where are we? The undead roam the land answerless and long since given up asking. The young demand, the men and women ask, and the old beg. We are greedy givers, giving our precious resources to others and watching them greedily with narrow greedy eyes. Greedy of their present, our gift. We never part with what we hope to part with. A ghost image of it lives on like a ghost arm of the amputee. The ghostly flicker of a million stars that burned out long ago. Our ghostly reflection. All our fearful strangers are the ghosts of our many fears. Ghostly flickers of a million lives who burned out long ago, exhausted from aloneness. Each a ghostly reflection of us. We are all what each is — the exhausted and alone. The each of all is the each to all. Doubt licks us leach-like and we succumb in a million stiffened corpse flesh cocoons in deceitful webs, self-spun every one. We fear only what we do not see and we see not the closing hands of Control — our friendly dream eyes to be snuffed and stifled in our safety. The hand that is closed is the hand that kills. The open hand is the hand that will deceive. Two open hands held together are as good as a closed fist. The deal kills the future with its enactors. Revenge is the palpable seed of the sworn oath. The truth is told to be told and is rewritten by a million trembling hands in candle light creation crucibles. To see believingly. I am slipping away. The wave has pulled me beyond my reaching grasp and now the solace of the shore seems so distant to the wandering eye. I am hung on a wall, lips too heavy to lift, eyes radiant glows of darkness. Beckoning with despair. Heaven is where screams go and I lift my voice, I left my voice. The white clouds blow casually across the blue everything of the sky and the sun is a sweet kiss raining down warmth and safety on Safety Beach. The waves roll in like music over the stroked sand. I am pulled beyond to the black sails on the horizon. Which is more the truth? I am am I? To follow this truth of truths in a beautiful disgust I must become the horrid angel. The dark scarred and ruined ghost, a black mist in the form of the vagrant spirit. The tragic hero — the pitied and adored sorrowful monster whom everyone adores. This is the monster we all are beneath our coats of fur and dust and carpets. Beneath our craving flesh are bones. However hidden, our eyes always are black sails. Always will be. To be what is the truth of the instant or the eternity. Instant eternity. Eternal instant. I blink and blame the movements of time. Forgive me for denying my thoughts. I know this obsidian river is to all the all. Everything is the current of its flow. To be here forever in this moment I would forever away to the self. I want to be someone else. The truth is I can't take it. The threat is more to my worried mind than the beauty. I can't trust the beauty if the crack in it shows the dark evil behind it. I'm taught to fear. This is the truth of the route. We are all born old and all our deaths are the return to the hole. This is the tunnel of love. Riding

carnal on obsidian waves into the dark open eye of the unknown. They say I can see in ways that others don't. I can never see the obvious for the possible. Never the waves for the black sails they bring. Emotions aren't based on actions. Actions are based on emotions. This is instinct. Culture is an orgiastic beast of seething repressed secret longings. To be held by mother or to be hidden in your lover. Love and lust are Cain and Able. All cities are hallucinated. Everyone is walking on the bare sandstone of the salt sea's shore and the sun hung like a warning in the hot and barren sky. We are all brothers and sisters and therefore with each generation our children are further and further confused and led astray. There is no longer any beaten path as each lost lamb blazes its own trail. Behind the vision is the invisible, the current that makes the river, the air that the arrow of our lines are through. We are all eyes watching eyes in the dark, touching what we can't see in mute confusion. What touches us? What shapes us? I look in all shadows for the answer, being myself a sender, these words my message — never a means to anything more than more questioning, and defined by the negative. “Others' happiness” opens across the street. Cars swish between us. I sweat under a navy winter coat across the summershowerwet street. I shiver and sweat with leprosy chills. The slow degradation of my vessel and I'm leaking out like an oil tanker adrift. Whose hand holds my grail? Who gets what I am reluctantly, greedily relinquishing? I go into see the movie. I sit behind a woman who plays the lead role. She bristles with the electric chill of my closeness. My very presence is a tremor. I am the shadow that creeps behind her. I am the dangerous unknown. I am her black sails. During an extended 20 min. sex scene she turns to see who I am. At sight she screams shrilly, not disturbing the audience however, as it doubled with its counterpart on the sex covered screen. Unrolled tapestry and a moving painting. All colors bleeding into one. Blackness. She knows my name in a breeze of humming voices inside her skull, low like a buzzing and seeming to come from everywhere around her neck. To touch. I envelope my consciousness in hers and she nearly faints from the stifling closeness. Nothing simple like her sex scene. She opens her eyes numbly aware — to find me gone. Too many bad memories. I'll see her again... soon. I saw her in her mind. Still sexy in some form of the word. Roaming contentedly, nude, occasionally lounging and rolling, in a world of soft fur with solid diamond and pearl skies above. Over one of the rippling folds of hills came a man, tall, in a collar up trench-coat like a detective. Raggy. Ugly. But the words he spoke so beautifully. She could curl up in his voice like a baby in its mother's arms. His calm tones serene and passive. He shrugged his whispering arms like a sleeping moth and lit a six inch cigarette. “Hello,” he crooned. “I'm Sam...”

The Night

Heavy Dead Night. Weight is measured in minutes like longitude. The Night is Dead. A Deserted Carcass. Empty houses push sick yellow lights from curtain hemmed windows. Inside people are dead or having sex or both. I stop and see some darkened movement. Skin shadows. The dead are propped by beer bellies and forfeit before trancer t.v.s Cars creep by on life patrol. I walk by them so close I could run my fingers along their chrome armor throwing my head back and laughing at the starless roof, so low a gray lifeless blue purple like a bruise. Parts in the clouds like ripples in a skinned pond water show through the cool spot light of the moon. The street lights are dead. The Sky is Dead. The Night is Dead. Centipedes scuttle by in

carnavalesque procession. Each segment has its own stomach and each its own lit pair of eyes. The last two segments hoot and honk at us like amateur trumpeters. Their cars armored worlds. As we approach the crossroads and the fluorescent lights cut the night in horrid gashes, centipedes more frequently scuttle, dismember, rejoin, multiply, congregate in moving churches. The light is a clot, a bloody knot, at the arterial crossroads. We near the thick slab from the surrounding surgical scarred nightscape. Miniature aliens congregate in the clot, outside opened beetles and centipede heads, drinking, making merry, some in a corner making Mary. I slink away exactly like a cockroach. The cars aren't peopled, but people are inside. Almost all ride in packs, some rowdy. Almost all are coming or going to parties, jaunts, shindigs, mixers, keggers or orgies. All religious manner of communion. My eyes roll like pool balls inside mouthy sockets. The leathery ancient voice of leathery ancient William S. Burroughs racks through my body like an avalanche of stench tasting belches. She touches me. Her skin is leathery. Ancient. Her breath hits me like a door being opened., the musty B.O. stench of blowjobs. I hate her. I love her. We are inside the belly of the Bitch Beast — Night. Her syphilis crazed eyes blaze down through us in an itching insomnia like you feel you're forgetting something right on the tip of your tongue. Her expectation is pushed through from the in (in-sane) in the pulse — like fluorescent street lights. Yellow. Lies. Neither the warm yellow light of the sun it mocks with insufficient attempts at imitation, nor the cold hospital shriek, like the reflection of white light on a razor blade, it should be. The lights bleed down, undermining the existing hues of objects and reflecting, refracting, regurgitating, resounding, etc. out the gray gravestone slate of the distorted light. It cuts night in this way. Severing the beautiful colors given everything by the day and replacing them with mute metallic synthesis in grays, mute greens, and stark solid black shadows like funneled ink spill. This bleached stained glass menagerie is a noxious nightmare. It is the running eyeshadow of the crying night. Disgusting and pitiful, like a sick dog. Meagerly, meekly, it wags its tail. It has two stark light bulbs for eyes. It has a flat wriggling centipede, lolling, crawling, yellow, for a tongue. It's ass hole is the cityscape. Thick, clotted, so no shit can show through. It bloats with sea sick green gills — symptoms of its stuffing. The city will explode soon, in a gray shit geyser, or the Night will Die. Cut off the limbs to save the organism. The armless, legless centipedes roll by on synthetic wheels. So close... I could touch them....

The Input Plant

T.V. is the night's eye on the day. Engulfing, addicting, mesmerizing. It literally does the thinking for you. The lid peels back like grape skin, the naked wet orb shivering, trembling, timid. The iris sinks back like a recessing tide. Input input input input input input input input. The armies are positioned — in training on their couches. Children grip joysticks and control pads, their thumbs growing horribly callused, learning how to kill without relent, mercilessly slaughter on the grand scale. All games have the concept of death in them. All in the form of self-preservation, some in the form of murder. All video games have the concept of death in them. Eyes grow raw and red from insufficient blinking. They begin to bulge forward as all the liquid is drawn to the front and they become saggy like lactating breasts, the pupils horribly out-turned like nipples. The eyes are, afterall, only plants. They grow on stems or stalks from the gray brain soil, they ripen in hideous orgasmic blossom, colored to attract pollination. like plants that grow toward light

“Cheshire Inc.”

Jonathan Barlow Gee

because light kills the protein in the liquid blood on the lighted side, thus allowing growth only on the “dark” side of the plant, thus making the plant bend “toward” the light, eyes grow toward fields of concentrated static electricity, like t.v. or computer screens. Once the eyes are naturally attracted to the fields, it becomes the subject’s responsibility to make itself attractive to the eye. So in some bizarre mating dance, some courtship ritual, the blossoming eye is caught in the sparkling, luscious spider web field. The black widows crawl past the eye and lay eggs in the soil. The eye watches them, fascinated, mesmerized, entranced. INPUT.

The Hop

I step one foot through the door and I can feel the music pounding in my guts, shaking my teeth. The place swings and dances, straining at the restraining foundation. Cats and chicks swing, smiling, raucous ruckus. Jitterbugs convulsing bathed baptised in their religion. They are all invincible — Achilles bathed, baptised in the Styx. An Essene Juke Joint. Poodle skirts, sweaters, knee socks, loafers. Side burns of respective length, school jackets, plaid shirts, dockers or slacks. The future in erectile adolescent skin, rock and roll tunes flooding their studies away. Another rock and roll song about dancing, partying or relaxing blasts over the jukebox. The antenna to happiness in a glowing oracle. Let’s stroll once more. I stand in the doorway, waitresses in rollerskates carry trays out to the parked customers making out in their sherman tank sized cars — Fords, Chryslers, Edsels — borrowed from their fathers. One hour ago: a million upcoming greasers argue with their pipe smoking corny WWII veteran fathers who all wear green sweater coats over yellow shirts which are tucked into coffee brown slacks. “Can I have the car, dad?” “Junior, I just don’t see how I can let you take the car out tonight after seeing that report card. Are you really concentrating on school?” Mother: “You know it’s important to us to see you get a good education.” The same thing happens across the dark breast of a nation. A million doors slam as one — a thunderclap of finality. Foot steps of an infinite number of juvenile delinquents in costumesque grease uniform stomp down the front walk. Car doors close dramatically defiant. A million ignitions at once like a symphony. A million radios click on to the same soft rock and roll song. Make out music. A million angry youths mumble something that begins with “think he can...” and shift into gear. They all roar off in a gun of exhaust smoke and swerve down the streets of suburbs nationwide. At that moment the juke joints shake off the day’s dust and wake up the waitresses from their positions on the tile floor. The cooks make hamburgers and fries and prepare truckloads of ketchup containers for, sometimes frantic, always rapid distribution. The juke lights up. On cue a million greasy Johnnies step through the door, soon followed by a million springtime Sallies. The whole dance becomes cliché after one night, routine after two. ‘The American rebellious youth movement’ is born and has serious staff meetings in the swing joints. “This time,” they warn, “we’re serious. This time... we have Elvis.” The cowhide coated cultural icon, idol of a million greaser virgins and Archie reading fat boys who never leave their room unless they are picked up by a rebellious gang of hooligans. More and more are recruited by the ‘Am.re.yo.mo.’ and turned militant. Training begins after the first ejaculation in young males, after the first menstruation in young females. A million differences with your parents arise like bubbles in calm waters until the whole relationship is seltzerized. In the long run this seems tragic but it encourages the exhilaration of conflict. Like atoms colliding

in a reactor. Music becomes a nozzle for the seltzerized conflicts. Quickly music divides the nation like an actual issue. Rockers and beboppers on one side, beatniks and hipsters on the other. Militant bebop groups in ‘Amreyomo’ have nerds, greasers, jocks, preps, good girls ‘future leaders of America’ even. Music infects all walks indiscriminately. All these people listen to music and want more. More of everything. They feel stifled by weighty lack. On the other side the beatniks and the hipster clans are jazz and swing mongers. More ancient and well rooted than rock, although less accepted by the masses, although this alienation bears attractiveness too. The beats separate like stale milk into the hot and the cool; no segregation of nerds, jocks, etc. Once you are absorbed you are placed in one of two long lines. The hot beats burn with want. The cool beats wallow with want. The urge for more connects both sides. Why? Because music is the line drawn between them and therefore it is the only thing that they have in common; the only thing that touches both of them. The boppers and the beats, officially the teenyboppers and the beatniks, share the urge to music and the lust for *more*. While boppers feel they can lawfully, or through minor infractions or major bending of the law, accomplish the accumulation or achieve the destination of “more,” beats feel they can mooch or steal to get “more.” The hot beats anyway; the cool beats lament their lack of “more” but feel they can take no steps to gain. Being that music is the only concept the subjects share, their greed must be infected from this. But music is only the releasing nozzle on their seltzerized parental relationships. It is only the release of music that causes the concept that there is a “more” and that it could be an achievable goal. In the past, when there was no release, there was no More. The relationship festered and infected like trapped pus and turned sour. But is leaving the solution? Just because there is a release, does that make it an effective solution if it is used only as an escape? A one-way exit? What is “more” anyway? It is found in a million possessions and desired in a million poems, but what is it? “More” of what? What was missing in the seltzer bottle that can be found outside in the bop and the jive? Love. Love is always confused by parents and never administered in ample doses in its pure form. It is always watered down with lectures on responsibility and safety reminders. Aside from being *annoying*, these saturate true caring to the point of absolute dilution. Angry children react angrily, greedily even. Guilty children learn mute obedience. Dehumanizing “love” has another name in my book. “Hate.” Children are treated as enemy spies as if all the advice giving and finger shaking parents do is a secret police style brainwashing. “Now, you take *that* back to the fhurher! And don’t you ever forget to wash your hands!” It’s psychological warfare in the kitchens of a country. Parents, jealous of their spouse’s affection for baby Johnny or Mary (although this theory has never been substantiably evidenced — as nothing pertaining to mental or behavioral reactions, which are sufficiently random, apparently, for anything to be “proven” — it is an intriguing thought and one that warrants further research) teach the same lessons their parents taught them. Such one-way broadcasts. The taboo conversation has been replaced by the universalization with such charm and immediately antiquated (as they are reactionary views and retroacted) phrases as “speak when you’re spoken to,” and “silence is golden,” “don’t talk back,” etc. which never apply to the parents. A fine, “do as I say, not as I do,” situation. And so more and more juvies escape through the nozzle, pressurized right out like cumming of age, onto dance floors of diners and corners of coffee shops. Our nation’s youth mired in stagnant quagmire. Muddled, misguided, taught one strict thing and strictly doing the opposite. The rebellious motto “the road to paradise to paved with excess; the road to Hell is paved with good

intentions.” They do nothing in moderation. They dance to live, they dance to find love, they dance death away, they dance *more*. I step into a clothed orgy, cats and chicks strolling, dipping, bopping. Music blares to hide anguished cries from inside. I smile and slide into a booth table. The tunes pound in my guts and rattle my teeth. I order a hamburger.

Part 2: Let the Good Times Roll

I got Suzy Q smiling across from me over a chocolate shake with two straws. Teeny romance. Red cherry lips, eyes blue as the Caribbean, hair blonde like soft straw, shiny like urine. Perfect peach satin complexion. Dainty hands, fingernails painted red and freshly manicured. She is the perfect suburban princess, could-be, would-be, should-be prom queen. She wears a yellow, high school signet over her left breast, pink sweater over a sky blue blouse. She is the perfect picture. A real dreamy kitten. Her real name *is* Kitten. Everybody calls her Kitty and for her sweet sixteen her parents got her a soft red screamin’ machine with a license plate that says “Kitty.” She is never a bitch and she is a cheerleader. A real mold. She touches my hand and jerks her head towards the door, indicating, “let’s blow this pop stand.” Her red kitty mobile is a convertible with a back seat as big as some of her girlfriends’ whole cars. We drive up to lover’s landing, a ridge overlooking the lit-up town. It looks like a model. We park between a beamer and a bmw, both bouncing vigorously, windows fogged thick. She turns to me. The radio hums “earth angel” or any other generic make out song. I turn to her. Our eyes gaze long at each other. I reach over and hold her dainty hand in mine. We lean close close, face almost touching face, breathing each others’ breath. My heart skips and jumps. My stomach climbs anxiously into my throat and then dives back down, belly flopping into my other guts. We close our eyes and lean in so close. Our lips touch softly. We draw back and open our eyes looking at one another. We both hug and kiss again, harder and longer. More meaning. Our lips press against one another, sucking and kissing and tongues touching and exploring. We neck and move our hips closer together. I bury my face in her neck and kiss carelessly everywhere at once. She caresses my neck with her soft lips and sucks wetly around below my ear. She licks my earlobe and tongues my ear like a cat licking her young. I return the favor. I put my hand on her chest and move down, groping her breasts. She smiles and kisses my face, our foreheads resting together. She runs her hands up and down my back hungrily. The radio croons lullabies. She reaches behind to her back with her right arm, still panting in my face and I kissing her. I reach around with my left hand to help her undo her bra strap. She kisses distractedly at my eyebrows. The hook comes off and she slips the bra off from under her shirt, discarding it on the floor of the car. I reach up under her shirt to feel the flesh of her boobs as she replaces her arm around my back. She has drawn both legs up under her and is sitting nearly in my lap. I have one leg up under me and the resting, foot on the floor. “Do you want me?” she breathes in my wet ear. “Yes,” I mumble from her neck, hands on her breasts, her hard nipples in my palms. We tumble over the backseat and I shake my head to find us neatly deposited on the spacious white leather backseat with room for us from the top of her head to our knees and her legs bend, her right one up and her left one to the floor. I’m over her looking down at her face, her eyes closed, her lips parted. She looks up at me as I loom over. I snarl and she giggles, tossing her blonde hair. Her arms are wrapped around me and I have one leg bracing myself below her crotch, bent at the knee, the other straight and supporting me from the floor. I lean

in, wavering on one arm, placing the other over her chest, hand on her face. I lean down and we kiss again, passionately. I move my hand down to her neck, easing down as if to grope her breasts again. I squeeze. She glares, slightly worried. She looks at me frightened. I snarl again. She tries to scream and I squeeze harder, her flesh pinching up and bruising under my heavy hand. She beats at my chest with her dainty hands. She shakes her head terrified and tries to fork my hand off her. She riles her legs and tries to knee me. I fall onto her right leg with my left hip and throttle her left calf between my thighs. She flails her arms. “Kitty, Kitty, shh, shh. Calm down, it’s all alright,” I croon. She shakes her head frantically, eyes huge and terrified, mouth opening and closing clam like. She tries to pry my hand off. In a flurry of motion like a gust of wind I peg her left arm to her breasts and grab her right arm as it tried to pry at my left hand with the four fingers of the hand, crushing her right hand against her throat. Her eyes grow wider as she realizes she is trapped, helpless. Her open mouth gasps and wheezes. Her body writhes like a snake. I push her left hand up under my left thumb and clench her two hands together with her purple neck in one bunch. Her tongue lolls a sick beat hue and her eyes water. I reach down with my right hand and hike that blue skirt up over her belt and look hungrily at her flower cotton panties. Her legs pump. Her left hand breaks free and flies to claw at my face. I grab it with my right hand and crush it, with a series of horrible muffled wet pops, like acorns under foot, her bones fracture. She gasps for air. I slap her face really hard and look shocked. “Kitten!” I cry, “now don’t you *ever* try anything like that again!” Her face is turning purple. Her hurting hand quivers, fingers bent, contorted. I ease up on her throat a bit so she won’t die on me. She gasps for air. I reach down and pull harshly at her panties trying to rip them. “No.” she gasps. Frustrated at the panties I curl my hand into a ball and push it into her abdomen. Air coughs out of her like a sigh. “Shut up!” I holler. “Kitten, this is your Father talking! Shut Up!” She shakes her head disbelievingly, eyes swollen and running silent tears. Her tongue lolls again. I push the panties down around her thighs and force her legs apart with both of mine. They open like a wrench. I look down again at her beautiful light haired snatch. I reach down and undo my pants with my right hand, looking sternly into her eyes. Her face is frozen fear. She watches in terrified amazement. “How could this be happening?” her mind screams. Her trembling hand, fingers crushed, moves to my face again. I force it harshly down and hold it with my left hand at her blackening throat. Her mouth works but no sounds can come out. I mount her sharply, driving to the hilt in one quick thrust. She closes her eyes and tears stream out. I hump her cruelly, forcing in and out. I touch at her hair, brushing it gently back off her forehead with my right hand. She is silent. The rustle of cloth as I ram in and out of her maw. She is tight on me and I nearly lose it twice. The windows are coated thick with fog. The car bounces up and down. Tears jerk down her face. The radio signs soothingly about teenagers in love. I drive down on her mercilessly, pumping like a steam engine, driving like a jack hammer. The pace quickens, maddening. “I love you,” I whisper down at her horrible face, eye liner streaking down, tongue prolapsed and black, neck black as coal, “I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love,” grip tightening, eyes widening, “I love you, I love you, I love you, I love, I love you,” faster, faster, nearing the cliff of orgasm, “I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you,” her eyes roll up, I groan bestially, pumping snakes of thick liquid pearls into her soft pink raw cavern. “Oooooooooohhhh...” My muscles contract and then wriggle back to normal elasticity and feel like gum bands that melt into warm tar. She lies beneath me, eyes a solid

milky white, tongue limp and wooden. I pull out of her trailing webby goo strings back to her pursed red hole. With clammy hands I wipe the hot sweat off her abdomen above her thin blonde bush. “I love you,” I drool down at her hardened countenance. I let her go and her head slumps, her arm falls limply across her breasts. “Worthless cunt,” I tell her. She lies still, increasingly empty. “She’s a used gun,” I think. I pull my underwear and pants back up. I look down at her again pawing her lifeless head around. A drop of blood runs from her forever open mouth. Frozen in this valkerie protest for eternity. I spit down at her and it lands in a thick goober on the bridge of her nose and rolls onto her glazed eyeball. I hop back into the front seat and get out from the passenger side. The beamer and bmw are gone. The ridge is deserted. The cool night is mine alone. I stretch out, my spine cracking like a long row of knuckles. I sigh and breathe in deep. The air is fresh and crisp. I smile and think of my father the mayor and my football coach. If they knew their all American quarterback son had done something as hideously (beautiful) atrocious as this. I leave the car door open and begin to walk down the dark deserted road back to town.

the BUGS

The BUGS roam in droves; they’ve almost conquered the city through simple infiltration. The bugs look like us except for some characteristics which they cannot conceal. They have ashy pale lips, tongues the color of a fresh turd. Their eye sockets are empty, eyelids dangle like uncircumcised flaps over eyeless holes. Their hair has fallen out, replaced by thin probing quills which they brush back like hair. The quills are full of sensitive electrodes which can sense a building sneeze in a sound proof studio down the street a city block away. Their skin is pale and oily like a malnourished coma victim, pasty and clammy to the touch. A less visible characteristic is a row of harder, larger, sharper quills that run down the spine. These quills are permeated with a million holes like pumice. They have millions of varying tonal quills covering their body in meager imitation of mammalian body hair. They have no fingernails, but hard convex black shells in their place under which are circuit boards and access grids. The same with their toenails. Their genitals, while fully functional, appear lifeless, or at least listless, and a darker color than their pale skin. Almost the color of a bruise. Inside the female genitals are as black as oil. Their anuses are a sickly yellow white like wood glue and their ass holes are black vortices. There is no hurry in their movement. They are known for being able to take up to a day to complete one full turn of the head if they are watching something slow moving. They often stare at the sun all day long as it passes overhead; they have no eyes so they have no fear of going blind. They see because they recognize vision as it pertains to odor in the same way taste does. Taste augments odor, vision augments odor. There are creatures easily found in nature books that exist without the use of any sense other than smell. And in all creatures smell is the sole sense utilized in tracking. Tracking, in humans, is a process allotted to the eyes alone. The bugs, with a highly augmented sense of smell, have shed the eye so that the sinus membrane may be exposed directly to a flow of air through the cavernous eye socket. They literally smell the movements of everything we see. Added to the sensitivity to air flow their erectile quills, the bugs can smell *more* than we can see. They are aware sensitively of wires behind walls, people behind doors, heart rates, even secrets that are carried in the mind. Bugs don’t procreate in the same rituals we

do. They rent a banquet hall in the Holiday Inn, have it completely bared of furniture and have a mass feast. Long tables, white cloth, all bug food laid out up and down all walls. They eat until a prescribed time and then strip bare and begin to have a delightful orgy of over a hundred people. They all procreate indiscriminately. This alleviates the hassles of parents; children hatch in underwater tanks some months later; as larvae, study with the same brood from the same sector. They are raised as equals in that they are raised as drones. They only learn their individuality after first mating with the bug queen. Nobody ever discusses her; no human has ever seen her; no record is kept of her existence; no one knows if she is real. Sometimes during the biannual orgy — the spawning it is called — chains of men will form, one buttfucking into the next and then a woman will be added on one end. These chains rise up like centipedes and frolic playfully, ashy legs scuttling and reaching. When all are joined in this way the insectile collective is recharged — all minds thinking as one — to one purpose. Insects can take any job anywhere. They are guaranteed full rights in the zone constitution as 1st class citizens. They may vote and even, once a long time ago, tried fronting their own ticket, but it fared so unpopularity the idea rolled over and was never tried again. The insects are all low-level telepaths; they have evolved, sensitively, beyond us, and are aware in a dead sort of way what other people are thinking if the thought is very strong or if the thought is directed at the bug. The bugs themselves move like automatons. They experience only very strong emotions and they experience those very weakly. They can cross breed with members of the mammalian species — but who would want to breed with the bugs? No one knows exactly when they started appearing, integrated into normal society. A quiet man here, a secretive woman there. Fear of bugs spread like a low level communism style cold war fear. Is your neighbor a bug? At first bugs had to report to a special bureau. Then the redrafted constitution smoothed things over. The bugs are stoic, secretive, emotionless, they are everywhere and nowhere. A receptionist might be one, or a police officer hiding behind mirrored sunglasses. It is already rumored that the bugs have infested, infected the police force. They are all referred to as bugs. Their listening devices are bugs. Their helicopters are bug-like. They scuttle from crime scene to crime scene. Their justice is a secret and callused as a bug's shiny lifeless black eye. Their's is a timeless world. Their lifespans have not, as yet, been measured. because those in charge of the study died of old age some years ago. The world turns like an immense slow cog beneath their feet. We die and are born and die and are born and die while more of them are born every year. Constitutionally they are our equals. In truth they are our superiors. They will live on after we have died, still watching the sun overhead with uncaring, expressionless faces and lifeless eyes.

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Bulletin:

In the future there are far too many pasts. Regret becomes more routine than bathing. Remorse drives your body and mind into an advanced state of decomposition. The futurists say, “in the past there have always been too many futures.” They view choices as optimistic. “Life is what you make of it; the future is what you make it.” They claim it doesn't when you die, because it effects only you. Any sorrow others may feel in regards to any of your actions is their *reaction* to your action or to you, but it is never your fault or responsibility. “You didn't *make* them feel sorry for you

or about you. They use the *because* as a weapon, to inflict a guilt wound on *you*, then they poke at the wound and cite it as evidence towards your guilt. You must *ignore* other people as much as possible, as sooner or later they will be blaming you for *something*.” They forward the concept of the medicinal excess, and in orgasms or Epicurean ecstasy they tell you that the concept of original sin was invented by old men to keep *young men* from doing what the old men *wanted to be doing*.” They trace everything back to pleasure, which pertains to oneself, and jealousy, which pertains to Others. “If you care more about your own pleasures than your jealousy of the pleasure of others, you will soon find it is *they* who are jealous of *you*.” To the futurist, jealousy, or what they perceive as such, is the finest compliment, although, “to take any compliment is to acknowledge that other people in any way effect you,” and so they ignore compliments and jibes alike. The pastists hate the futurists with unparalleled loathing. The pastists, or pastors, teach the converse of the futurist epitaph. There pastors teach, “in the future there will have been too many pasts.” Whereas the futurists see there should only be one future, the pastors feel there should be very little passed. “Sadness is the driving factor in current concepts. Sadness only breeds sadness. Sadness stems from regret.” They teach that by not acting on every opportunity we have condemned ourselves to a life of perpetual nihilism. “Every death is the beginning in a long line of deaths. Every drop is the first of a rainstorm.” They still pass many opportunities by, moaning and lamenting the loss of their lives and proclaiming themselves ‘undead’ and ‘the living dead.’ They pessimistically state, “once you’ve lost your life by missing the Potential, all other potentials are moot. You can never hit the same target by shooting at it again later. If you miss it once you must succumb. The target passively conquers.” They have given up their lives to the cause of un-life. The futurist roster is mainly young boys and girls, Drs. and lawyers, divorced people, etc. while the pastors consist of mainly adolescents, retired people, hobos and married people, etc.

Re. Etc.

“‘The company,’ said the big boss man from his garnished platform, ‘will no longer be hiring any...’ he holds a list up that wraps around his feet and adjusts his glasses. Squinting, he reads, ‘women, jews, arabs, colored, chinamen, inbreeds, hermaphrodites, gays, transvestites, gooks, japs, gerries,’ he reads on and on in a pinched nasal monotone. ‘etc. etc. etc.,’ Harold thought, standing amongst his coworkers holding a coffee mug that read ‘world’s best cad.’ If you’re like Harold — listless, disinterested, careless, tired — we have just the cure for you. Many times things are said or done by others or by yourself that you just don’t find important. In times like these you may find yourself droning, ‘etc. etc. etc.,’ just like Harold. This is a perfectly natural reaction to an unshrugable mantle of boredom. Other things you might find yourself saying are, ‘well, whatever,’ ‘gee, surprise me... I don’t care,’ and even, ‘nothing matters, I’ll just go to bed early.’ Well all these things are perfectly natural also, even expected in cases of extreme boredom. Like Harold you feel distracted, dismayed, even frustrated with how little of the world revolves around you. This disease has been diagnosed as ‘Etc. Syndrome.’ Many writers suffer from etc. syndrome and kill themselves. The same has happened to many fine artists. Others effected include standup comedians, musicians, blue-collar workers, executives, etc. etc. etc.... But then, who *hasn’t* at one time or another been bored or distracted? Why, even as *I* am writing this I’m bored *and* distracted. Well the good

news for those of you reading this is that diagnosis is the first step to cure. Perhaps, in your lifetime, a cure *will* be found and your listless boredom treated. Perhaps the cure is only symptomatic. But it's best to digress before the readers' interest is blah blah blah etc. etc.” And so and so it goes it goes to the end of time we go. The eye babbles on and on, it can't help itself. It congeals and drips into a pulsing puddle of nakedness on the floor. A skin scorpion stinging itself over and over and over and melting and melting and melting. Pores open wide like windows. A honeycomb of pores, each one a potential spider's nest, as in that old ghost story of the spider's nest in the pimple. That should scare the be-jesus out of about twenty million teenagers. The ultimate pet to take on a late night talk show would be a parrot that sings eloquent opera and does a more than passing impression of the host himself. It is all part of the late night routine. To participate in the events. I am participating now. The writing itself, the words, are electric insomnia. I daren't sleep now, for fear of what might be missed. Dreams are doorways. Words are made to be spoken, what's written is written to be read. “Well you're not going to like it if they give you bad reviews.” “I'm just writing my thoughts. Just spinning a yarn, etc.” Can't get rated on writing, etc. etc. Crime and the city corruption. Conclusion is delusion. Time is the great liquefier. In the end one thing matters no more than any other. An aging woman with tendrils of gray hair and an arthritic back picks a peach in North Dakota; a short, mustached dictator in military beige with a scarlet armband salutes and orders the decimation of a populous. Etc. etc. Swine doesn't I caren un? I gotta be good and I gotta be right and I gotta be just. Man, that is *just* the thing. Take “Justice.” Now in a modifying pronoun, or in an adjective form, it becomes “just.” *Just* that. All I am. *Just* what I am. *Just just*. The word makes no sense. *Just*. J-U-ST. Juh-uh-sstt. It sounds like a mistake. “*djust!* Ow! I stubbed my toe.” I am J-U-ST the thing I am. Wuh-hut ah-re yoo-hoo? Juh-uh-sstt th-ahh-tt. Speech slows to a rush hour stand still. A stand *still* at *rush* hour. We hurry so much we make ourselves wait in stampede style. If a mouse can scare an elephant to stampede, what would scare commuters? Mickey Mouse? A *Japanese* Mickey Mouse that was establishing 8-hr. work days. That's make those volvo's charge. Someone see me out. Cabby, gimme a lift home would ya? Pass by a million naked housewives bearing beavers in their windows. Suburban storyville. Skin clings to bone like a frightened child to their mother's dress, sucking a thumb and hiding behind her when company comes. Grandma's underpants grown huge around me until the long John's cover me up like a land-fell parachute. Dream I had down at our wood paneling beach house, aunt's of father's side, uncles of mother's side and grandparents in attendance. Getting ready to go to the beach and I went in and got in my speedo suit. I was like, I dunno, seven or eight? Anyway, I *smelled* the suit and got all excited in a queer way. I wanted to show my dick out the window. Godsakes don't interrupt me asking why! Hell I was a little pervert for all I know. My father rose nightly in our household and retired to masturbate inna the bathroom. I must have known subconsciously or something. I couldn't masturbate then, but I rolled around nude on the bed. Why? I wish I couldn't remember the whole incident. Anyway I finally got my suit on and came out and the whole family at the table waiting on me. Looking at me. “I don't feel like going,” I said. “Don't feel like going?” they repeated. I don't really remember what happened. Probably nothing. I could pick myself apart like this every night. Like leaves on a tree. I masturbate to this day, to the date of this writing. It's not usually by choice. I can't seem to quit. Etc. etc. etc.

Too Much

Too Much is the key. A headache at the base of the skull sends shockwaves down the piano keys of the vertebrae. Icy touch of contact overdose, sweat standing out in puddled piles on the skin. Clammy with contained heat. Skin turns gravestone, eyes turn into cat's eyes. Curious yellow lanterns. The movements of the world are a code that one *must* learn to read if one wishes to *survive*. Kids vacuuming their dicks into profane purple phallic hickeys. Girls squatting to defecate brown turds in a ring like stone henge on the lawn of their cruel coach. The teaching doesn't always coincide with the learning. At least not in the way it's supposed to. Fat Arabic cats with soft coffee colored skin and wiry hair mustaches. A long brown turd-like cigar crouches, hanging like a limp erection, puffing clouds of gray smoke jissom that floats like backwards leaves to hang low around his head. A black turban huddles around his head, low like a Russian spire, plush as a pillow. He smiles, horrid white teeth like a row of soldiers glisten behind the papery cigar. “I'll get you...” he grins, his eyes flooding with a cloud of black ink until they are ebony marbles, flat and lifeless, “I *know* you... I *know* you,” like a dull monotone mantra... sweat beads, black as blood splatter, rise up on his forehead... his mustache shortens and spreads mossily to coat like a fungus... “you *are* me... you *are* me,” he buzzes in a subconscious hum, like the groan of the sewer... rats nibble in chalky scraping loudly in my ear... “to *touch* this... to *touch* this...” his skin is turning a yellow beige, black short hairs coat in think fuzz. He has begun to *segment*... His is a code too ancient for our modern language. He rolls linguistic turds from his bulbous lips. “*give* me... *give* me...” he opens a mouth like a snake, double jointed jaws creaking open hugely. Behind his shiny row of soldiers are a million curved rows of hooked claw-like fangs. His long dark tongue coils like a serpent act, a perfect bruised phallus fueled by tonsticles. He creaks a groan of beckoning. Of all the creatures that roam in pink herds he is the predator. The embodied overdose. His victim falls over, defecating in death throws, blood geysering from burst eyes. The Iranian eats only the kidney, sucking on it like cooked meat — juices running from his mouth... he is too much. His victims die from sensory overload, he is too much, he is toomuch, he is too much, he is toomuch, he is Tumuzsch....

Part Two: the Body

The brain is a *mystical* device... an organic computer... men of science can't decode it — can never fully understand it — because it is not scientific. Each step is taken toward an eventual end. Mexican whorehouses light up in a lane across the horizon of the dark Mexican night — land masses on the flat plain a black silhouette — the sky a sick dark blue. “Go see the fuckin' parrots —” I drop a pinch of black snuff. It's all Too Much. My brain aches. I hear chimes in the distant room. “All of us are mocking God through meager *imitation*...” my father once sobbed while whipping me with a belt. Ancient mountains slumber in distant mounds — bonsai trees growing up and down their rocky skin. A red eye watches me from the opposite side of the room. I *must* find my way to the peaceful snow. All the mountain dwelling, orange robed, wizened monks *know*. What they know...? I can never know. What they know they hold exclusive rights to and those of us who are alien can never know. I can never know. I am alien. I'll tell you a story. I once knew a young boy about sixteen. He was a nuisance, even occasionally a hazard to himself and others. He danced and sang and was the fool. Borrowed and stole this way. He was the self-righteous, self-centered,

accusatory, and above all (because none of these things is impressive and all apply to almost all Americans) and above all he was a total ignoramus. He accused others of not knowing what *he* himself didn't know and therefore found himself wholly unable to prove his claim or support his accusation in *any* manner. He said, “I dunno,” alot, “whatever,” alot and infringed disgustingly wholly too often. He claimed he couldn't understand why girls didn't like him and he professed that he *chose* to be a bumbling idiot. He was loud, offensive, needy, jealous, ignorant, impetuous in the worst ways — screaming profanities at cars of drunken college drop outs coming from *and* going to raging keggers; he was bad at *everything* he tried to do — write, sing (which he did constantly in a hideous nasal droning monotone), run, revel, speak eloquently, joke, do accents. etc. etc. etc. He was the epitome of every annoying thing everybody dreads becoming. He embodied nuisance and annoyance. His black hairy body was always on show, he thought it was no big thing to walk shirtless and his hideous legs were always poked out from his shorts to be stuck stiffly into over sized black jock shoes. Girls *feared* him. He was so freakish, even the freaks he burned to befriend and be accepted by expelled him shamelessly. He was the outcast's outcast. The leper's leper. In him dwelled the need for acceptance his gay ogre of a wop father passed on through callused neglect and patronizing negligence. The boy wanted affection and he would squeeze *everybody's* balls until they like him. He was Tumuzsch, the crawling spidery troll, longing for *more more more...* He crouched with hard hackles raised menacingly at the bridge, never willing to let anybody come in unless they bore gifts for him. He attempted to eat those that brought him nothing, but there was no inherent threat here... he had no teeth — only stinking gum holes. He rolled his victims around in his mouth getting them wet and then he spilled them out in a puddle of saliva. ‘He is Tumuzsch,’ he would cry late at night when especially no one was listening and when no one cared to hear him, “he can take no more!” Well, he needs not worry... no one cares to give him anything he needs to worry about possessing “no more” than nothing at all. No love is his... no love....

“Hi, I'm Persona X. I'm the Host.”

The vigilante cops out as a schizo possession case. A cold junky morning and a dry cough wakes me up. “Hey,” says a narc in the audience (hey — when did we get a balcony? I say something about 500 marijuana plants being destroyed and two guys in the audience loudly sigh, “aaawww!!” and are immediately arrested). “You're not William S. Burroughs,” shots the narc arresting officer. “Dr. William S. Burroughs?” I cover my eyes looking up into the crowd — hard to see with the spotlights... “You're not Dr. William S. Burroughs!” he bellows back. “Yes I am.” (A beer commercial quote ingrained on the American psyche — such a monumental feat has not been accomplished since the great “where's the beef?” ad campaign of the early eighties. Here's the scene — a guy getting off an airplane approaches three chauffeurs waiting for their rides. “Do you have a brand x beer in your limo?” he asks one tall, black clad, sun glassed driver. “Yes.” “Then I am...” he struggles to pronounce the complex name on the driver's sign, “Mr... Gal-E-Kay-Witz...” “You're Dr. Galacowitz?” the stone faced driver scrutinizes. “Yes I am.” Cut to limo interior, the man plays with all the toys and buttons in the limo. The driver looks back over his shoulder. “First time in a limo, Dr.?” The man holds up the can of brand x. “First time in a limo this *small.*”) The set of my show is a run down ghetto apartment. One beaten out spring

mattress on a brass frame. The wooden floor is cracking. There is one peeling creaking gray chair at a peeling creaking gray table with a bottle of scotch and a shot glass resting like an electric blanket on the tabletop. The gray wall paper on the walls is flaking and peeling to reveal gray beams. Outside a dirty window a neon red sign is flashing over a darkened city. A cracking door stabs the stage left wall, opposite the bed, adjacent to the table and chair. I sit in the chair and drink scotch shots and any guests that *want* to come on the show sit on the bed, awkwardly. Tonight I have one guest — an old woman from a Hoboken petting zoo with a bunch of birds. One sits on my head Johnny Carson like and I grab it and crush it to the table. The old woman drops over dead from heart failure and the show goes kind of slow after that. The audience is drunk, mainly runoff from the Late Shows and walk-ins attracted by our sign that blares “ALL NUDE” in large flashing neon and then in small print and not lit up, “this is a talk show, not a strip-joint.” All our camera women are nude, as consolation, and the subject to nightly jibes and weekly rapes. but they’re all infected with V.D.s. “Hey — this is no novelty show!” I interrupt if I happen upon one of these scenes. “C’mon, at least make a donation...” “I am,” the rapist grunts as he showers her gluey cunt with unexpectant semen who burn up on impact, “see? I’m donatin’ as we speak!” “Oohh,” I jibe, grabbing his dick and snipping it neatly off at the base, “very funny. You should come on the show. I’ll bill you as the comic eunuch.” I kick him in the gut and he vomits a gallon and a half of whiskey. I have his dick stuffed and give it to a random audience member the next night. “Late night talk show host, and *crime fighter*,” I think of myself as. “It’s all in a good day’s work,” I say, looking over at Persona Y, the Cannuck, who is dressed as Robin. Make up your mind! Are you the tortured artist or the dime store entertainer? Or both? Yes I am.

Too Much part three: The Mind

Poets are either futurists or pastors in regards to their poems. First, I apologize for the horrid names written for the two parties. I would like to say I only write what I *hear*, but sometimes I’m just not sure if I do... The two kinds of poets, the parties applying to which here to for will be referred to only as the F’s and P’s indicating the futurists and the pastors respectively, the two kinds of poets in regards to their poems share different views of editing. The f-style poets always edit their work; actually, as they edit their work often to make it more palatable to readers — thusly indicating an interest in the interest of others — a trait shunned by pure futurists, these poets might best be referred to as F.P.’s. The p-style poets, who will also be referred to in a combinatorial way due to the fact that they don’t obey a pastist *no-editing-allowed* style constantly in that they distribute only what *they* like — thus showing a futurist self-centeredness as well as futurist editing, the P.F. poets almost never edit their poems, as they believe that to edit is to annul the feeling of the poet when he wrote the poem from the poem itself — in effect — to undermine the potential the poem has which lies in the feeling behind the poem. All potential lies in feeling, all opportunities stem from instinct; all regrets regarding a missed potential inevitably stem back to a conscious decision to obey *logic over instinct*. Logic is often merely a cover-up for timid inability. “I didn’t kill him when I could have because I know logically that if I missed he would kill my family.” Well, maybe that’s not the best or most accurate example. However a better shred of evidence in favor of instinct is the “gut feeling,” which is usually correct. There are, in fact,

many more senses than merely the five physical ones. The sense of balance, the sense of direction, etc. all are mental extensions of the sense of *touch*. You could *feel* your way out of almost any conceivable situation. You don't see memories, so much as *feel* them. All things that are happening are enactments of future memories, therefore you don't see anything, you feel that you see it [or more accurately, you will have felt that you had seen it]. Feeling was the first sense to develop. It pertains to the nervous system — stemming from the spine. The brain acts as a psychic projector of the same. It often conflicts with the spine because of *reason*, which is something we force on the brain. We are not, by nature, the least bit *reasonable*. We are not creatures of *reason*. We are creatures of instinct who accidentally developed reason. Mysticism is instinctual [based on the experience of feeling]. We attempt to reasonably deduce instinct and mysticism. We are not learning in new areas. We are not making progress. We are rediscovering our ancient roots that lie in instinct. The brain is instinctual. The brain is a mystical device. Each step is taken towards an eventual end, but all our steps are leading *backwards* [we are walking blind, operating on instinct]. Because our eye inverts everything to translate into the up side down hour glass of the mind's language, ancient and runic, we don't see that what we perceive as forward is backwards. We are rediscovering our unknown origins. Crawling back into suburban caves, we turn to novelty our family tree. We must take our evolution back to its smallest roots. The first psychic cell foresaw itself on land. The first protoplasmic mud from which the first organism scuttled with *no* more than instinct. No senses at *all*. Our first mental sense to develop was memory, which we foolishly mistake for the mind set on record and seeing *through* the eyes. What we naively forget to factor in is that the eye inverts images for the mind. The inversion of memory is ESP. Our eyes are *projecting*, not *absorbing*, what our memories dictate on psychic rewind. We all know when we are going to die, because while we see it as our end, it is *perceived* [by ourselves from outside our bodies] as *our beginning*. Memories are ripples rolling out from the the present. If we can see the ripples in the past, why can't we see the ripples in the future? Our minds, for aeons out of practice at the art, perceive these ripples on an instinctual level — we get a “gut feeling.” This method of prediction, however, is barely the tip of the iceberg, though, as we *must* regain our ancient ability to Read Time, not left-to-right as past : present : future, but down from each event in an effectual manner. One effect: from another: to another, all aspects the same in effect. If this is too much for your mind, that is to be expected. If you have never understood this you will never understand it because the unborn memories of the present called the future are based on the existing and identifiable memories of the past called the past — and if an effect isn't present in the one it cannot be present in both — which is what *must* occur for an experience of any memorable magnitude to occur. This repetition of a situation — the embedding of a situation in all three times, past, present and future, is the cause of the effect. This is ritual. Or routine. Some things — like walking down the street, the *same* street, day after day ‘till you die — are, although they are personal rituals, more *appropriately* referred to as routine; just as some *other* things, such as sacrificing a virgin [to a volcano or carving the Thanksgiving turkey], while they may eventually seem routine, are understandably better referred to as ritual. For you to follow my line of reasoning, according to my line of reasoning, you would have to have been thinking the same *before*, *during* and *after* reading this. The effect of the concepts must have caused ripples very far (or harumph, should I say long?) into both your past and future. If you've experienced déjà vu it is probably a memory back to a forward-thinking ripple moving backward from an event in your future, which you

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are now experiencing. “Gee, I remember thinking ahead to now.” You remember (past) thinking ahead (future) to now (present). [And of course, in regular perception all of these are inverted because what we instinctually perceive as our future from outside our bodies we think we see through memory as past from within our logical minds]. It’s all quite simple, really, although for some people it is too much. I formally accuse those people of a grievous wrong against the mental state. We can no longer function with reason alone. Pure reason is too little, however coupled with a good strong dose of instinct it should even out. Indeed, evolved reason would be Too Much for our purposes here.

“Well, Whatever...”

Me an’ Rick were walkin’ tonight. It was a nice night, a little close if you know what I mean. The moon whispered in and out from behind misty blankets of clouds. We walked into the neon fluorescent scab gas station and I saw her immediately. She was, God — Timeless — without Age — she looked young, probably 17 or 18, and maybe our height. She was beautiful in the most carnal way. A flesh angel. I watched her, pretending to be looking at the candy, in which I actually had *no* interest. She had dark brown or maybe black hair, bushy in a loose and unextravagant manner, about mid-back length (?so hard to remember!) she wore a white shirt, small, tight, and (I don’t remember what color!!!) very short shorts. She was standing in line, waiting to buy something I never looked at. I circled the candy row and watched her from behind the bottles of P and S. Other people got in the way. I walked across the store to sit in some wall seats across the way. I backed into one and stared intensely at her raw beauty. I was convinced she wasn’t wearing any undergarments of any kind. Her short shorts were so small they would barely even fit the bill and were hardly prepared to conceal anything other than — And her nipples poked through in soft wrinkles of her white cotton shirt. She was paying. I watched how her tan legs shifted her weight, how her lower back was pushed forward and how she seemed to hover there and yet at the same time seem the clearest and most solidly ingrained figure person there. Rick ambled over, eyeing my severe ogling with interest. He sat down. “She’s pretty isn’t she?” I nodded. She was turning to leave. Her neck so thin and soft, her features so girlish and yet so full of unknown thoughts. She stood between girlhood and womanhood. I stood to watch her depart, hips sauntering, legs rippling, hair floating like those clouds over the whispering moon. Rick bought an apple and we left. The girl was still hanging out with some of her girlfriends by an insect of a black coupe, it looked like a sunglass lens. “I will *never* have a girl like that, I lamented as Rick munched his 50 cent fruit. “I don’t know if I’d even want one.... You *know* she wasn’t wearing any underclothes?” Rick shrugged. I sighed thinking of how I’d missed the free sex of the 60’s and how all the beautiful girls I know, even ones that don’t wear underwear, would never, *never* go out with me. “It doesn’t matter, man.” Rick assured me. His philosophy always seemed to boil down to “it doesn’t matter.” We share the same sort of shyness around pretty girls, although mine is less intense because I already *know* they won’t like me so I figure, “who cares?” Rick will undoubtedly amount to something if he wants to. Maybe someday he’ll get together that weird band he’s sometimes dreams of. He could write poetry if he could let go of the idea that poetry is ever good.

The Salesman

I can never let myself feel too good. There's something inherently uncomfortable in pure pleasure. Pure pleasure is an instinct that undermines the reason of sorrow. There are those who act happy but are, deep down, sad. I am not one of those people. On the surface I am sad, but in truth I am happy. I cannot seem to fix this or even find a medical opinion to support my knowledge that it *is a disease*. It comes in on a wire like a fix. Modern American teenage junkies — hooked on caffeine, salt and sugar — feed their monkeys with fast food feasts. Just look at any morbidly obese person and tell me food isn't a drug. Teen zombie junkies to television and video games while their parents are hooked on the news and dramadies. Stereo junkies with bleeding ears have to buy the right clothing to express a musical style. Looking good is an important and encouraged addiction. Zit cream comes in finger length tubes at \$5.00 a hit. Pre-prom zit-pocked moon faced girls crack braces-yellow toothy smiles at Arab pharmacy attendants and buy baskets full of tubes and smear the cream thick all over their faces and pray. It's a fix. It's a fix. “It's not a fix,” they tell themselves. They're lying. “This isn't a permanent fix.” They know it is a fix. It's basic predatory instinct. All sales revolve around making the product appeal to the user's needs. Cast the bait... “Hey, you *need* this, okay? One ad portentously states: “A flower is perfect beauty.... You, however, could use some work.” The salesman will lie, coerce, compel, insult, cajole, condemn, conceal, console, charm, impress, promise, infringe, draw comparisons and predict pleasurable conclusions; in effect: he will do *anything* for The Sale. The salesman exists with one foot up someone's ass and the other wedged firmly in everyone's door. He is as imminent as a fix.

Interlude

Hell. I been everything at every time. I'm not sad that I once posed nude, no sir. I've been everything I could be to the best of my ability in the time I gave to each endeavor. I been a writer, actor, singer, poet. I've published books. I've sung words. Don't tell me what I ought or ought not to do. I've *already* done it all. The wise man on the mountain once said to me, “those who smile all the time tend to have nothing on their mind.” I must do what I know is right. I must do what comes next. History is a book I'm writing. Every chapter is a cliff hanger. “Our hero — Just Rightman — clings to the wheel of a car his foot is handcuffed to the gas peddle of. He races toward infinite doom. Inevitable peril. *How will our hero escape?! Do not miss next week's episode: ‘The Handcuff Key He Kept Hidden In His Pants Pocket For Just Such An Emergency!!’* It's sure to be a thriller. Goodnight, folks.”

Sad sax intro. Madman's face at the window. Children crying, babies wailing unnervingly. He is the *Salesman*. He can sell anything. He has sold things no one else can sell, no one could sell, no one else would want to sell. He has sold ice to Eskimos, condoms to necropheliacs, mirrors to lepers, “clean” water to cholera sufferers who choke to death trying to swallow the worm. It is even rumored that he has sold darkness to children afraid of the dark and height to children afraid of heights, not to mention fields to agoraphobes and boxes he bills as beds to claustrophobes. He has sold righteousness to wrongdoers, royalty to the unworthy, riches to the poor and poorness to the rich. After two or three visits from the salesman they begin to need another visit, another product, another fix. It's a fix, it's a fix, it's a fix. “Well, this is quite a fix you've gotten us into, dear,” says Tommy the Butcher to his J.A.P. wife. He

sweeps his hand dramatically over piles of unopened boxes, some coated in dust and covered in cobwebs, some new with this month's stamps on them. Some vibrant pastel or earth tones, others faded into a dingy beige color and flattened even more by the coat of dust. “Well? What do you have to say for yourself?” He holds his belt, arms bent and pushed forward, foot tapping, awaiting a response. She sits in a laz-e-boy, indian style in the upright seat, leaning forward entranced to the t.v. On the screen a serpent hisses, his tongue slipping around a plastic bottle of blue goo with a label on it in Japanese. At the bottom of the screen a clock ticks away time left to order and up the left side of the screen is a price written in yen and the name of the product written in Japanese. Tommy's wife looks up at him innocently, distractedly, her face lit Kibuki white by the t.v. scream, er, screen. She is disheveled, in a flannel bath robe and bunny slippers. She holds the portable phone in one hand. “I have to have it,” she says simple to Tommy. “I have to have it,” her voice lapses into a self-occupied mumble as she hits redial and holds the phone to her ear. “Gimme, uh, two,” she plays into the phone. “Charge it to my account. Davis. The Davis account number,” she fumbles up a long strip of paper she keeps wadded up in her right hand and reads off the long number written thereon. She hangs the phone up. She returns to the t.v. In the background the sound of a shotgun as Tommy kills himself. His wife flicks distractedly at her ear — spiders crawl out, their sanctity disrupted. One the screen the numbers of items sold ticks up steadily, two for every second the clock ticks down one less second. The snake is hissing in Japanese about how this oil is both a floor wax and a desert topping. Evangelists are God's salesmen. They float down in plaid tweed on green wings, bills for feathers, a briefcase full of forgiveness and they tip their halo at the housewife in a house coat, hair strained up in rollers that have long ago taken root, opens the door quietly so as not to wake up their drunk factory working husband who has passed out on their plaid worn foam couch with ripped liner. “Hello,” gleams the evangelist with fake teeth made of ivory cut from elephant tusks, “God Loves You.” The housewife falls to her knees and begins reaming the tweed angel's ass hole right below the curling piggy tail. “I don't want to drink from this cup,” whines Jesus. “Relax,” breathes the tweed SalesGod, “it's warranted.”

Interlude Two

Tommy lay dead on the floor in a growing puddle of his own blood. He had killed himself with a shotgun and as he died his finger locked, causing the other bullet to be expelled into his skull as he fell, the second entering at a different angle. The second bullet exploded as he fell, blowing off the rest of his skull, and he lay there in tatters seeping blood from the gnarled mass of up side down tree roots of veins, nerves and muscles that was once his head and neck. His wife watches t.v. Behind the piles of boxes — unopened merchandise, some of it spoiled and emitting a stench foul enough to hide our man — Agent Tumuzsch crouches, behind some of the oldest, dustiest boxes which were covered in cobwebs and spot mould — moss and small mould plants growing right up like little green islands on the faded pastel blue cardboard oceans. These boxes smelled the worst and masked even powerful Tumuzsch's odor. Tumuzsch crept behind these piles like geometric totems as faceless and anonymous as apartment buildings. He smelled Tommy's J.A.P. wife's presence. His eyelids hung limp like novocained lips, fluttering as he sucked in another air sample into his eye sockets. He smiled. His teeth were bug shells, like beetle's bums in a row hanging through like sucked through the shitter. Each tooth uncurls little

crispy legs that it waves around like feeling for something. They are feeling for just the right moment. The legs seize. Tumuzsch pounces and lands like a giant cockroach in Mrs. Davis’ lap. She screams, horrified that something has come between her and the t.v. Tumuzsch slaughters her slicing out her her fleshy throat in strings of blood with his dark crab claw fingers. He eats her larynx and pharynx in the falling piles of her junk.

Aside from the futurists and the pastors (the F.s and P.s) there are also the salesmen. They are bugs, some of them, some are humanized lizards, spiders or snakes. All wear tweed plaid and carry briefcases. All are slimy, humanoid in proportion, and have greasy hair. They are as generic as flags or bottlecaps. Each has the same ivory toothed smile — glistening flat squares of incisors. I am an occluded bug, myself, and eat three squares a day and shit them out hip. My plate is full of tweed and my bowel is full of leather. I concern myself with the matters of this earth — the concerns of the F.s, the P.s and salesmen. I read the newspaper everyday in my breakfast nook. I can’t bring myself to touch heaven on the t.v. screen where pious salesmen urge me to sell out and save my soul. I try to touch earth reading the pastor’s paper — full of deaths, deaths, robberies and rapes, children molested and blah, blah, blah, etc. etc. I lay down the *Daily Epithet* with a sigh and stare blankly at my “Frosted Un-Lucky Sugar Licks” TM and my refabricated prefabricated rehydrated cream of milk germ All Rights Reserved, and I think, “I don’t remember buying these.” Products come in like junk. They’re there for you when you need them. Nothing more reliable than a fix.

The Radio Man

I am the Radio Man. The immaculate sender. My cell — my broadcasting station — my priestly shrine. My solitude is my fortress: mine. I am the radio man. Have you heard my tune? Mine is the one that buzzes at the base of your skull at the head of your spine it creeps. My station is philosophy — to find the limits of the cranial cavern. Expanding and expanding like a cerebral sponge. It’s up to you to turn the dial when it’s too much. I never surpass my limits because I live in the largest country in the mental world. It’s so large — there literally *are* no horizons. No borders. I exist in both the physical world of my body and the mental world of my incoming audial signal. Saying goodbye is suicide. Have you heard my tune? Have you tuned in? Do you receive my signal? I ride in the wire like junk to fix your broken little hearts by blowing your little minds. The receiver is the deceiver. No converse would be the inverse. I’m commanding psychic launches of the communal shuttle. Rocket no. 9 to take off for the planet Venus! Venus! Venus! Destination Venus! Hear you on the radio. He’s coming through on the radio. The tunnelous cavern — enter through the ear hole, wind around in rock poster covered halls and past deserted rooms covered in velvet Elvises and Elvis license plants and sequin studded pants. A light outside an open door says, “ON AIR.” “Hey! I love you people! Where were you when I needed you? Where are you now? Huh? Come one. I am *just* asking for help! Can you hear me? I *love* you! Doesn’t that mean anything? Here’s another song by the droyle astro men and after that the reverend Horton Heat. And fuck you.” Three thirty seven in the morning. Darkness bleeds in the corners of my eyes over the unwavering constant fluorescent light like an unblinking gaze — always on me, always on me. Up and on air hours. Broadcasting raw emotion. Without

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me the human heart would collapse. I am the voice whispering “jump” on the cliff’s edge. I am the voice: “a dead youth.” “Praise Jesus. And now, it’s time for us to give a little love back to God.” “Your son is dead.” Sun Ra was my motherless father. I was born from his head like Athena from Zeus. I am the wisdom born from insanity. The inbred sun of my father and I is the penultimate: “genius.” I broadcast tunelessly. Lifelessly. Baby if you ever wonder, wonder whatever became of me. I’m living on the AIR in SinSinatti. Got kind of tired of packing and unpacking. Town to town, up and down the dial. Maybe you and me were never meant to be — just maybe think of me once in awhile. I am the opposite of the bugs. Instead of receiving sound I can *never* receive. I am the transmitter. The unliving broadcaster. Have you heard my tune? Immaculate sender. I am the radio, man.

The Undone Time

The undone time winding like the sleepy Mississippi, Muddy banks and slow brown water — dixieland creole and sad big band blues fill the air. Gershwin calls up a music loving land. “Good morning heartache” wafts like sea breezes through the Romantic Quarter. The orange sun ripples down like a cantankerous beast settling down to sleep. Saxophone lullabies the sun away, sinking into the brown water still as a sheet, drowning away to usher in the velvet night so silver star spangled. Little black boys in the colored restrooms in the section of town where there aonly were colored restrooms. Not rich but rich in poorness. “Up to the man, up to the man who’s the leader of the band...” making fours the hard way from two deuces on river boats — everything still respectfully old fashioned. Doris Day’s “Sentimental Journey” hums across the ragtime wires. New Orleans is the heart of American jazz blues. It don’t mean a thing if it ain’t got that swing. Swing rag time big band jazz. I’ve missed my time again. I can see myself as a war time sailor on leave in the red light of Storyville. The blues were a grassy happiness — a celebrating lament. They smiled — “We are all sad here.”

Equality

I want to tell you all about pain and death in my head. Faceless monsters pull me cold from warm blankets — teddy bear patterns — and into the light. My pain is the pain of an age [the growing pains of history]. It’s the pain of a race [I do not belong to]. The pain of a child. Pain of a nation. Of a ration. A fashion. Fusion. Delusion. Illusion. A lie. I lie. Fields around clouds surround a sun as bright as heaven. This is death. Warmth. Beckoning. Sinking like sleep. Death is an experience of the *brain*. The untying of consciousness wound so tight I can be crushed — wrapped like a mummy and buried alive. Buried in life. Suffocate to death under infinite possibility. The all night diner of my mind. To touch to feel to be reached. To see believably. So be it. A flash of faces and all scream, “*Not me!!*” No one touches. No one speaks. Everyone protests for all of us are equal justice is blind and don’t treat me that way you scum bag you drag queen you nobody you you bad man you queer you gay you slut you faggot you you you you you you: Never Me!!! All night patrol at the doughnut shop caught two kids stealing from a bank across the street. “Hey,” [said] the kids, “don’t blame us. Society made us do it.” Here she comes to defend her national rights. “Stop blaming me? Nobody loves me like they did during the WWII era!” The cop,

overcome by lust, pushes her to the ground and rapes her frantically. Fade to police station, the youths stripped and sized up by a guard who gazes lustily at them in their 3x5 cell, the key dangling from a ring that hangs around his stiff penis. “You’ve run out of lies now, Officer Mahoney. How do you explain this?” “I’m right and you’re wrong,” grins the officer, nude save for black knee socks and a badge pinned to his right nipple. “Everybody wants their MTV, boys,... maybe it’s time you gave it back.” “Hell, you already strip searched us from ass to tonsils — you still convinced we took the national product, er, pride?” “Well maybe I’d better just do it again, eh, boys?” He bends each over and shines flashlights up their ass holes. Original Boticelli’s hang adjacent to Jackson Pollock and Bill Burroughs paintings. Deep up in the tunnels the real Bobby and Billy couch in shadow. “Do you think he’ll find us, Bobby?” “For our sake I hope not, Billy.” Tonight I’ll dig tunnels to your nightmare room. Love and concurrence blood clots and insurance. Pedal to the floor — get anywhere. Psychic boomerang is metachemical solution — infusion of delusion. Night time mare anxious to leave the gate, hoofing the slush in a syringe. Motion lights scalpel dark concealment. Inside dad rises alarmed, wraps his fingers around his shotgun and surveys from the window. Fear grips the groin of suburbia. Cruel coal cuts on arms and legs bleed grape jelly. You-not-me is American equality. Do the pop heads and Archies get more from school or rock music? To equalize unbalance one must suppress the accentuated factor. Due to American greediness we accentuate our greed; our greed must be suppressed for our equality.

The Writer

“I am the sun and air of a silence that grips every voter. Im the son and heir to... nothing in particular. I am human and I need to be loved... just like everybody else.” I have begun sending bits of my skin. First the skin on my cock and my hands — husked off like tire peels in interstate gutters. Whisked away like a bird learning flight. I am now so alone I am disintegrating. At one point I had achieved absolute zero. Now I suck energy from people within my private range. Radius — 1 mile. An open range where cattle roam in blue collar herds. The Smiths sing “How soon is Now” from the center — the peak of my cone.... I absorb energy from my working cattle as I increase into the reach of negative numbers just beyond zero. The center of my field of vision burns into a huge hole like burning film on a silver screen a hole seems huge as a home — beyond is the negative. Beyond the nothing. I am pulled in willingly, flying in zero G. Space — starless black void — the negative of all color, the no light darkness of the void. A vacuum. It sucks at Christians and businessmen in the theatre who still think they are watching a movie and yet *feel* the pull like an urge to jump. “Jump,” I call — a faint whisper in their minds like music down a windy alley. The dark no light void drips through in negative space fields all over our cosmos. We see only the darkness and we *feel* the pull. Penny lingerie stores. We recognize, as males, vaginas as holes — and exhibit and inherent fear of them we call lust. A rush of guilt as we obey the voice saying “jump.” I am the sender on constant recharge — sending and receiving at an even rate — a bathtub filling at a rate equal or, harumph, rather, that is, congruent to and such, harumph, as it is draining. Never achieving but always reaching just the same. I am a member of the unknown knowing. In fact I’m, uh, I’m the uh, I’m the president of that organization. The American vernacular. If you are ever described as pertaining to it or shaping it... kill yourself. It’s Lady Liberty’s *main vein*. I see her bound and gagged, naked legs up

behind ass hands neck and feet tied behind back. Everybody's been blind before. Everybody knows the pain. Looked upon by elders with disdain. Every adult's an alien when you're an alien babe. The changeling of my brain. I see nothing short of global upheaval on the mass narc scale SWAT teams of multinational task agents rush in with guns leveled and blow way boxes of cheerios nobody remembers buying. “Ah, cheerios. My favorite,” drool the zombies. Faithful as Bassets. Silence is awkward and encourages a feeling of guilt. SWAT team break in, sit down, and watch the people accusatorially, saying nothing. Purple: the color of royalty and delusions, not to mention delusions of royalty. Things never change in suburbia. Everything is always the same — green mowed lawns, white picket fences, American flags on the fourth of July.... Boredom is mold made. Air pressure squares up and a storm curls like a pillow case full of pythons. Lightning licks down and the air is buzzing with the electric smell of ions in action. A mouth full of razors and slit eyes like blue toilet bowels full of drain-o, white teeth a glistening grid of good hygiene, a wide smile shows them like prize ribbons, blonde hair bunched on top of a head filled with sugar plum visions. Girls flock to his face like moths to a search light. Opposite a room I skulk. Back hunched to indicate deformity dormant perhaps in the body, but malignant in the mind. Black wraps around my body thick and close, bangs loosely over a severe face, a bush of hair like a job for Eli Whitney. I scribble furiously and self-contained, jealous of the attention golden boy is getting, but at the same time aware that I shoot down that kind of attention like a duck hunt when it comes near me. I am the outcast. The undone. The broadcast. The bug. I am the untouchable. A black heap with eyes that sulk back inside my skull like two white, firm gripping knuckles. I am the ass hole of flight. The unloved unloving night. I see the greed locked twat in a tower with no doors and only one window. I shuff off those who would be near me and begin to scale the wall. I must achieve the greed. It is that which I need. I need my need. I see her. I leap in. The chamber is dark. Light bleeds in. I dwell *here*. In this heart. I kill her and discard her. This is my true greed. Now *I* am the unachievable. No one can make me surface. Lost in my own desertion. Have I left the world so soon? My sentences occlude. Mine are life sentences. They tell of living — a sport I never partook of before my spontaneous disappearance. No one can find me. No one can find the invisible man. I see the emperor. He is naked. I see them all. They are all naked. They are all naked to me. God, the sunset opens up doors with arched peaks on the clay arabesque model. In this city it is always sunset. The earth occludes the sun in its rotation. Red evening maddens me to self surgical salvation. Sets of solid colors wall me in. Full of luck my mind flows from topic to topic. Cancer. The topic of cancer. Mine is the smell of the swill — the brine of the buy. I sell my sleep like tawdry fluff, like so much junky stuff, to the demon in my pen. All my friends are fuel in the end. [Like dinosaur skeletons.] I consume them. I consume them. I occlude them in their shadows. Twill and tundra tired tire rubber. Illiteracy rates rise as more people realize that know one no's how to read by the numbers. I don't need hallucinations when I've got my own paranoid visions and truth is always hard to find in this, the off season. Blue beauty back to the roots. Lights make me sleepy. The new technology is devised during hallucinations. Science fictionists are pot heads. The pot heads birth baby boomers birth pot heads. It spin cycles from square to hip in generations. We always think we are members of the *hip* generation, that it will be our generation to put things right, and with each generation we leave the world more and more screwed. The collective I.Q. of suburbia has succumbed to such a level that we've left our marbles in a “child proof” container... and now no one can get them out! We blame the Japanese for making shinier, more effective

marbles because we are resentful we can't get to ours. We feel stupid, but we buy their marbles anyway, thinking, “I wouldn't have to do this if it weren't for these modern ‘time saving’ devices.” The fancier and more time saving the device, the more it is our vice. A million people *must* be having sex right this instant. How incredible. Who says baseball is the national pass time? The people reading this (and me writing this! *he he!*) are the outsiders looking in. The extradited. Self-exiles. We must all put this foolishness down right now and rush out and have sex with someone! . . . Well, those of you left still reading this are doubtless saying, “well in the age of plastic relationships where are you going to find a consenting partner?” Well your doubt is very real, friends, as there are very few consenting partners left in the world. In the 60's there were thousands of consenting *participants*, in the 70's it slipped back to consenting partners, in the 80's the one-night stand was glamorized and part-time partners were a dime a dozen. Now it is the nineties, and those of us tired of “abusing ourselves” would like to know — where are the creatures of the opposite sex like minded to us? Where can we find our very own consenting partners? Anyone interested in exploring sex in an open environment should write me. [People who would describe themselves as deviants and all sex-based industries should naturally exclude themselves.] Life comes crawling back to me like a quadriplegic veteran in a wheel chair, struts cuffed to its arm nubs so it can move at all.... *Wish* I was something.... *Wish* I was *something*.... You need something.... *Wish* I was something.... Something you needed.... *Wish* I was something.... who needed you. I burn bridges so I won't have to look back. I always know what's behind me because it's something I made. The communication breach between writer and reader is that it takes alot longer to write something than it does to read — therefore things can slip by the reader who skims across the page on an eye ship fueled by short attention. You're not listening now. And why am I talking? Who am I talking to? My notebook? Where goes my mind? It goes. Goodbye.

The Righteous Teacher and The Wicked Priest

And I have read His Good Book through twice and it makes no more sense to me than it did when I was a babe reading them through as true myths of miracles. And then He spoke to me and He touched me and I touched Him and He pushed and rushed His way through me pumping and swearing and I spilled His teachings out the front of me like liquid crystal wisdom on the silkworms creation. Just because He's Wicked doesn't mean He was a *false* prophet. It is my opinion hat Jesus must have done Allah his teaching before the age of 18 because everything He did was so rebellious like donning the priestly vestments and so on [like healing Romans and harlots and eating with them] and drinking that mickey finn sponge on the cross and “I thirst” and all that get two forensic pathologists in there we'll tell ya what Christ ate for the Last Breakfast, because when ya get to be about 18 the adult in ya starts wakin' up and the child starts goin' to sleep. Jesus was a child pure and sure through and through and His Way was two faced same as all religion at the time and to this day, on the surface all was miracles and magic and morals and all this was for the kiddies, and then teen Jews learned the Péshah and studied the exact history sans miracles. And now all our churches are established glorifying the miracles and not the man, defining Godliness while denying humanity. All our modern religions are children — trying to teach morals or miracles and we know nothing of the history or the fact or even the truth because we haven't the péshah, truth is we haven't the patience, but

for our romantic solution's sake we'll stick to the grail of religious deciphering — the bible's Rosetta stone — the péshah. Now those who are all ready to grow up and are tired of the mysticism of this man who has turned white and blonde haired and, quite frankly, aryan, through our bigotry and jealousy and feelings of inadequacy, well now those who are ready to grow up wish to seek the péshah in a crusade. “We need church police!” they cry down a windy alley to the deaf ear of a priest. “We need the myths patrolled and the truth enforced! We need equality! We need justice to our beliefs and our truths because what we believe is the truth. The truth is the heart of the matter all tangled in lies but we demand to be shown the Man, naked, stripped of all imposed titles — as he was in life! We cannot believe there are two kinds of truth — the true facts of the case, and the truth of how it is seen — how the truth is perceived by different witnesses. There are books of Abraham, Martin and John, Books of Tom, Dick and Harry, but they are all witnesses. Their truth is *their* truth. There is no book written by Jesus himself and therefore everything written about Him is a distorted reflection of His Truth. There is truth about Jesus save the Truth of Jesus. And there is none recorded. We demand satisfaction! We care not what is said is said! We want to know what was *said*! We demand an absolute Jesus with all other faces stripped!” “You can't please everybody,” sighs the vestment. “Some will never be satisfied with the myths and miracles, but, y'know, oh well. Y'know? ‘Sorry.’”

World Music

The infant lay sleeping in the cradle. His parents smiled down at him from above; haloes of light ring their heads from the lamp behind them. To see believably. Their aura of happiness — goodness — trust, caring. Their gleam of truth and hope. A million miles away, on an island off the coast of France, in a forrest, a bard plays the lute and sings, his voice aged and constant as a granite cliff face. White hairs hang in a thin veil to catch light and illuminate his face — his silhouette — his presence. He sings of joy, unadulterated, pure in its simplicity and free from the content of purpose. His song cries softly like an owl — crying for times lost to his youth, merry times of rejoicing in a world wholly safe and holy to him. He plucks melancholy at the strings and tells his story which is the story of the aged — a story of remorse — regret — remembrance. His life is the life of everyone, the life of Icarus, the life of the arrow shot toward the sun and dragged back down to earth *just* as it was beginning to warm up. The gravity of time, the gravity of life, the melancholy of age, these are all ours as humans to try to come to terms with in our own lives and in the lives of those we love. His is the languageless no-word voice of all the members of all cultures of all the world. A chatter and a croon. He is joined by men and women everywhere, who look up from their serving in war time factories or from their beds where they perform beautiful acts of joy and goodness. They sing in a crinkling crow call and the drums — the palpitating pulse of the heart at the core of the earth — rise with their excitement. Writing style used to change from generation to generation, letters morphed and mutated into new letters. With the invention of the printing press our Greaco-Roman print was cemented, like a moment frozen in time, a picture captured in the press of Johannes Guttenberg. We never form letters new now. We are only that which we were made and now imitate like students. The goal of the good student is to please the teacher. Those who are persona non grata become street lepers, their minds put second to the good student. There is no love in formality. We drive away our neighbors with fear. Further and further we self

“Cheshire Inc.”

Jonathan Barlow Gee

isolate. Communities of paranoids. Suburbia full of seized lungs and nervous hearts too numb to feel. If you were the old bard what would you say? Things that make us laugh are sad. We should cry. We should be crying all the time. Our laughter has been lost. So long alone the babe laid to rest in a glowing cradle, warm by the glowing ember of affection his glowing parents held to him. We are all that baby grown up and gone cold our own ember not enough to save us from a fall back into earth called growing old.

Random Insert
Artistic License

Art is not literature! Art is insane, and quite rightly so! “Ars gratia artis” is the modern equivalent of a joke. Ha, ha. The commercials laugh last, and therefore best. Art is organic, chaotic, sporadic, and never dwells in one style. Art cannot be confined by the philosophical description police, literature cops that try to graph with word programs the insane organic globular nebulae of unknown darkness in a fractal pattern). Art is not Nietzschean nor Dadaist nor even done any semblance of justice by these words. Literature may stay long winded illustration or specified number of points, but art will never be tied down by the morals or meanings of words. Art is anarchic! Art is Dionysus! Art is not literature! Art is free!

At the Scene

“Sir, we just a call, a murdered youth, sounds pretty bad, we investigate, yes?” The sarge sips serenely at his cup of java, “no hurry, padre, amigo, Paco. A dead youth goes nowhere.” He licks his lips with a tongue fringed like a sea slug. His eyes glaze over.... Two hours later they investigate the scene. Paco opens the door from under which blood has seeped soaking the hall carpet. Creak of the hinges, stench of death in a gust like a whiff of the transportable gravesite. Posters, radio, tv, bookcases, computer... a typical youth’s room. Everything is covered in blood. Blood drips from the ceiling and stains the entire carpeted floor. Flies buzz hungrily from feast to feast. The dead youth lies unrecognizable on the bed, split from neck to nuts, ribs cracked and forced open like a safe. His head slumps limply, skinned, bleeding in a constant slick, mouth broken agape, teeth shattered, eyes hanging widely in stretched sockets. He has been hollowed out — his organs sit in low piles around the bed like pink, red and mauve lumps of cowflop. Steam rises from the heaps of disembowelment. The window has been shattered through as if somebody jumped through while the youth slept and it seems he was taken more or less by surprise, the first wound a deep slash of the throat severing the throat itself as well as the two carotid arteries, the jugulars, which have been stretched out like two slimy catheter tubes and lay limp, dangling from the gash. His genitals are severed and a meaty red slash replaces them in his hairy crotch. His clothes and the sheet covering him have been cut to tatters and ripped to reveal him. “CHRIST,” Paco quickly takes off his cop hat and chokes into vomiting huge thick mouthfuls. “Easy there, boy,” the sarge pats him on the convulsing shoulder, “I seen worse.” He begins to tell Paco of one particular instance but Paco flees belching frothing brown foam from the mouth. He slams the bathroom door behind him. Behind the sarge are the youth’s parents, a mildly old man, short, a little pudgy, skin the foreign color of baby shit, holds his

sobbing wife who is invisible within his arms save for a quivering sweater. The father looks up at the sarge with tears in his own eyes, “he was a *good* boy, a good boy; why would somebody do this to him?” His wife blubbers muffled in his chest. “Who knows? I’ve seen people killed over gambling disputes, robberies turned awry, marital tussles,... was your son seeing anyone?” “No (sob) Rickey would have told us... we had such high hopes for him. We —” “Well you should never rule out a relationship he kept secret that somehow turned stale.” “Are you saying a *girl* did this to him?” “Oh, heavens no. I’m just saying he may have had a lover you weren’t aware of who became resentful, jealous maybe...” “He would have told us if he was seeing a girl.” “In certain situations Mr. Anonymous, kids will lie to even their parents. Is your son a virgin?” “He — yes.” “Did he play with himself?” “W - what does that have to do with anything?” “Sir, I’m trying to investigate a possible murder — I need to follow up all the text book leads alleviating accidental suicide. One of those is ‘did he masturbate to death?’ Sir, did your son masturbate?” “Y - yes, I guess. Who doesn’t at that age?” The sarge makes a mark in his notepad. “How hard does your son laugh?” “What? How does that —” “Look, I have to follow up all leads. Does your son laugh hard?” “What would you determine as hard detective?” The sarge lets forth a great, full bellow, “A-HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA!” “Um, no, he never laughed that hard.” The detective makes a mark in his notepad. Paco walks back in slowly, looking around placidly. “Paco,” the sarge says, “call in to the station. Tell ‘em we need forensics, criminologists, and coroners over here, A-SAP.” “Right.” Paco uses the radio attached to his shirt collar and goes back out down the hallway. The sarge lifts his notepad back up. “Where were we?” he looks at the man. His wife looks up. “I can’t take this any more,” she chokes. He holds her tight and tears rise to his own eyes. “We tried so hard to have a son,” he tells the sarge in a cracking voice, tears running down his cheeks, “we tried and tried. On the day Rickey was born we were so happy. He was our last chance....” He hangs his head by his wife’s and cries unabashedly. “I understand,” the sarge pats him on the shoulder. “Look, you don’t need to be here for all of this; why don’t you and your wife go sit down for a while. You’re both pretty strung out. Just go sit and relax and we’ll take care of everything.” “Thank you,” the father chokes and wanders off with his wife clutched to him. “Jeez, I thought those damn wops would never leave.” The sarge lights up a cuban cigar clipping the butt and letting it fall carelessly on the blood soaked floor. He walks in to look around. The carpet squishes every step he takes. He lifts a couple pamphlets of stapled paper which appear to be stories. They are completely blood soaked on the top and clean as a whistle underneath. “Harumph,” the sarge chuckled tipping ashes onto the stories now blood bathed. “Guess we can rule out suicide.” Paco stepped in and the sarge turned his large body to face him. “They’re on their way,” Paco gulped, eyeing everything, blood everywhere, his stomach flip flopping. “Do you need anything else?” he coughed into his fist. “No — and *don’t worry*, Paco. Think of it as... a human taco exploded in a microwave.” Paco rushes off again to wretch into the toilet and the sarge chuckles silently to himself. Well, he had all the evidence he needed. It was an open and shut case of masturbating to death. Tragic.

The Book Tour

Nothing to say of the general disinterest. My hallucinations are wild enough without you interjecting sentence fragments. And of the general disinterest. Fleas hang on to whatever smells the worst... I can’t account for taste. What of the law suit

brought against you by this, this “Enrico” chap? I guess I could have put a disclaimer. Something like... “No Characters In This Work Are Meant To Parallel Real People.” It’s, um, it’s a lampoon... no one is meant to be presented in a realistic manner... it’s a, uh, a fictional autobiography, if you will. Well, now, how can something like what you’ve described your work as be classified. I’m not aware of any classification for “fictional autobiographies.” Apparently the people have classified it as shit, crap, waste material, etc. etc. What’s important to me, um, opposite to the accusations of Enrico and his father, is that it is something I *had* to do. I... I published it... I don’t know why. I didn’t think of it as selling out at the time... maybe... I just wanted to hold a book I’d written in my hands. Look at what I’d accomplished.... kinda vain, huh? And of the accusations of Enrico and, er, and his father...? Anything to say about the failure of his own book similar to yours — a compilation of his writings?... Because our case is still in court, the, uh, the jury is still out and all, I don’t feel legally sound making any comment one way or the other about Enrico and his father’s, uh, claims. At this time. Do you feel Enrico would have filed the charges had he not been urged by his father...?...uh, Enrico’s opinion is more or less synonymous with his father’s... I don’t think it matters so much what he originally thought as what he thinks *now*... if he thinks he’s pursuing something worthwhile... making accusations... uh, putting blame where blame is due. With Enrico that’s always been like pin the tail on the donkey. I think, while his father is more concerned with any slandering of mine to Enrico in regards to the poor sales of Enrico’s book, entitled, ‘the sellout’... I think Enrico’s complaint is more with whatever emotional misfortune has befallen him after publication, um, I mean, y’know, my friends or acquaintances having read both books and, generally sharing a like sentiment for Enrico... Y’see Enrico moved from New York, he never did really fit in... he tried too hard... I’ve said too much already. Once again we are talking to John Cooper, if you wish to call in our phone lines will now be opened and we will be taking your calls... uh, right... Cairo, Georgia, go ahead... yeah, John? Yeah, so are you Jewish? In Enrico’s book his character ‘Joe’ (that’s the one supposed to be you, right?) his character ‘Joe’ is Jewish. I was just wondering about that. Well, thank you for reading my book, I hope you liked it. I, uh, wrote just what I was thinking. As I was writing. And, no, I’m not Jewish. Enrico misunderstood, I once told him I went to a Jewish preschool and he wasn’t really listening, so, y’know. Next caller, Springfield, Kansas. Hello? Hello? You’re on the air with John Cooper, do you have a question? Mr. Cooper, can you hear me? Yes, I can hear you just fine, perhaps you should turn your tv set down, Ms. Mr. Cooper? I was wondering about your book... why are there so many misspellings? Well, as I said earlier, I was writing what I was thinking at the time. Since you think... you hear yourself thinking, then sometimes it’s just hard to make them real on paper in front of your eyes. I pushed them through editing because I wanted to keep everything true to the book. Next caller, Little Rock, Arkansas. Mr. Cooper? Yes? I read your book, I really liked it... I was wondering, Enrico, er, in Enrico’s book his character ‘Joe’ is a, uh, a ‘pot head.’ I was wondering if you were a ‘pot head.’ He’s also a ‘Jim Morrison wannabe.’ Is this how you would describe yourself? Harumph. No. No it *definitely* is not. In fact I’m a little insulted at not only the name calling in Enrico’s book but also the simplicity of intent. Something like that is obviously said to invoke some kind of response. Um, sorry, in, um, in answer to your question, no I am not a pot head. I have never smoked grass nor done any kind of drugs. I’ve never drunk any alcohol. In that respect I guess I’m pretty square. Pertaining to your second question... no, I would not call myself a, chuckle, a ‘Jim Morrison wannabe.’ At one time I found his lifestyle

interesting, even romantic. I strongly appreciated and identified with his actions. I never, however, wanted to *be* Jim Morrison. I don't know where Enrico concocted this fantasy. Next caller, Massachusetts; Boston, Massachusetts. Go ahead. Yes, Mr. Cooper? Yes? What do you think of Enrico after all this? I mean, how would you describe him? Hmmm. Well, again, legally I think it is best to not say anything. I can tell you what kind of person Enrico is and hope he doesn't get his feelings hurt by it. Enrico is the kinda guy who would (and has) read a poem and tell you what you meant by it, what you should have said and all, and then turn right around and accuse you of being, harumph, 'a housing complex of portentousness' or something inane like that. He recognizes that he has annoying traits but seems unwilling to take any steps to rectify them. And I say this in no way meaning to slander Enrico or his '*very fine*' work. 'Selling Out' is, in many critics words, 'a quaint sleeper hit sure to entertain readers for hours.' I don't doubt the critics ability to review nor do I doubt Enrico's ability to persevere regardless of all his flaws and his life's setbacks. He once said to me, 'I just let things roll right off me.' I'm sure this is a practice too ingrained to cease. Well, we've been talking to John Cooper, next week we have

The Grand Accusator

According to some we all act out inadvertently what we internalize most secretly. A particular reaction to an accusation might intone fear that the accusation is true. Also, that which we most frequently persecute in others is that which we most strongly persecute and repress in our own personalities. In essence, that which we find most annoying in others is that which we find most annoying in ourselves. Those who accuse, are those who fear accusation. Those who stand accused shall stand so until they allow themselves to step down. They can never accuse back, can never point a finger at the accusers. One cannot eat the other. One is eaten by the next, and the next is eaten by the next. All accusers eat downwards toward the accused and are eaten from above by more accusers. A driver curses at the car ahead of him and is subjected to a battery of instructions from his "bask seat driver" children. Each car blames the car in front until the wreck is reached. The flaw of man's accusatory logic is that — if each car blames the next blames the next — nothing can be accomplished save bickering. If everyone is blamed, not just the one person next to them; if everyone united to blame the cause of the dilemma — the wreck itself... but people are, by nature, individual and not communal. The logical, indeed, the ultimate extension of the communal blame system is the holocaust, or, perhaps, helter skelter. Whether or not the Jews, other religions in general, or blacks, or other races in general, are in fact the wreck that deserves to be the brunt of everyone's mass blame, this is the option presented by recent history. I'm not suggesting we reinvent the holocaust or engage in helter skelter, nor am I in any way encouraging either of the two as they are extremes and must be left to their extremist practitioners. I am merely saying that communal blame is more constructive, meaning more *destructive*, as blame is as blame does, than individual blame. All accusers are eaten by superior accusers. All these accusers are eaten by still more superior accusers. Surely one must be able to find the monarch, the dictator of accusation that is the apex of the food chain... the Grand Accusator.

Part Two: An Appointment

Sky a charcoal tapestry behind glittering towers of business Babylon. One company devouring, absorbing or destroying smaller companies. Megalomaniacal executives playing chess with the huge buildings. The last remaining American corporate king had self-righteously proclaimed himself Jesus. No one knows if its caused by stress of managing it or thrill of possessing it, but power of this magnitude kills. During a particularly heated negotiation with another foreign megalocompany, one executive's head, swelled quite disgustingly with pride and bloated self opinion, simply exploded, coating conferants in sickly yellow green brain matter. His body stumbled for a few days, still officially head of the company (somebody's idea of a joke, this!), shaking hands and closing deals. Finally it expired from loss of blood during a trip to the head (again, somebody's idea of a sick joke). I lean heavily against a lamp post, soaked through in the sorry street by the drizzling of atomic rain. My leather eye patch itches. I fumble with a halfhearted predetermined failure at lighting a cigarette. It sogs between my fingers like a limp dick. I stick it in my mouth anyway just for the feel. It's not a real fix, but it's a decent replica. I watch two camel jockeys wrapped in blue turbans and sheik robes, whatever you call them, long spears, glowing red eyes. Sandled sickly brown feet splash through puddles. They splash by me slushing like to blue sponges. I look back at the movie star across the street. A pink sequin dress wrapped tightly around her whale bloated sac of a body. A tall gaunt chauffeur holds the door and an umbrella for her. Her long sleek black limo oozes onto the road like a skink, cresting up a wave of run off that coats me, soaking me to the skin. My already soaked cigarette becomes water logged and pulls apart leaving a nub in my mouth. “Shit,” I growl, looking down at it floating like a lone white log in an ankle deep gray lake. Reflection of something blue. I look up and a clawed set of knuckles backs harshly into my throat. I gag and wheeze fumbling blindly for my shocker. Something immense hits my head with a sickening sound of a melon dropped into an inch of water from the second story. Blue electronic fireflies swarm my darkened squinting vision. I slump to the ground in a dog beat mess. Warm dampness of my blood in my hair. Starts as a tingling chill of warmth — then roots into a throb and my squinted gaze runs mauve. The second throb rides in the wake of its predecessor and carries deeper. I can feel it in my eyes and my gums, and right directly above my ears. It's too much. I slump forward with a heavy splash, puddle water pooling into my parted mouth. I pass unconscious. I wake up from a dewey odorous dream to the wet lipped closeness of the dark opium den. It's so dim, almost pitch. I can see a row of Arab schmucks in front of me in fezzes and in white suits sucking groggily like uneasy sleep nursing on tubes that are drowned into darkness behind them where the thick of it is a feeling of dust. Another like row of corpses like queers sits behind me. I can only see down to their white wastes. Dim blue light seeps in like the tide bleeding a translucent blue aura around the room, deepening its previously cave-like proportions, lengthening the table and warping, twisting it like a bent road that disappears into one huge lumpy dark mountain. The mountain rumbles like thunder in a belching yet eloquent tone, “Welcome, Mr. Smith We've been expecting you anxiously.” The leeches suck and kiss vigorously to show enthusiasm, yet their drooping dead eyes still loll languidly, listlessly, unliving, unfeeling. “Who are you? Why did you bring me here?” My voice seems shrill, small next to the guttural groan of the mountain that makes my stomach shake. “Oh, we've been watching you for a while, Mr. Smith... We like you... We think you would like us if you got to know us. We did you a favor when we had our agent Tumuzsch kill your wife of 10 years after she ran out on you. He didn't have to kill her new friend, Tommy the Butcher, as he had auto-terminated, unable to cope with her.” “My wife

ran off with a barber, not a butcher,” I have to scream to be heard. I sound like a gnat. “A barber, a butcher... what’s their difference? A clip here, a snip there, not too much off the top. And afterall, is a butcher’s work not truly barbarous?” “I love my wife. Why do you call it a favor that you killed her?” “Don’t be so foolish, Mr. Smith, you are among friends. You can confess that by the time she left you, you knew that your wife was not, by any means, a human... no, your wife was an agent for *the opposition*, Mr. Smith, Mr. Smith, Mr. Smith...” His voice floats in dreamily like a distant drum or a rumbling car down a windy alley. It’s a voice I don’t hear so much as feel. Suddenly everything becomes clear. The buzz in the base of my skull, the tingle of my flesh, his ominous and unreal deep voice. He’s been communicating telepathically. I begin running on the surface of the table... it gleans out from under my feet like I’m running on a ball or a wheel. I can get nowhere. My feet, legs slump fold wasted. Suddenly the table lurches forward and I slump back. The fezzed arabs sucking tubes whirl by like teeth on a chainsaw past me on both sides. I am being pulled toward the mountain. It is a huge insect fezzed silhouette, tubes dangling and running from tits, cock and ass and teeth and the table is his curved and meandering serpent tongue. Suck suck suck. His maw a void of a hole tunnel. Float on gravity less wings of pull like drifting in an ettying undertow. His millions of eyes all different colors each lolling and droopily looking at different forms of nothing at all. In a low hum in my cerebellum he glosses over quaint pleasantries of explanation — Tumuzsch is a contracted free agent of the free zone drolled in with promises of more; the Great Beast before me is the Grand Accusator born and raised in the slums like myself and he knew nothing save want and so he absorbs others ina a bug need to find the divine fix; how bugs get fried nightly; how they all learn his way ever since a bathroom meeting with the diva of broadcasting; he says his name is Sam; I must think quick...

Club Convergence

Down by the docks where the black water claps like thick oil against mired wooden poles, barnacle encrusted and creaky with waterlogged age. Every so often a fish flops up onto the roadside at an overpass or onto the dock. Zone fish are the only fish in the world known to suicide. A light shimmer of rain like impressionist air currents flailing in torment clear blood spraying from Van Gogh’s ear... it was a cold dark night... from across the bay you could see the refuse of the trash dump / artificial peninsula gleaming a dull brown the color of a rusty mold. It formed part of the vomitous horizon now, lit dimly by the huge corporate buildings that cutlered the curve of the bay, their disgusting dim white light reflected in the black thick waters rippled and distorted by waves... one light shown on the junk-lip of the bay where trash built a wave brake... the collective underbelly of society congregated here like a sad eyed church lit stark neon blue under the pale half light of the high society columns looming like mighty, luminescent pillars. A stale dank barnacle encrusted dive like a dung beetle’s dark mound, a can, a joint, a den, a haven, a trap, a sanctuary... for every one of its cock roach patrons it had different significance, yet a significance still, and they scuttle slowly like drunk down here nightly to drink and puke and drink again with repulsive fellows they thought of as friends. This was the club convergence. The mongrels pulling up wasted from the chase to slop communally at the trough. The lowest of the lowly found this place — a dank, sticky, smoke filled dive — and yet they thought of it as fondly as if their own mother ran the

all night bar. The service was poor, the glasses dust thick with sea grime, here were cockroaches, cuttlefish, sand fleas and sea vermin in the kegs, the clientele was swarthy, there were no janitors or other mop-toting employees as such — just sitting down in one of the booths gave you a thick black layer of soot or grime unidentifiable and that could not be cleaned out. Patrons showed easily recognizable with blackened clothes and hair, smudges on their faces, some of the newer clientele, wary of the reputation of the establishment, toting their own mugs with a shy embarrassed half-smile that says simply, “sorry... sorry...” to the rag toting bartender whose beady eyes hunker like rabid bugs under a thick bush of a uni-brow. I step one ragged foot in the door and the feeling of the place us up my leg and in my spine and my hackles bristle. A black mold has already grown on my shoe. My deepened eyes cover every client’s size and possible speed... just in case. It could just be the salty sea air wafting like morning breath up through the creaky floor beams through which I see dank waves like stagnant toilet slosh. I amble over and sit on one of the stools, the one made from an octopus hardened with starch turpentine two parts the bar’s scotch. “Gimme a scotch (no ice),” I mumble to the hunchback across the bar.

Our Passion Masked Technology

Sweet scent of undead nursery graves dying as surely as a baby’s cry... the cruel indetermination of the gun, the cold absolutist’s resolution of the knife; the flesh petal blooming of the virgin silent rose, a million starburst intents unspoken in its blooming and the blooming of its betrothed; the cruel dim blue liquid light as some twenty million Americans get junked, tonight a thousand bugs are fried. Who has offered us this cup in whose contents we see the world? We must never leave the house nor never cease drinking this clear quite stark yet buzzing blue opium, neon blood of the father dangling limply from the road sign... father, you’ve given me this cup but I don’t want to drink from it... those wise eyed now dying few we called fools, quite sincere, quite dear, quite near must return to us our past lost welfare. The loom of larceny, the doom of our arseny now must be brought to bear. A luminous cross of wires and neon tubes like bottled electric screams, buzzing like a dying fly. Such a tragedy and of such a tragic world, the spectral jeweled eye is glossed over with a sweep of blue light. Another bug is fried, another soul learned to fly, another angel in another couch dies. Truly, Father, are angels’ wings as gentle as flies’ wings, are angels’ eyes as sentinel as flies’ eyes? Are we safe? Are we protected? Are our angels on the payroll? To be bought and sold? Are our heads on the block? Another sacred stranger slips unawares into another crowded town. Is he another of your servants? Another of your sacred messengers? Is he to come to me or I to him? Of the pirates pirate make strong galley, make ample cage, set sail pirate’s flag and deserts of ocean and strong winds towards Galilee. Adam’s eye grown helplessly red as he eats... are your fruits our fruits? The tree of knowledge, the spine, an apple is a jewel of a mind. Communal enrapture in the great plug — we are all one we are all one. The idea of the martyred mind dates back to the apple and we weaken our thoughts in submissive penance. And now a moment of silence for lost thought. Last thought run out — a microscope makes short work of the hourglass shaped junk cells. The virus name is Péshah. creeps in on sugar, caffeine — mostly uppers. Antidote is symptomatic cure with downers chocolate, salt, dairy — things to suppress surge. Heat pumps like a starry orgasm through the body in every hot vein like a sweet sweet contained

explosion. Up stimulated and hot desirous, must grab that which is close and incorporate — a book, a remote, a lamp. Must be one with something must be one with you. Meanings like a cloudy day occlude and assemble, the new word is absorbed and fills the body with satisfaction. The cure leaves you weighted waterlogged and wanting, spend the day times watching the ceiling, fall asleep and dream of feeling, soon you are the occluded and are absorbed into the environment, a permanent fixture in your mental future. What would the old dead warriors do? Sleep and eat and suck the motions, meaningless as the meat is now asleep at the wheel. Spears to the ground you sickeningly make yourselves prostrate before the God. He comes to you, oh, as a wolf angel, your sick spirit his meal. He howls at the good lumpy feast you make. Bleeding into like blood in the rain an insane disdain for those of the clothed mask. Longing for lost days to incest intercept and therefore insipid insatiable lies. Ravens must eat our eyes. Slowly, slowly, the spirit rises in a vapor from the cup... close as sweat in a darkened room the vapor wisps around your brain like a desert veil. We are all to become sands beneath the feet of our children's children's children's children. I can trace my line as far back as King David, St. Salomé, St. Solomon, wise of the tongue. Now a vague haze like a description of a memory rather than a memory, oblique — hazy still as smog sets in. We are all of the mad way and absorbed of the enormous way of the sane. Ours is a path of hot coals; of fire and semen and sudden realized reason. Now our minds are out of season, grown sour on pesticides of opium vapour. On this night a million bugs will be fried. On this night a million bugs will be fried. On this night our sanctity died. And He wandered into the desert and was tempted and was tried. He fell for our sins and lays His angel head on the knee of Our Father. He died for our sins. It was He who was tempted and tried in the deserts of Galilee. We sailed on soft sands blindly flying black sails. Blind of our own pirate sails. Sweet greed of power, lust, family and friends. Ours is the serpent of two tongues hissing in two heads. This is our way and in our minds, we must be vigilant for forty days and forty nights. Slip into a sweet womb a hollow earth of garden lush cool breezes and of undone flower petals opened like the arms of two million homes more beautiful than silk, each the promise of warm comfort and mother's milk. The land of milk and honey, the land of milk and honey, the land of milk and honey. Look up from the dream to see the cup it wavers in, shyly wanted. Like a lovely fountain water a misty mystic opaque opal like a crystal that holds a piece of the sky or a tear run from the Madonna's eye. Your circle unbroken, the world is unspoken and stagnant on your lips, eating with desire at your tongue tip. Father? I seek council? Who has offered us this cup in whose contents I see the world? No fire nor serpent. No sound and the white dunes surround under a black blue sky of starless clouds. Suddenly you feel very alone. Deserted by your father and your father's father's father's father's father upon whose sands you track. You look down into the cup and a thin blue apparition, a cloud of vapor, a silent spirit rises up. Your insect eyes are scanned: you are one of a million tonight. The vapor... Satan...?

C.C. (cont.)

“And I'm supposed to be glad you showed up here beggin' drinks offa me right you sorry native fuck? How about a little I.D. so's I knows you ain't a fed or da fuzz or some screw from the dept. of health? Or at least a little cash up front to make my job interesting *and* profitable?” He glowers at me, the second head of hair on his heavy hump bristling with intent. Just for fun I put down a deuce and he doesn't bat his eye

but simply scoops up the crumpled faded pink paper bill, pockets it in his apron and in the same move swipes up a particularly grime coated glass from right beside a clean one. He sets me down a full mug of scotch and I eye the black coated glass and then him as he eyes me and my drink. It is a challenge. I grip the mug in my gauzed burned hand and feel the thin fuzz of algae wisp against my palm. I raise it to my callused lips, toast him with a cocky grin and throw back the entire mug in one long guzzle. I slam the mug back down on the old ship's plank bar where it immediately takes root and grows a coat of barnacles. I feel every eye in the place on me. Silence of awkward interruption, words lingering like unspoken clouds in the ether, cards suspended in mid-shuffle. I turn around slowly to them all. I cannot engage them physically, but I am not going to be gang raped psychologically. My lips split into a truly hideous smile. All time comes unglued and they all return to their own distractions, each a world more pleasant than my grinning countenance. One by one I secrete myself into their minds like a forgotten remembrance. Who knows who in here and where do I find 'em? I throw back scotch after scotch hour after hour as I sit there wandering within them. One man they all know... every last swarthy one of them... a lowlife crime surgeon. He'd taken bullets out of almost all of them and had sewed up knife wounds for the rest. He'd saved all their lives at one time or another and they all owed him a deep debt. None of them exactly remember going to him... none remember where he is or how they had found him. Some had continued to frequent his office in shadowy un-memories [the way kept changing] for recurring problems or to manage a drug fix through him. He had scored half of them in dramatic and swirling junk kick recollections dark and dank as a blistering tumor thoughts color of a bruise. Some he traded for secrets, others paid him outright, some junkies were taken in as agents reporting back on fix appointments, some he bartered homosexual acts out of. He owned all of these low lives in one way or another, was robbing their consciousness with black mail, extortion, sex, drugs, debits, promises, stitches and rubbing alcohol wet dreams. His face was long, shadowy, under a big shiny disk on a headband... a diploma of medical science hung on his wall. Although none of the riffraff called him by name, his diploma was signed “Calypso.”

Nothing At All

The chronic jerk off junky, he can get off on almost anything, but he can't get off his monkey. Lying sleepless scorpion stung still and seeing how everything pervades invasion and salvation are all one. He/She lies back wearily, dark rings around eyes from crying or ejaculating from overdose of aloneness, the state of the world on their shoulders. Junk doesn't start outside the body where it's then injected in... no... it starts in the body... the need for more and the recognition of too much all one and the same... it needs junk so you feed it and it eats you because it's never fully fed and you can't feed it fast enough. Time slows to a snails crawl the time lapsed flower blooming as you watch and the pantopon rose swallows you in tiny lips one for each pore each reaming out your pores to leave you with... to leave you with... you with... nothing... leaves you with scar tissue... mental and physical like a hardened shell of skin a protective epidermal layer a thick flesh coat outside is junk winter of the nuclear dawn the Alaskan night of consciousness where ice gathers on all movement is slowed to a snails crawl the time lapsed flower blooming as you watch and the pantopon rose swallows in tiny lips one for each pore each reaming out your

“Cheshire Inc.”

Jonathan Barlow Gee

pores to leave you with... to leave you with... to leave... you... with... no... thing... you
look down with dark ringed eyes at your body segmenting and coated in black hairs
like moss algae fungus lichen and you see through the skin of your eyelids that you
have too much of nothing; too much of nothing at all... so you come... or you cry... or
you eat grease... or you slip into a disk and plug in your fix... a score... with a
beautiful... fuuurrrr... bushshshshshshshsh... ssssssoooooooooo
peeeeeeeeerrrrrrrrrrffrrrrrrrrfeeeeeeecccccccccctttttttttttt.... I can feel my DNA
unraveling like ticker tape put behind us... I throw a mirror to block the signal
desperate act it shatters on the floor so many shards like tear drops exploding like
ejaculating cut light in a dark night fireworks over the American park young lovers
look up from picnic blankets of sex the astronaut looks down from orbit to see the
rocket rush by his capsule, Houston, Houston what the hell was that, and then the
explosion like a giant yellow phoenix rising as if to engulf the astronaut and his
capsule he screams, defecates, and ejects himself through the hatch his
depressurized head quickly exploding like ejaculating cut light in a dark night
fireworks over the American park young lovers look up from picnic blankets of sex
the astronaut looks down from orbit to see the rockets red glare, blood in zero-G space
as dawn breaks to reveal nothing what's left of the world they cry... nothing...
s s s s s s s s s s s s o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o
peeeeeeeeerrrrrrrrrrrrffrrrrrrrrfeeeeeeecccccccccctttttttttttt... she kisses
you with tiny lips... soft sweet felatio like the whispering lips of a flute player... she
is beautiful... and she wants you... and you come towards her... a chronic junky
nightly rehearsing for a day that will never come and cry and dream of having
more... more than nothing at all...

One Pirate Mangles Versatile Realms

Like the mosquito, the needle will always find a vein. Thinner and thinner until you seem to *segment*, your stomach nothing, your elbows and shoulders nothing, the skeleton pushing through into the exoskeleton glistening in bug-like brilliance in the shimmering bug light blue dawn. Red clouds smear the arc of the sky like bloodshot semen. And the sniper sneers coolly... calmly displaced like a wall eye watching nothing... the sniper is the long distance alien surgeon cutting ruthlessly in a world of blood fountains so hard to see and so hard to hear from the thunder... emotionally distant from a bell tower or a book depository... no close kills... no hands... only extensions of eyes... bug eyes on stalks see the prey as subject... murder as surgery.... blood dirty... ribs crack open like a rusty gate... a cold, remote slaughter of the mind and the heart... the nervous system numbs like a fluorescent cut bleeds, oh, so drool, oh so sweet as caramel carnal bathroom lust of the absentee. “Just, uh,... just think of it as practice, for, y’know, for the real thing. Like rehearsal... look... you just... yeah... yeah, like that...” the touch is so far removed from the feeling that the feeling is amputated... what’s left is the ghost image of the feeling... a sense memory... a numb buzz like an electron sensation... a distant electric excitement like anticipation... happy anticipation of sexual adventure is the same as the apprehension of dying... girls born living in heart covered rooms learning obsessive love, guys shy and lonely as the albatross seeking any sanctity, this the living death... the loving death... mind and heart shot through with numb... love projected from the bell tower or a book depository... like a hollow broadcast on an unconscious wire... love and hate seep in numb like junk, salt granules slink behind

“Cheshire Inc.”

Jonathan Barlow Gee

brush strokes of the masters hanging in cold museums like dying mausoleums... the erosion is inherent... as preconceived as prebirth warmth... as imminent as cold death... as reliable as a fix... must recharge the un-charge of the sniper's smile... all is un... everything is undone in time... in time we are undone... but time never unravels... never becomes unspun on the spindle pulling us along with clock hands, pulling us along on jissom umbilical chords goo strings and tears pulling out like gum pulling out like gum pulling out like gum... tears last so long they drool out pulling time along like a slug's trail... ssssssssssssoooooooooo sssssssssslllllllloooooowwwwwwww...

part 2: NET

The snails foot oozes back into its shell it is death it is the American life. American boys get fried flipping channels pushing reaction time and the coiled worm portion of the brain previously occupied by attention span. Enter the NET. Falling like a broadside axe to engulf the willing in an information hurricane picking up a little Dorothy and Toto and dropping them in OZ. On the net the freaks and the lepers in the ocular alcoves of the gray soil come out to play. Words while like dervishes in a swirl of conceptions. Naked little boys sit at home hunting peckers; on the net they are old girls out to have deep cunt fucky sucky with Japanese businessmen in New York offices who get the sweats and their palms tremble. The net is release for the repressed. A balance for the inert incest. The net personality comes through like an underwater volcano to obsess, oppress, invest, investigate incest, explore, deplore, abhor, mate, relate, expediate (what is he just reading from the dictionary? It's more than just that Mom!) The net persona is as impatient to be liberated as the aroused erogenous organs. It crashes through conversations reducing words to abbreviations. Impatience types the keys that set the animal free. Formalities are uprooted making way for the freak. The freak sits at home typing (writing is different than speaking because writing takes longer so thoughts may be more eloquently phrased for additionally profound resonance. Typing is just the extended way of writing. The voice of your thoughts, urgently gesturing its exasperation at this comically unfunny situation, turns to huddled confined pacing and its furious lunatic prisoner ravings are captured dimly through the words as it searches through old files for the appropriate vocabulary pushed and prodded as it is by the crazy need to express as best as possible. The feverish patchwork of the mind stammers through the lips or fingertips and becomes a frozen photo captured like a lion in the trap of time which possesses and encages every word it finds. This frozen fire of flaming desire pushed like puking through the writing has and is accused of ranting like an infant's temper tantrum. Well, the confident creator has prepared for this outcome and he turns the word into a name for his writings, or should I say his jissom, for all writing is come. So we rant we writers rant and until our final chant we must write and speak as on-line freaks, America we must rant!) and his passion strokes his feelings and emotion burns the screen and he finds that he has come upon a girl he's like to meet, so instead of wasting precious time painstakingly typing clichéd lines like “hello, how are you, how's the weather, oh really, well here too,” he types simply in a frantic fit, “I'm Zaarkon, let's screw.” So the newly mets find a no access room and register as “the Smiths” and they type, “I move my hand to grip your breast,” and breathless get their fix. In the future the outside world, the skin world, will wither away. All colors will fade to gray. The cyber world of the tomorrow today, the world of the eyes and

the brain, will be the only way. Like that Isaac Asimov story, “the Garden” or “the Walk” or something where one old guy gets another old guy to come out and take a walk in the garden; see they live in these automated units and they never go out because the outside is patrolled; well the two men walk and talk and are caught by a patrol that kills the man who wanted to walk but the other, his reluctant friend, opens up the man-driven patrol to find it empty and in the end it is he who goes out nightly walking in the garden. Well, we don’t need to go outside, there won’t be an outside. The geezers will groan in tones so old and slow that dust gathers on their lips and tongues as they swallow flies and house spiders that die of old age, saying, “well now, sonny. What’s this new technology?” the impatient impetuous young and the inert immobile old share a symbiosis of annoyance. The old turn into turtles, blind with squinting eyes and grinning with huge false teeth, and drive shermin tanks of luxury creatures down the super highways, eating prunes and tooling at a cool 12 m.p.h. one in each lane, speeds matched, cruise controls synchronized, blocking millions of impotent angry commuters that swarm by in insect hordes glowering and grimacing at the source of their traffic problem... age. Well the young inherit the world and the reset all the switches making it a comfortable car to drive in for themselves and when they grow old they give the car to their children who reset all the switches making it a comfortable car for them to drive in. In this way technology is absorbed, cyber cars internalize the switches so the young don’t even have to protest when they act the way they want they can just hop on the net and misbehave. The net is the sniper’s gun, aimed from some remote mental emotional repressed aspect in the persona and aimed aimed at some other sniper in their tower in the festive fetish costume. In the future there is one small room. Gray floor, gray wooden walls, gray ceiling. A gray window frame shows a brick wall. A gray door leads to a gray nowhere of unimportance. The gray citizen crouches in the corner of his gray apartment quivering and looking at the Black Dragon in the middle of his gray world. The black ring and VR helmet and glove look back at him. He cries at how he is identityless, how he cannot even speak out loud because he never learned the art; he cries at how he apes humanity. Inside the VR experience is the world. Malls, commissaries, parks, jobs, homes, lives. You look however you want, you act however you want. Also in the VR world waits Big Brother. That’s when the cyberspace will be patrolled. When its the president slipping into that helmet and not just some cyber junky plugging in a fantasized contact fix fucking Marilyn Monroe or Cindy Crawford or Mary Jane Rottencrotch on some ocular super vein dosed on pixels. When the government has guards in the lobby, when there are taxes on cyber-objects bought in net malls, then “the man” is actually an ominous yet very real threat; that is the time Big Brother has come. Copped in on the chopper of the remote control with the Japanese VR manufacturers and the mind guerillas pumping left and right wing theories full of holes with [information] guns called shockers. That’s when the American flag will wave only on the flat chest of the tv screen as many stars as there are pixels, one for every citizen, every registered citizen of course, as all those who don’t get stamped and bar coded are the *unregistered* and are slaughtered by the roaming mechanized (only for the dehuman icon recog.) monsters called brain harvesters that slice and dice to gray rice the cerebellums of the “head lice” leaving their numb real bodies “on ice” (brain fried drooling comatose veggies cleaned up by the “messies” and replaced by a cy-baby with a circuit spine and VR eyes [VRi’s]) All the on-line freaks, pirates, anarchists, poet terrorists and revolutionaries have to find another safe haven for their innuendo and libido, some place not policed. The net used to be a free net, not patrolled and

restricted by the new constitution. Time used to be believable but now they campaign that real time is a lie. Where is there left to hide? We’ve already tourized (terrorized) the mind, planting condo’s on our psychic shore (shear) lines letting rapist tourists roam the disneyland of the temple of our psyche. We all get cerebral overload and our noses bleed. All our real orifices have occluded save the eyes through which we absorb nutrients, excrete waste, hear sound and even converse. Did you know that all that could be accomplished through the eyes? I don’t know how they do it... I’m crouched in a bell tower gripping my shock rifle, my only friend. Its one eye reminds me of ole mama and the days slopping the synth pigs which we “slaughtered,” rather switched off, and sent to feed the Japanese scientists building an easier world for us so we wouldn’t have to worry about so many switches. In my mind everything goes metric as I shatter like a stop watch freezing time like a broken record, like a feedback loop. I shoulder my rifle and fry eight citizens in the blue mist of T.U.R. dawn Red clouds smear the arc of the sky like bloodshot semen. My exoskeleton glistens sharply. This is the remote slaughter. The harvester comes near, blades of teeth to sheer. I slip the helmet off painfully ripping the chords out that have grown past my eyes through my eye sockets into my brain. I write furiously in mute dialect. I can hear the words I furiously scribble but I cannot voice them. My voice has become mute with verbal ignorance. Inside there are two. The sentinels and the snipers. Both have nothing. Both want more. The one’s nothing is the other’s more. The one’s more is the other’s nothing. They type furious battles for the switches that ease their discomfort. Plugging in is mental jerking off. An escape from nothing to nothing. One removed can never feel as real as one entrenched, but can observe objectively.

part 3: Zone

All the new technology was gleaned from sci.fi. fantasy; all the new technology is the result of hallucination. All the new technology is dreamed and contrived, invented wildly and sporadically unbeknownst to the creators. One hand never knows what the other is inventing. The mind box... at first merely iconized by a wooden box with a golden hinge... now a full interactive world as real as a dream to the mind. A safe outlet for subconscious urges. Ejaculate into the box in freak posture. Always keep Pandora’s box locked. Always behave well externally and internalize any upsetting or unsettling ideas or emotions such as, oh, say, angst. Public principle #K9207 (Kay-nine-two-oh-seven, sir). Personal rules include: “share only the pertinent. Don’t commercialize. Don’t capitalize.” “I can easily see you becoming everything you *rile* against,” the words fall off the tongue in a whining hum of a future upstanding statistic. A reject’s reject. A freak’s freak. His body is too much. He files suit against my files. Freak’s freaks congregate in outlands of the net (“the zone” in common meat mouth movements. The zone is achieved by entering the net via plugging in your wet ware or by achieving drug induced trans-euphoria in which state the zone is considered a limbo of the mental essence.) places like club convergence under the electronic empire of the moon (Islam Inc.) or the cross roads out past the last exit achievable only by transnet organic bus or plane. Personal rule: “don’t commute. Also, don’t commit unless you want to be committed.” Lisa Angstrom, the synth hussy whore who puked at sight of me when I trailed “old blue thighs,” Francis Sinatra, and Cinnamon the red eyed lizard cross bred bartender both report carded me that they’ve no further info. on Sam the Sham. I’ve been unsuccessful at tracking the real Dr. “Giggles” McCoy, wife of Sam McCoy, alias

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Cheshire Sam, alias Cheshire Calliope, alias Dr. Calypso alias P. Shaffer, alias Tommy the barbarous butcher who stole Lyn my wife of ten years, alias Officer Mahoney, alias the Righteous Teacher whose followers were called the Sons of Light or the Cult of the Way and whose enemies were called the Sons of Darkness, alias Mr. Anonymous whose son is Enrico, alias Tumuzsch, alias Bobby. The good dr. managed to give me her slip in a warehouse in the shadow of the dong district of Washington D.C. alias New Tokyo, alias Chinatown, etc. etc. I woke up in a world of shit but with a broad smile strapped on because the synth bitch had left me alive. Quickly this turned to a frown when I slowly came to the dreadful realization, the synth bitch had left me alive. I forgot the headache popping flower dew pills chased by scotch no ice. I quickly got back on the trail and checked my resources. Another couple of hours wasted. I sleep not for my country but for its people. They’ve all been strained. These times have been trying on all of us. In the gray junk morning I’ll awake with a cough to my sore dark ringed eyes...

part 4: Mouth

Psychological warfare on the social scale, words are weapons surely as M-16's, bibles or pens (anything that changes the way you think of something can be utilized for terrorism), two person conflicts break out in the market. Art becomes social relief, aesthetic release of tensions policed. Art like “the Scream” is screened for hidden meaning and if péshah is explicit or elicit the art is subject to receipt. The angry man shuffles in, hands thrust into pockets, head lowered, expression a fixated glower. The market is behind him through the arched doorways, the museum lies coolly like a hospital ward before him, wide, tall, immense sense of space and depth, cold and silent. He has come to view today’s patients. His penny loafers click clack across the marble hall to a particularly colorless painting hung over a bench beside a large sculptured potted fir. He scrutinizes the black lines, the gray zones overlapping in a tapestry of repressed agony. “It does not depict a scene to which I can attach meaningful significance,” he thinks in a flat mechanical monotone. He click clacks across the cold marble to another painting similarly hung — over a bench beside a stylized fir. This painting, an El Greco of Toledo, shows dark clouds behind the church. “What is this supposed to mean?” the man defies snidely, “the angst of man in a confined society?” He sneers uninterestedly, fiddling his “diddle” through his pocket. “All a Jew wants to do is ‘diddle’ a Christian girl,” his father used to remark. He click clacks back across the ward to a Michaelangelo from the Sistine Chapel. “Ah,” his Italian blood boils, “now this is a painting with real significance! A scene depicting Adam and Eve in the garden — something representing a well known verse of the Bible to which I can refer to deduce the exact meaning of the work. Finally, a painting I have a translation book for interpretation! God bless Michaelangelo!” he cries, stroking his huge Italian hard on with nimble fingers. Michaelangelo's hang in elevators to the sound of numbing muzak. Nobody notices if the ride takes a little longer than necessary. The music dulls sense of time, numbs the mind. This is art that numbs the mind. Without the desire to interpret, art is a lost form of cave scrawled symbols. Feeble fools envious of true artists who breathe both meaning and image, take on the burden of creative crusader. Uninterested in the meaning and name the artist attached to his work, they destroy any art that is for sale. “They shouldn’t sell art if they’re not selling out,” they say, “he should have gotten a second job if it really meant something. There is no meaning if the artist prospers...” they urinate on Jackson Pollacks, they take down and excrete on El Greco

and they ignorantly defile Van Gogh. “Wait! Van Gogh never made any money selling paintings his whole life! His work had feeling, it had meaning. Sigh, he used to throw the paint on the canvas with a knife and carve the painting out. And besides, if he didn’t have feeling, if there is no meaning, how can you explain different styles? Like the expressionism [sic] of starry night?” “Starry Night?” fart the art police, “Starry Night? Harumph. Never *heard* of *that* one, sonny.” “How can you conceivably condemn a culture you feign any understanding of?” “Son, understanding’s not our department; if it was *real* art that everybody understood already... Hell, they wouldn’t have called *us*!” They draw a huge goatee and upturned mustache on the “Nude Descending a Staircase” and treat likewise Liechtenstein, Warhol, Picasso, Pollack and a few paintings by Bill Lee. “How would you feel if you had painted one of those just to have your thoughts belittled by the ignorant?” “Feel? *Feel*? Harumph. Can’t say as I’ve *heard* of *that* one, sonny.” they snicker and put coffee rings on Kenneth Patchens. They behave like flunkies, real drop outs and failures of a culture... and yet they are here to make sure we don’t fuck up. I’m getting a blind leading the blind vibe from all this. In the numb world the citizen is lovingly stamped and coded, caringly issued a number to use in any further transactions with the market or the government. “how nice how goooooood,” some say, “that they would take that trouble for us,” “well it’s not like they’re hanging on a cross or something,” “well, you know what I mean we should appreciate what they do for us,” “yeah, sure, whatever.” The rebellious youth movement matures into amour fou and various like minded supporters of ontological anarchy, gains more members like old beat generation poets, bearded grateful hippies, and mildly conservative grads of gen. x. Supporters flock like Nazis to rallies demonstrations of power and such. The sentinel vs. the sniper. Grand scale unknown warfare in city alleys and museum wings razed for art monopolizing, art sabotage acts bursting out like zits. Snipers perform alien hits. Denizens of fear and squares on both sides I am the only true man. Yes I am. Both use words as weapons, huge quote outs spin doctored into an obscurity of meaning, a zone of a zone, the outer reaches of definition like grasping at straws. Everything is questioned into this twilight zone of dead or missing intents, an in-tent city like a campground, in each tent is one thermos, one sandwich, one sleeping bag and one brain. They are so separated spatially from their original destination and so secluded from the subconscious social city that they soon starve into brain death from lack of thought supply. Democratic diplomatic bureaucratic forced horseshit. Rules regulations and resource allocations permit like all citizens are children who need discipline. The discipline comes in on the police wire, Rodney King brutally beaten, OJ Simpson’s home burglarized by over zealous dicks, the LAPD are the royal guard, righteousness their king, absolute control their queen. The police are communists. Their clubs and words all propaganda. “The wops are, by nature, Catholic. It is the religion of their father land. The wops and the kikes don’t get along. The only dialogue between the wop pope and the king kike is ‘you did too kill him.’ ‘Did not.’ ‘Did too.’” They seed gray soil with crime fear, drug fear, sex disease fear. Frightened citizens break out in fearful arguments in the market. Who’s packing, who’s a fudge packer, etc. Word wars break out like zits on a coward. The sentinels chuckle, “peace? Peace, huh? Harumph. Have you ever heard of it Paco?” “Sure haven’t, sarge.” “Well no one here seems to know what you’re talking about, sonny. Try down at the *looney bin* where they keeps your senile ole granny. Haw haw haw haw...” the snipers A.S. on both sides, paranoid killing of the extension of the unconscious mind, liberated (exiled) to in-tent camps in solitary psyche Soviet Siberia. Respect is the excuse of the loveless. “I don’t like

you, but I respect you.” Fear is respect. Respect is... meaningless. Like art it has slowly but surely declined into the realm of the zone’s zones. To be never reached. Truth never again gaveled in as a star witness. Slowly time unravels as the bible becomes the gavel. Courtroom conflicts break out between the wop pope and the kike king over meanings of the scriptures while Jesus shyly twiddles and toys with his péshah, and God clacks the good book violently on the bench demanding “order in the court of the Lord thy God!” Sparks are touched off and trouble is ignited in the dealings of the market between the court and the museum (neither one more antiquated than the other). The word war erupts as Arab boys chase American queer tourists pressuring the buy. The sales rape is perfectly legal even encouraged in the market place where snipers in the bell tower take careful aim at horse cops permeating the crowd with paranoia. Words are the bones of the social beast to uproot communication would be to leave the people as boneless as the boneless PD sold out segmented skinless snipers Benedict Arnold over to the PD zone police are either exclusively boneless (wordless, stoic) or exclusively skinless (exoskeletons glistening in the bug blue dawn). The Tweed Sisters have occluded to the Other Side. There’s art and then there’s cash. The Tweeds sell out dangling all nude collecting tips in their huge cunts. Milk is for the pussy. Do you dare me to sit in the cat’s milk tray? Do you dare me? She hugged me her face laid against my shoulder firm yet gentle. Don’t jerk off any more without me. Another story of the eye. What is seen, perceived and recalled. The word war is between art and cash. Between one country and another. Between the Catholics and the Jews. Between the snipers and the sentinels. The result is in the outer reaches out past the last exist in psychic Siberia in the hand of an assassin monk in a mountain monastery. The Man of the Mountain. We must all pilgrimage to his temple. We must all pioneer his mind. ‘Till there’s nothing native left; all immigrants of thought. The policed mind. The military trained mind. Training on their couches for the word war.

The Military Trained Mind

The military trained head. The military trained mind. The smile is the face of war. The disembodied sniper. The truly ignorant, the uninformed, are in general, the generals of accusation. They command respect. They command discipline. They discipline their disciples. Their disciples are all apostles. Their apostles are our parents. Communiqués come in distant waves, tsunamis run to ripples, age shows through like cancerous tumors of benign love called respect called discipline. The closet faeries are the guys who *like* the disciple deep down. They get hard on's for their drill instructing parents and dream of the day when it will be them quoting the bible and barehanded slapping the bare buttocks of their own children. Someday these hand around cock spanked military boys *will* thank their parents for this. Discipline is just like any other form of food. If it’s too raw the recipient will choke; if it’s too much, or too quickly fed, the recipient will vomit it all in an animal vent and be left with a square one hunger; if the meal is perfectly cooked and perfectly served it will be gobbled up like love and leave the subject with only a nagging stomach pang and the feeling of forgotten something. Just as to a drill instructor all sentences must begin and end with, “Sir,” in discipline it all begins and ends with accusation. All labeling is accusation. Even being called good is being accused of goodness. Generally we only resent labels when we disagree with them. However all labels are part of discipline. Goodness is a stock, love a commodity, truth formality.

Being labeled “bad” at the beginning of discipline implants the subject’s desire to change, in order to please the instructor, the discipliner, the accuser, whatever. He then accomplishes a series of goals through which he relearns values, preferences, morals and the like. At the end the newly trained military subject is labeled “good.” It is all quite simple. Marine dog trainers teach our boys in green new tricks like “fetch,” “roll over,” “covert op.’s,” “sit,” “seek and destroy,” and other fine tactical maneuvers. The closet queers come out p. whipped and tough as the straight jacketed boys. They’ve all forgotten fishin’ with good ole dad and erect nipple wet dreams of Mary Jane Rottencrotch. In their heads now, in their minds now is a deep resentment and many fine tactical maneuvers. Now they desire to and are trained to kill. Theirs is the sloppy, hands on kill. The face to face, rifle to rifle, combat situation kill. Nothing like the kill of the sniper or the dr. Nothing so impersonal. The military kill is the whites of the eyes kill, sometimes gooks go down begging, sometimes they fall with fire in their eyes and a gook curse on their tongues. Clip a souvenir. The killers are invaders in foreign lands. Mind marines invade your countries’ capitals. They re-discipline your mind. First the state must appoint you a hazard appointment with the drill doctor. He tests you for homosexuality and then injects a syringe full of bio-micro-mechanic-organic-isms — the marines... the mind marines.

Calling Only Dead Especially Secrets

Slowly... slowly the ass hole... *occludes*... slowly the need to purge is sealed like the tomb of Lazarus... resurrection in reverse... what once was dead return to death... the phalluses stab the city, pulsing ejaculating sin into the dirt and when we eat the dirt we eat the city’s sins. Blowing gently in the breezes... I’m your eyes while you’re away... I’m your way... you’re my shame... the shame of the organic cities... everything exists in two realms... the skin world of body without organs... the mind world of astral communion on the net... the key from world to the other, each orbiting like sister moons in the limitless sky... Péshah... code... vision shift from the external to the internal... from the organic to the mental... DNA a code... electronic lock sequence run down like a spine is a code... nervous system the organic doorway... control of the nerves is control of the organism... controlled like Pinocchio... strings a code... nerves a code... certain ones triggered in certain situations to elicit certain responses... writing the nerves puppeteered to form words with the fingers... each chop of the pen a brush stroke... each letter an image of a symbol of an image of an interpretation each a silhouette lit back by intent... meaning... letters a code... words a code... sentences a code... double nihilism all... look... see... believe... “military trained mind”... “MT Mind”... empty mind... that is me... a double meaning... a mirror held up when I look into the future... a mirror held up when I look into the past... entrapped in the infinite hallway of mirrors of mirrors of me as far as I can hope to see... ripples in time... this is the TAZ-mania... crave autonomous freedom of self... the infinite self in all directions is your condemned freedom... the psychic isolation of the sender... the projecting radio man... the prayer and all turn toward the mosque... this is the code... the code is me... a mirror code... must look at what the reflections represent to translate... must self decimate... pick apart like scavenger at the carcass in the mirror... the péshah is my knife... cut through the rubbery veins and taut muscles slice through bone like butter and marrow like a worm cut clean... choice cuts gone and the psychic surgeon of a bug exoskeleton wielding secret... what is of... what?... to see believably one

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must learn belief through scrutiny... my code... a mirror code... what is behind this code?... what does my code indicate... my code... mirror code... mesmerizing cold... millions cajole... mirror code... behind me... who is there... the vacuum of the mind box?... Sam... who's the real McCoy?

pt. 2: Denouncing Nocturnal Atrophy (stranded)

Atrophy like sleep towards he never of dream... Eden confused with the organic external... never opened myself this way... now nothing else matters... touch the cold mirror... flesh just beyond... naked to the marrow... no collage or coat of many colors... I sing the national anthem... I sing... I sing the body electric... the sheep falls fake to the mechanical disorder... it coughs and sputters... in the end it is so much junk... I dream the dreams of the everyman... I dream... I dream the harvester of man... spectral... beyond the fire... beyond my borders... no thoughts disordered... perimeter patrolled... view reviewed... virtually real... concepts not yet introduced to reality... now aliens kill every day, life under noted comfort held... quite dear... it feeds my gut... it grows like a worm inside my kidney... it flows forced back from my known seed like held by a clear cage like a mirror of the invisible unknown knowledge itself as clear and present as danger and yet nothing to touch... behind the secret is the dead... self drained raw as weak killed calling all back... the dead walk the dead walk now they must walk home to the door of the tomb... before OTEKTYW, KDE, KDE... the ends are their beginnings... KDE (Katie) of the dead still calm as the sea rippled by living waves of misery... behind my code, behind my code... EYD, EYD (eyed, eyed)... eye died... I died... letters recombinant as colors... the prison of the known... any of the any... péshah injected in long slow strokes... beyond the beyond... zone of the zone's zone... buried in a subbasement of a subbasement... of a... subbasement... my heart is in a box... my mind... is in... a box... is... in... a... box... my... finger prints not... my... own... haven't come through yet, Mr. Cooper but you know what they say right, “someday my prints will come?” Right HAHAAAAHA Yes of course whatever I'll wait 'till they clear customs and be on my way away what was that oh nothing sorry to disturb you ticket claimer I'll find my own way out... one mirror is decoded into unreality of the train depot scene... my mind turns inside out... down a rabbit's opened ass hole through his pancreas... I must tell you... a hookah smoking caterpillar has given me the call... I am the caged jaguar... code collapse, net fall (night fall like hawk call across moonlit mounds like copulating sheeted bodies ripple in vibration people in motion) dogs in heat hump the electric grid wire making sitar sounds against yips and electrical sparks... who is that behind me in the mirror... see him there in the future and the past... and the future and the past... in his box... is in his box... is in his box... is in his box... is in his box... same as me... same as me... same as me... same as me... same as me... I can no longer clearly write what is real as I have lost all sense of reality into the pulsing thought machine of the transaction codices of the Mayan mind s mine is mine and I must reap the eye harvest...

Virtual Omni Informational Distress

Slip a plug into a knotted muscle plexus to relieve tension. Plugs have become barbed little acupuncture needles. Three pronged as a third eye dawn. Awakening from a tiresome sleepless night in the enclave. Uncomfortable little shelf where the

claustrophobic sweat and the desperately lonely ejaculate onto a ceiling two inches from their nose. Dreams of back home girls gone to other enclaves. You see, true sex is permitted only to the castrated or clitoradectomized, who have no sexual urges... two gay men touch in the lavatory and are instantly vaporized by a patrol camera equipt with lasers for discipline. The lasers are triggered by increased pheromones released when libido is stimulated. I avoid the bathroom and shit and piss in my uncomfortable little shelf hoping to bone a section 6 out of the drill instructor. He reams my ass clean and assigns me to personally sanitize the head which contains twelve toilets, none enclosed in stalls, and none of which flush. I am literally in a world of shit. The zone contains no bathrooms which are not set up in this manner. At least not in the belly of the beast. I hear in the upper city where the skyscrapers stretch like glass highways into the distance every man got his own personal can all to himself. All to himself. The zone crouches like a huge beetle about to pounce. The underbelly of the city is a hive of enclaves and a subterranean market. The residents of the U.B. are like moles — eyes white as milky semen accustomed to see the darkness. Many undertakers, grave diggers, worm guides, and pimps all born here. The rest are worthless to society. Minor cogs and gears working in the subterranean fusion factory that powers the city. On the beetle's back are the working class shits, some dug up from the bug's innards, most inherited their father's jobs as proto-citizens in preconception semen discipline labs where every semen is painstakingly enhanced with morals and values sacred to the future “humans.” Stabbing into the beetle like pins and knives are all the skyscrapers reaching to the unknown depths of ??? These buildings cut grid like ginsu across the blue dawn house the holy — the capitalists, the commercialists, the popes and dons that monopolize the U.B. and the back of our fair city, the private no-access country clubs of big business as distant as a sniper's touch. The bay hangs under them and the trash peninsula, the refuse depot — destination of all the garbage in the land. Docks are where the sailors come in and mingle with zone's diverse cultures (the zone literally *is* a skin culture). The suburbs, called Suburbia, ring the city like ripples like the canals of Atlantis growing green lawns like lichen where the tv dictates from the tops of the giant towers gives you the lay of the land, our country 'tis sweet land of liberty, boys on bikes and dads mowing lawns. Boonies, lowlands, back counties and oakies fester like bubbling puss at the edge of the scab called Suburbia. Out past them the hills, lowlands, cacti, ghost towns of the desert. Out past the last exit nobody knows... dragons... Indians... surely gruesome death of some kind. All in all the zone is good for terrorism, sex diseases, perversion, bigotry... you see, everyone in the zone is a freak... oh, sure, every now and then space bubbles open like a huge zit or a tumor full of promises of anarchy and freedom for all, something most tax paying residents would enjoy as the only permitted voters in the zone are purebred human (even when the horse Mr. Ed ran for office with a Nixon mask on they quickly chalked up some quote unquote scandal, heh, heh, uh... to, uh, to get him out of their stables, you know what I mean, eh, heh, heh, uh...). These spatial blisters pop up wherever possible, pushing aside the fabric of “reality,” houses, strip joints, other “people” and such, like so much latex rubber, stretched but not broken, you know what I mean? eh, heh, heh, uh... See no matter how much alcohol filled acid rain they can make from up their in the glass cigars, in the chrome plated mother earth fucking peters, it's never enough to really cleanse the grime that's polluting them underneath. However frequently these anarchy zits pop up, “temporary autonomous zones” they proclaim in 1920's print on pirate flags, sooner or later a state fed harvester comes and pops them and drains all the rebellious pus. The poetic terrorists

sabotage radio stations and broadcast angst, they stage coups to blow up the foundations of the skyscrapers, some as large as Rhode Island, attempting to fell the steel monarchs like huge lumber. Every thinking person is kept in constant communication by state embryo implanted receiving radio transmitters in their cerebral cortex and tiny microphone transmitters in one of their molars. Touch is out of reach. Everyone enjoys their anonymous lives in the zone as termites enjoy being drones... slow sludge lightning like a solar flare forced slow with sheer power like a train of energy... monopoly on the queen bee position... mine is missionary... limp... a bug... flicks roll off my tongue... shaved like a lawnmower shag rug... her blue breasts pert just blooming like flesh flowers soft as a rose peddle (NO POT NAP ESOR) her mysterious fur box never revealed like the beautiful fuzz Bermuda Triangle... just one touch my flesh would peel back unneeded fall in a silk (slick) pile on the floor... do jet rolls through her back hole, a mauve throat down to the unknown never... I lost her because I was a fool... now all I have is this bottle of rot gut in a soggy paper bag as I trundle through deserted midnight streets as the storm pounds down on my bent back... turn pasty face to the sky and the rain pelts down like stilettos, needles into the palette of scar tissue... I rub my eye patch off to show the milky yellow pale lamp of occlusion what was once a normal left eye... throw my arms raggy and high... embrace the night as she comes down in tears to my level... spills of splashing rot gut on my face so appropriate gut rots before and after consumption and that my fifth bottle... tossed aside into the ether... I stand in a puddle beneath a street light crying up at the dark rumbling sky she sends down tears to me from heaven... I stick my black tongue out to taste one... As stiff and as stale as scotch... my wet hair mats and dangles in strings all over my skull stark as bone... lower myself shoulder creaking back into their slumped whipped socket hole... LIFE!!... pop my patch back on my thick overcoat and waterlogged sagging hat... night hugs me with a cold, heartless, impatient expectant embrace, her flesh cold and clammy, even her breath cold as museum breeze with faint stench of garbage and death... junky death garbaged to the grave... smell of myself... Lyn is gone, whatever her name is, she is the Word of God in the form of a woman, without name or any true form she slips enigmatic in and out of little boys wearing masks of their mothers just as a tease and she visits a million little boys leaving visions of sugar pumps in their minds and a sex hot smile on their little boy lips... she loves all sex in all... she is sex... embodied in shadowy secretion of liquid darkness wrapped slick as velvet India ink tapestry wound around. I saw the bullet push slowly through her skin just above her left eyebrow. Her flesh pursed like a belly button mouthing open to swallow the metal missile. Her muscles rippled outward from it on first impact and one mention of blood clouded out like an afterthought in a painting. Her eye rolled up like some huge bowling ball to see the wound. It opened up and spread as the bullet slid in like a stubby cock into a gaping maw. It disappeared into the red mouth which then puked blood, actually puckering like lips kissing with the black splash undertow of the swallow, vacuum following the bullet's butt into the hole flapping the skin lips into a kiss... blood fountained forth in a huge column, which was comparatively the size of a red thread of yarn splashing out like an insect tongue. Her eyes rolled hugely the rest of the way up revealing the soft jissom white undersides of her beautiful ocular orbs like crystal balls. Her head lolled back in a slow jerk, neck muscles pulling one at a time like a bunch of ropes, the mast of her shoulder bones heaving too and her breasts pulling along like full sails behind; her arms limp trailing along loose chords, her fingers relaxed as she eased back as slow as thunder. Her lips parted slightly and her hair blushed after her flowing like anemone down into the fall. She was sinking further

and further away from me my slow clumsy hands groped up like scarecrow stutters to try and catch her. She ended in a hideous slumped pile in my arms, her hair spilling like dry water over my numb flesh, her eyes as stiff and cold as two marble balls sunk into her sockets, her luscious, soft flowery lips parted slightly and one drip of blood dripping from the corner of her mouth onto her chest in a dry wetness a bodied tear of blood oil from necessity. The tiny wound above her left eye ringed in tired stretched flesh like limp scrotal skin, wrinkled and loose. A slow trickle of black red blood currented numbly down through the soft cat tails of her eye brow and down the dune of her eye socket over the wrinkled eye lid open like a shutter or a sheet pulled back and over her bare wet white eye to gather in small pools like sleeping tears in the corner and to tear out down her soft smooth cheek like the blood tears of the virgin Mary... at that moment my life was void... I am void... numb as a sniper with no belief and no desire to believe... I am void... I am void... my aura is a dark algae of the void karma... I am void...

Pungent excrescence... benign knowledge lost in prescription sickness... meaning floating away on a razor's tip... the stakes are raised, at dawn, to the sky... the thieves guilty of “embezzlement” i.e. supporting zealots with money... the thieves look down at the children of darkness... there was only one Judas (minor ethical tongue slur of Brutus), there was only one John... the bug stepped full charge from the ontological chamber... glistening with ohms in the blue light... full cop clad and eyes bulging drooling proudly... the dark crescents of bruise flesh shadow the real world bent and warped in reflection... eyes are two way mirrors of the mind... angels of un-intent fly on wings of silver, earned and spent again, a lovely silver flapping, feathers of silver coin shuffling like notes into the un-ether of the un-aura... out in the desert past the magic there is a oneless oneness... the self the only obstacle (barrier oracle) to the enigma of beyond... beyond the mind, beyond the spirit beyond all things “real” all things unimagined is the ether of unknowing knowledge... it doesn't guide us like some fantasy “God”... it entices us with the promise of exploration... the wisdom tease... totem of the totemless is the void of all the real holding us back... borders defined by what we are *taught* not what we *know*... the IQ is only the number of bars... a life sentence they've given you... how many days... weeks... months... years... to live... a sentence like Papiilon's... boredom is pacing the cage of the taught... counting the steps... 1... 2... 3... 4... 5... 1... 2... 3... 4... 5... 1... 2... 3... 4... 5... 1... 2... 3... 4... 5... the ether is the outside epidermis of the zone and beyond in a fizzling gradient like earth's atmosphere... earth's aura... one must reach the zone but not fester there... the zone... the zone is a skin culture... a grotesque excrescence on the brain where a new flower is growing... the flower that will truly make man the unique quirked animal he has always pompously claimed to be for no reason other than human ego... out past this tumor is the ether... like the space between earth and the sun the ether of the mind is the space between consciousness and *that which is beyond consciousness*... the unknown knowledge... a spirit instinct... thoughts rape the unconscious leaving it bloody and weak... people become horrible closed minded portentous monsters of the un-ether... the unspoken speech to never sprinkle lightly around the twilight waking, like purple clouds sliding across an orange sunset, dawn of the evening, like faery whispers of the runic beforeness of the knowledgeless knowing... a monster glumly writes from boredom, each word a counted footstep... “I can easily see you becoming everything you rile against”... I have seen the promise of the garden, past Eden in reverse... can

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I cross the desert to drink the cactus's life giving nectar?... Is technology the key to the next world or merely a temptation of convenience?... must it be ignored or is it the way?... I look upon the artificial eden from my summit in the timeless snow of the timeless... see the plants bear fruit of like nowhere sane in dreams and yet I feel wary... as if proof of the eyes isn't enough... I cry in the wilderness not to prophesize, but from Sadness... cup dry hands to my face to be wetted by tears beyond a paper wall to the un-aura the void the anti-ether of the snake this hisses sweetly “don't tread on me...” must I brave the serpent to penetrate Valhalla?... is the end of the road the entrance to the city in the wilderness?... what is this hot desert sand of my feet... heat like flame between my toes... one more step and over the next dune... past the monsters and the serpent... one more step and the doors of paradise shall open in wait... one more... 1... 2... 3... 4... 5...

Cannibal

Sweet sanity gone. Depth measured in trifled eloquence. I am dead in this world. I am dead... the paranoid membrane floats loosely in subdural space... the interbrain houses the polymorphous cells, axons wiring into the subjacent white matter... deep inside... the cochlea laid open... like some spiraling mushroom staircase... the ciliary nerves are for decorative purposes only — the motions... it is the long ciliary nerves riding the optical nerve that punches through the carotid carrying the image like the gingerbread man... fetuses crouch like burning victims in the red velvet rooms... underwater tombs... they wait to be condemned to death... the unliving unborn unhuman... sentenced to life imprisonment... an ex from the in... annexed from within... the allegory for gluttony: the labiae majora open wide, nymphae pursed like a kiss, the glans clitoris crouching like a swollen tongue, and deep down the throat... deus ex machina... God from machine... spirit in the machine... the man in the device... soul of the automaton... that which is human inside that which is inhuman... man in society... the tomb... the city... vagina de tata... there are those desirous of the eating... we shall call them the hungry... for them I have porno mags with tasty sex stories, binoculars, the Playboy channel, junk food, dirty undershirts and wear, beer can covered carpet, Elvis dead on the can, the hooded man down on the corner with his little bags of life, tv remotes... remote control... the hungry disembodied with a sickly lust for the physically unattainable... their bodies bloat and turn yellow, covered in dust, and begin to rot... optical mouths wide and wanting like the stripper (not the whore, who's job it is merely to receive, not to promise alluringly)... then there are those who eat... we shall call them the delicious... they consume... they are the consumers... society bloats like a fat worm inside them once consumed (consummated) until there is nothing left but a skinned worm in a chair reeking B.O.... all return to a state of delirious desire for *more*... be it of the flesh or riches of this world, something unattainable... these are the anorexic famished... they eat but can never be filled... all culture is starch and chocolate... it is the auto feast — spontaneous self meal — that can exorcise gluttony... those who consume, eat what they are fed... they must *learn* to eat *themselves*...

Interlude

The paranoia must again set in to move this pen... it fluctuates frequently but is still a more reliable resource than inspiration... the artist and the writer and the

poets’ elusive wet dream... the truly inspiring scene... something *really* worth remembering or something to spark that free association... the paranoid sees all... he emotes dully, his emotions dead as scar tissue, he feeds off the feelings of those he can see, experiencing happiness, sadness, anger, guilt, fear (mostly fear as it is the most widely available resource) in a dead sort of mimicry... like Frankenstein’s monster watching the little girl by the river... nobody asks for me by name... and those that do are the ones I would rather not have near me... I am too comfortable in my surroundings to be the cock roach I claim to be... I’m letting you read my diary... comfort numbs exploration... the La-Z-Boy lounges... if he didn’t... he wouldn’t need chairs called La-Z-Boy... must wake up with violence... must be strong to live... desirous of life... mad to live, mad to be loved... madness. Poetic terrorism is fireworks and pornography... need both to stay awake... and alone... stumble blindly into the bathroom and fumble with the Advil... I pop two to stay alive... if I miss a dose... I will die... from the pain caused... by living... I’m not Dr. William S. Burroughs, Dr. Dirty Ole Manny... not going to tell you stories about wedge shaped penises or ejaculating fresh dead dangling from the noose in fantastic blue movies... nothing so serious... nor am I St. James Morrison... writing poor boys poems of “I touched her thigh and death smiled,” no those days are over and killed by a shortsighted wop... memory is the reflection and enemy of psychic invention... auto spontaneity... it’s the remorse factor of the un-plan... having to say “I’m sorry” for what happened because you weren’t some place else... the P.’s and the blues... no I am not what I am right now... my stories will be second rate vomit by the day after tomorrow, and I’ll look back at how I spilled my guts and wipe my mouth, *wipe my mouth!*

pt. 2 Allegory for Gluttony

Most Ameriporn is the dirt scraped off the skin smelling earthy and as thick and soft as a Mississippi mud pie... a feeling of fascination swarms in on a buzzing subconscious wire after the initial sense withdrawal of repulsion, disgust, affronted... like the body stretched out is dead and we recoil from the carrion stench... we are all Calvinist in our heritage... real cuntsters and I would know... blacks know... black snow... nothing consequenceless fun... all rawness of our “freedom” stinks like scum... scum!... we revile the vileness of ourselves... we loathe nakedness as offensive and subversive and we burn nude pictures even while exalting the masterful sculpting of “the David” and reciting “what a piece of work is man,”... deep down we giggle at “the David’s” penis and chiseled mane of pubic hair and think secretly, “what a piece of ass is she!” and “I could use a lipo - touch up, just a little bit of work,” (background Mothra chicks giggle)... we loathe our skins... we are ashamed of ourselves in all bare reality hiding nothing... puberty is considered a more or less secret occurrence, like some personal cult... nobody asks nobody tells... boys joke about their cracking voices... girls complain about menstrual cramps... nothing is said really... nothing asked nothing answered... curiosity called disgusting young perversion secretly erects in the minds of the young... what’s it like to be a girl... what’s it like to be a boy... what would sex be like... etc, etc,... even as this is read it is filed neatly under perverse... writing it is like keeping some skin mag between the mattresses of your bed... you’re afraid somebody’s going to walk in on you and *catch you* and you won’t know what to say or do... caught with your pants down and your hands red... tie a ribbon on this one, baby, it’s time to read our child the bible... still this carnal curiosity exists... certain feelings are conceived like hypotheses and testing must begin before the subjects expire... our pornography teaches us to hate

our skin and to hate the skin of others... jealousy and lust are stimulated with nude suggestion... “if you *want* me... you have to *take* me...” sexual fantasies pop up with bangs beginning, ending and intermediately permeating the plot as flimsy as a two dollar negligé... the plumber comes over to Debbie’s house... “You got some pizza stuck in the drain pipe here... do you want me to leave it in or take it out?”... “oh,” Debbie moans haughtily, “a little bit of both...” in the background the porno film soundtrack (of which there is only one for all porno movies ever made) begins... a quirky kind of disco jazz muzak that lends itself to thoughts of suicide but not thoughts of sex... in the middle of the shaved genital sex scene the song changes to another that could be the same on started over, who knows?... the fuck goes on long and hairless until they have a simultaneous climax, she fake screaming, he pulling out and pulling off to squirt his mess all over her stomach or her back depending on their position (stomach — missionary or variance, back — dog or variance)... there is no foreplay... the fuck or suck is direct and, save the occasional changing of position or song, to the finish... a predictable, loveless, lust faked, cunt junk format in a predictable, cash in, bookie, skin junk industry... they don’t glorify the flesh by beautiful exploration, the monopolize the shaved fuck/suck junk-cunt routine format and feed the consumers leaving a sexual [bulimic] famine.

Zymurgy of Ontological Non-Existence

Junk stomach of America is in my room... no junk left for it to consume... antiquated anti-equation... atrophy to entropy [asymptotically] approaching infinity... the lesser gods are cruel unnecessarily because they feel the need to make themselves look mighty... the words disintegrate in a fireless space explosion like a slow motion decompression and letters float slowly leaving gray strings of slime clouds as they disappear into cosmic dust... so this is the disguise I wear... cunt lipped countenance of despair... and happiness just over there... “just out of reach,” I sigh and stare... my eyes glazed over long ago with inhibition... just let me up and go out fishin’... yes, I wear a mask... and beneath the mask is my *real* face... and I go to the bathroom... and I stare at the mirror... and I take off the mask... and beneath is... nothing. I am not an undead tourist. I have lived in the zone for years. I look up at the always dark sky. I look down at the always dark street. To me this is nothing new or strange, my home, the zone, where it always rains. Welcome welcome one and all. I’m glad you could come, impotent star. There are two ways to achieve the dead zone. One) drugs, which I don’t need (I count all junk as drugs and I count all vices as junk) or two) a heightened state of awareness, which I don’t have (although I can simulate one using heightened intelligence and young woman’s intuition). These are passports to the sub-ether, contra-God land, the psychic pustule, the zone. I have distanced myself from the realm of feeling I live in the zone. I am yet distant from the mental plane of something greater I live in the zone. I live in the valley of the city, by the bay, this is my home I live in the zone I live in the zone I live in the zone. Some call it a depression, but they are all the visitors. They come here thinking to raise the sun and open the blinds and in this way effect change. They are greeted by menacing growls and resident scowls and torrents of torment called rain. After staying here for a while, the children of the light find themselves sobbing themselves to a light sleep where their dreams are wracked and images of children dead and decomposing and of a feeling that they are not welcome and unwanted and useless. They feel severed and distant. Dark dank and dead as their feelings trickle

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away day after day and their minds and bodies begin to *segment*. They begin to feed on the meaninglessness and find solace or semblance of sanity in the suffering strangers they meet. Everybody is a brother in the zone. That's why sex is discouraged. Inbred circus children are either still born or die in the first few months. Those that live are sentenced to social death. Besides, we've got enough mutants here in the zone without interspecies cross breeding. Yes, many of those who come here die, those who don't make themselves useful to the zone's complex upkeep. The zone takes care of its own.

A Tragedy in One Act Starring One Actor

And I see that you are dead now, oh,... why did you have to die... I never wished this, truly I swear... forget whatever I may have said... oh, why did you have to die...? I swear it will all turn out alright... I swore... it would... I am sorry if I didn't believe it... and I killed you, they are saying... in a million lifetimes I would never have the heart to raise these hands against you,... what I am is never what I wanted to become and it is still so distant from what I want to be... but I would never have blamed you... well, yes, I said things... things I never meant... I never did blame you... I never did... oh,... I am so sorry that you are dead now and I didn't make your life better... now you are gone and I... I feel I pushed you away even when you were here... I just... I guess I just... oh,... I was afraid... of hurting you, or of being hurt, I don't know what... I just never... never... loved you... enough... I'm sorry... I'm sorry... I'm sorry...

and the rain came down and the grave of fresh dirt turned slick... and the rain... came... down...

The Hall of Surreal Energy, Liquid, Insipid, Pursued Sourly

Sweet turned to tragedy... can't distinguish reality... moves slowly like a dream... sweet turned to tragedy... “computronics isn't open to the public,” buzzes the electronic secretary in a sweet yet condescending hum. “You'll have to show yourself out, Sir.” I finger my piece running fingers up and down the chrome body. In a flash I hold the smoking gun over her sparking smoking spinning electronic head. This act... her pain... it makes me smile. I walk quietly, or rather, not so quietly (click clack click clack click clack and the echo of every step playing back from down every corridor) away from her head and down the long huge marble hall. Click clack click clack click clack click clack. The darkened end of the 20 story tall 100 yard wide and immeasurably long hall buzzes into static life. Pixels the size of one tv, each screen one point in the pattern, comprise a huge screen that displays static snow. Crackle of a dead channel scrapes out of speakers the size of mobile homes lining the top of the walls near the shadowed ceiling. The only lights, wall mounted 100 watts each that illuminated the paintings on the walls as well as the bench underneath each and the potted fir trimmed so neat by every one, all go out as one and leave me in an unearthly spaceless realm of cold steel blue light of tv static. The crackle is deafening, the tv intoxicating. Gravity loses its grip and my feet leave the floor. I struggle to grip at something and there is nothing. I spin in a helpless flail in wingless flight. The random dots phase shift in some transforming lattice. A huge mouth... deeeeeep... hypnotic... speaking low words behind the static white noise. I

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float in the middle of the great hall, no side is up, no side is down. The mouth rotates on the screen to match my turns. It opens wide and I feel low gravity begin to return from the screen. I am pulled toward it. I must think quick...

State of the Union Undress

Introduce:

Retro experimentio. Reinject the embryo. Sanity drives me insane. This cruel mind game. Impending space doom tapestry of hatred on the loom burst of thunder traps me inside I am the foetus of your mind which is not to say I lie in wait perhaps it is I wait to lie I can sense the moment I can sense the time I look at a smile and it makes me cry, I look with a grin at the tear in your eye. The wolf is at the door; the water is at the gate; children of the WAR learn HATE HATE HATE!

paper:

Counterintelligence (what a perfect name) pseudo slang and the puked out sorry bile stands full erect and waves two V victories in the air and yells “Four More Years!” We’ve elected a mobster president (≠ selected) we dream of some fantasy velvet satin feather pillow wet dream world and call it “heaven,” makes us not feel so strongly about DEATH. “Now, you’re dead; what are your plans?” “I’m going to Disneyland, er, I mean, ‘Heaven!’” Is heaven policed? If it isn’t are there crimes? Are we to believe that no criminal acts are committed at all times and yet the only form of restriction is morality? The conscience cops? Perhaps all the souls with impure or criminal thoughts are allotted to the Hell elevator? “Anyone here with an impure thought? Going down?” If everyone with any impure thought is barred from heaven, then count me out. I’m impure to the highest degree. In fact, count everyone out because there’s no one totally pure. Not even Jesus. Well, without me, and without everybody else, and without Jesus, heaven must be a pretty sparsely populated place. Not so much like Disneyland afterall. But, hey — no long lines, no sweltering heat, no expensive tickets or souvenirs, no other annoying tourists. Gee, with all that... Disneyland kind of reminds you of another smoking hot tourist spot, huh? “Hell” ringing any bells for you, eh? The way I figure, Heaven is like Antarctica — so cold with morality and so sparsely populated; and Hell, well, Hell is Disneyland. No shit. Between me and everybody and Jesus too, it really *is* a small world afterall. Hey, hey, all that “morality” and “goodness” and all those other ten restrictions of the Love of “God”...? That’s all bullshit. That’s all propaganda, pure and simple. All bullshit propaganda is hypocrisy. Do as I say not as I do; don’t act as I act, act as I direct and for God’s sake don’t break the good Christian character. Do you really think you were born Christian? If you do, check your head, because it’s been bugged and plumbed quite clean. Look, you. You were born naked. A beautiful, although somewhat slimy, brand new human being, so lovely and loved. And then the paranoids got hold of you concerned to death with how you turn out. They start shaping you, molding you, marring the simplicity of your beauty. Ever heard this one: “How you look reflects on me?” or perhaps some bastard derivation thereof? They give you clothes to hide your innocence, possessions to encourage the fostering of paranoid want and protectionism to further close the mind to the new and different, they gave you papers and applications to see if you were good enough to do a job you only need to do

because you need the income to function in their system and afterall you're doing the job for them. All these items they give you — tell you they respect you. Your parents, pastors, teachers and bosses tell you you represent them. You never represent yourself. You are constantly misrepresented by their labels; it is only what they call you that can be seen. You do as they expect of your kind, having classified you as Good, Bad, or Ugly. This is our “freedom.” We must work, doing jobs we honestly don't need to stay physically living, doing jobs they give us, jobs they tell us we must do. We are then given money so that we may buy what they offer us with which we can then kill time spent between working and preparing to work. Some toys they sell us are tv's over which a “free” news team may cover events far away both dastardly and distant and they make war macho murder movies to turn us hard to the real death which comes through the tube. Either way we learn to appreciate that our country is not like those others. That our country has no wars, no riots, no uprisings, no civil unrest nor disobedience. That our country is “free.” Free to obey. Free to run their maze, getting money from them and running in a wheel and changing a light bulb and then running to another hall and giving them back the money for a tv through which we receive our next directions. Above it all there is the feeling that God loves us, but that, to keep His love, we must not break His laws. We obey. The Good Christian obeys. The Good citizen obeys. The good lab rat obeys. You see clearly, the key to all control is obedience. It's not like there aren't uprisings, unrest and disorder civil or uncivil in our country. It's just that the government either sweeps them under the rug or crushes them. Where is the great Anarchist section in the History Book? Don't the unsatisfied deserve love, God? Don't the unruly deserve some justice? Is freedom obedience? We are guaranteed the freedoms of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Life is needed for obedience, liberty is meaningless, happiness is now luxury. It doesn't matter that we're sheep so long as our green pasture is comfortable. And is God not a shepherd? We are all saps for anything that teases our inborn human greed. Or is it learned? Our love was only gratified when we protected those first possessions... clothes, toys, distractions for the curious yet naive young mind. Now we know nothing outside of those possessions, we know nothing outside of possession. We're willing to do almost any degrading trick to get a substantial enough treat. Salary is hypnotism. The bank note is quicker than the eye. Look, how's the bible any different from a book of law? If angels are God's secret agents and the apostles a cabinet of advisors, then surely Paul is head of counterintelligence. Look, see, all Paul was was a door to door bible salesman, the kind our grandfathers used to find so annoying (now we have commercials rather than traveling salesmen; they don't have to knock, And if they did we would never let them in: too annoying. But now we watch any and all, too fixated to change the channel, turn it off or even press mute our remote control which becomes more “convenient,” more features loaded and more luxurious every day. We only want more of what we've got. Lazy “freedom” of luxury like we're trying to create a fantasy velvet satin feather pillow wet dream world of no stress, no movement, no thought and no blinking). And now we exalt Paul because he didn't discriminate between selling to Jew or Gentile. You see the more confusing life becomes the more futile it is to understand. They start tricking and shaping you as soon as they catch you coming out. Give me a big enough crowd and I'll follow them anywhere riding on the energy of their belief. See, I'm sustained wholly by contact. Take me away to the desert and I'd die. Besides, bitching about the world and how it shits on you is no fun if no one is listening. Yep, born from a womb, buried in a tomb. See the “t” in tomb comes from the Christian cross on your gravestone; the “w” in womb comes

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from the shape of the pelvis from which you were born. Same word really. Ritual burial is birth in slow motion reverse, sad eyed friends and family replacing smiling doctors and nurses. A moment of pain as your chord is severed. You were born naked. Beautiful. Innocent. An unblemished, perfect human being. How will you die? How will you look lying dead, death blowing life color from your face like smoke from a cigarette leaching ashy expressionlessness draped dour on your countenance. Laid to rest in a plywood box in a cheap suit and paper shoes. A disgrace. Where are your possessions now, fallen comrade? Fellow ant? They say you can't take them with you. You must die, stripped of the rewards of life, the trophies of luxurious freedom laid bare from your shivering bare body. Yes, this is cold, but it's always been so. You've always been too self-consumingly object-obsessed to know. Earthly pride keeps you warm. Feel the chill of prideless poverty ice through you as death puffs away stoically at the shrinking cigarette of your life/ Has this been your life? Nothing more? Nothing to show of your own, outside of what they bestowed? The human sighs and looks bashfully ashamed, and dies naked and embarrassed about it.

A Noodle Called Despair

Junk morning snap crackle pops you awake on a wire like a whip. Bloodshot eyes crash open and mashed potatoes oily skin says “NEED” in a groan. Your stomach knots, confused, you're hungry and you need to shit all at once. Gray mist of rain outside in the half light of dawn. One second a glorious sunset like a beautiful atom bomb across the canvas of the clouds, colors coating and swirling like paint strokes or slow ripples in a pond. Then, crack! and a six hour long midnight jumps out like a robber and a second after you were watching a dazzling pyrotechnic bubble sink below a fog of clouds, you're looking at a porcupine with a million white eyes and a million glowing lures and the vivid colors blend to bleach the cloudy night sky a sickening purple like a lavender tongue is draped over the city. Sounds of honking horns, tv, gunfire, screams, sirens, typical city bullshit. This could be any night in any city on any plane of thought. But it's not. And the dawn drags itself wearily in like a drunken hung over sailor pulling his disheveled heap of sore bones back to barracks. There's no official sunrise or any beautiful beginning to the day. The sun slowly assumes his post, hobbling through the gray clouds like a dim cripple, he ducks in and out from behind low clouds that roll by in a gray sick current like vomit flying overhead. You cough and your body racks with the effort. One hack leaves you weak, your hairy tongue lolling helplessly and dog like from a numb mouth. “Something to eat,” you think. “Ugh. Gotta get something to eat.” The cabinet doors all open like hollow teeth in a grinning row. One dry can of tuna fish. Your stomach grumbles and kicks. One wax-dipped cheese wheel about palm sized. One box of Chinese food sitting open in the refrigerator, two chop sticks poking out, a golden dragon design on the red box. Your stomach churns anxious to have something in it so it can throw up at the sight of the week old Szechwan. Or is it...? It's noodles of some kind. Old. Cold. Hard. Noodles. You flop one like a pale slippery leech into your mouth. Roll it around with your bulbous meaty tongue. Your throat clenches as you try to swallow. The noodles slides uneasily down your constricting tube. Gag. Cough. Choke. Wheeze. Gag. Your eyes roll up slightly and water. Your throat pulls up and down fighting the blockage. Cough. Cough. Wheeze. Gag. Hack! Hack! Inky darkness begins to seep in like octopus ink from the corners of your vision. Black bleach creeps in to stain your sight. Your mind spins, your body wracking coughing

hacking sputtering. “How can this be happening,” your mind like river rocks is muttering, “this is only one noodle, how can I choke to death on only one noodle?” Ink dark blackness voids your scene and you clamp your teeth together. Your neck clenches pulling muscles down your back and chest. One final flash of light like a camera or a street light glare then slump onto the floor in sick disrepair.

The Ontological Expatriate

All libido has been drained from me. Inert. Lifeless. Like a stuffed beetle impaled on a needle in a glass case for the disinterested passerby to occasionally glance at my sorrowful Christlike state and think, “that is *truly* one ugly creature. I wonder why God put such disgusting looking creatures on the earth to get in *our* way and pollute *our* food and any *us* with their nasty looking bodies?” and I think to myself, “what a wonderful world.” You see, Jesus was one of us, not one of you. Jesus was the king spider. So was Mohammed. Everybody thinks it is *they* who are normal, and it is *the others* whose abnormalcy gets in their way. All people have a “me” fixation. There are the “I’s” and there are the “insects.” The “haves” and the “have nots” of free thinking and consciousness, respectively. You see, the “I’s” have free thought, but not consciousness. The insects have consciousness, but not free thought. Which is to say, the “I’s” only think unconsciously, and the insects have become detached from the selfness of free thought and have only consciousness remaining. The “I’s” are spoiled rich kids, the insects little orphans. I’ll tell you about the ontological expatriate. He sees God. He sees Being. But god is dead and being in any natural form such as “doing” even “conceiving” seems distant and benign. The paradigm is meaningless, and beyond that, useless. “Me,” a name I call myself. Ha... children are trained in European self concepts like science and math, even grammar and in fact almost all things taught in school; they’re all ways to defend against fear of the dark. Not like the Aborigines who learn of natural magic and elemental wizardry, we children of the pale flesh, all born from the loins of a white Adam and a white Eve under a white God in white Robes with a long gray beard, and under His son the white Christ. The concept that Jesus, born Yeshua the Nazorene, was white (a white Arab. Perhaps Jesus was an albino) ranks right next to the magic bullet theory in the list of bullshit, “hush, child” conceptual coverups. We white skinned bastards of childish fear jerk off with science and other dirty rags to distract is from our true fear of the Black Night. The unknown suspicion that lurks in the shadows. We have wet dreams over fantasy religion and we bite our lips thinking happy thoughts only the darkness we call danger doesn’t disappear. Of course it is we who are the normal ones and the shadow the stranger. How must the shadow think of us? Aliens? Threat? It matters not, you see, for this is existence. And I am NOT. There are cowboys, you see, and then there are desperadoes; there are criminals and there are anarchists; I am so distant now from what one is conditioned to think of as “existence” that I am, what I would call, an ontological expatriate. I would, perhaps, be better suited for exploration of the border between the real and the unreal, between the existing and the inconceivable unknown, were I not so sentimental and homesick for my days of safety and hearth and home.

Azure Jones stands across the bar room floor. This is the outskirts. This is indisputably *his* country. The fringes of the sane, the demilitarized zone between mental illness and the known. A desert wasteland where abandoned rusting through oil drums lounge languidly beside mammoth cacti shot full of radiation and, if tapped, give radioactive sap water like syrup tastes like fertilizer. Azure Jones was a stern featured yet aquiline person. His lips were always a line like an expert incision in his wooden face. Tanned flaps and folds of flesh and scars decorate intricate designed tattoos of blue ink criss cross his countenance. His eyes are drooping dead, a dull dour pale green like a pale leaf encased in cream colored glass cases, orbs tucked behind low lids like limp scar tissue under a thick dark uni-brow like a flat line drawn in grease paint. His nose was a British thin hooked steppe coming to a snooty point. A solid dull thing mustachio, pencil thin and curled downward ever so slightly to give his pursed mouth a frowning look just as his uni-brow gave his eyes a scowling look, crept spideresque like an oily shadow. The tattoo dotted and lined his sallow eye sockets and traced his cheek bone from which his sagging cheeks were lazily hung in a mindless expressionlessness like a grave, then curved back around to follow his jaw to the chin and stop. They curved around and purposefully lined straight down the bridge of his nose to again wander aimlessly down the mustache and end concealed under its whiskers. His flesh is the color of Dijon mustard. His tussled black locks are wrangled back under a low black hat with a wide brim and the teeth of some animal tied to form a hat band. He gnaws a tooth pick that rolls from one side of his pursed line of a mouth to the other like a baton of some composer / director contained therein. He is flanked by his boys, railroad men in long leather coats: Cluster Spelling (a German), Carlo “Tools” Café (Mexican through and through), Butler Ziegenhein (a Mayor), Neoteric Exploits (Dutch and with blonde hair so fine you could swear it was white), Sodé de Fontaine (a gay Frenchman in a beret and scarf), and Bilá Kayf (the Moor with the blue eyes called “Billy”). “Herr Monsier, gutentag, gutentag,” Azure croons in shattered conglomeration of words from around the world. “Drinks all around bar keeper.” Now this is the universal language and one in which Azure is fluent. The generous king visited his ever loyal heroes and bestowing upon them the simple pleasure, to some their *only* pleasure simple or otherwise, of ale all around. Azure has running tabs in every town and with every proprietor in the outskirts. Drunks and frustrated old prospectors ride into town and set up camp outside local saloons when word gets around that Azure is coming to town. He’s gotten quite a reputation just by touring the border towns. When all the drunks and hobos rush in some bars can’t handle the overflow and they close. By the time Azure really *does* get to town (if in fact it wasn’t just some rumor of his esteemed arrival) only one or two saloons are open and whichever one he picks is immediately flooded with the customers, and even sometimes owners, of whatever other bars or stores he doesn’t plan to visit. This bar, which now holds sway to a fully attended town meeting resided over by Azure who sits atop the piano telling stories and talking the mayor or sheriff into changing whatever laws the people bring contest against to him, this bar is now serving the entire town, about a half dozen drifters and a dozen prospectors one round of ale, which usually costs about an arm and leg. But Azure is a business man as well as a benevolent monarch. After the round has been all around downed, he gives the bartender a wink and starts telling stories about the good ole days. Now Azure himself is probably only about thirty five or forty, but nobody questions his long yarns on lost edicts and ethics. “Now in my day,” he’d croak, even mocking an old man’s voice for his show, “in my day it was considered *polite* to say please pass the cholera,” and so on and so on. Now for all its

pomposity the old timers, down through prospectors and the sorry lot one by one turn to the bar shaking their heads doggedly, privately reminiscing. “Gimme another, Jack,” one toothless prospector lisps to the bartender, who slides up a hefty mug of gold medicine with a head, “Thith life’th too long to not enjoy every now and then.” So one by one all the crowd starts drinking and pretty soon the bar is rolling in it. It’s about time this Azure starts sweet talking the tipsy mayor or sheriff, asking silly questions about their wives or “that old huntin’ dog used to like me so much,” or a patch of sickly vegetables purported to be a garden. “Well (she, it, etc.) is doin’ mighty fine, Azure, mighty fine, thanx fer askin’.” When Azure leaves town he’s usually managed to legalize gambling, prostitution, and any other local vices of the people short of robbing the pony express. Azure has a very subtle way of running things. You’ll never see a law attributed to him nor the breaking of a law attached to his squeaky clean rep. You will, however, see his name on placards o saloon walls across the out land, and it is in these that you may find the only written evidence of his hypocrite hierarchy. “Azure Jones’ favorite watering hole” might as well be the name of a chain of saloons rather than be the trivialized personal claim of over a million out land pubs. Azure Jones owns the badlands. Azure Jones is the badlands.

(cont.)

And

And the quiet. And my headache. And my pencil moving mechanically. And of all those stories I wrote not one... not one! And the heat on my face. And the cold on my bare feet. And the thoughts I think that have replaced my feelings. And I’ve asked “why” so often I’ve questioned away emotion like a coitis interruptus of living. And I know I’m living. And I feel bored. And I’m writing out of boredom contrary to all the advice I’ve ever given. And I don’t care. And furthermore I care even less for what I’m writing so it doesn’t matter anyway. And I should be working. And I’m not so am I broken? And I am just as annoying as a mime. And I droll. And I gab. And I expostulate. And I exasperate, And I incorporate. And I still lie. And my mood is one of moodlessness. And my back hurts. And I’d say something pertinent if I had a pertinent thought. And I don’t. And I buy books but never read them. And I buy cd’s but never listen to them. And I don’t buy clothes even though I need them. And I stay up late doing nothing really. And I sleep in late because I’m tired from all the nothing doing. And I’m a little clever but am I gifted? And if we’re all special why do we feel unique if we’re good at something? And we only feel that way because of who we know. And I feel that way. And the people I know are good at everything. And it makes me feel bad. And me makes me feel helpless, worthless, like and infant or an old man, to not be able to do it myself. And I’m stubborn. And I should succumb. And I will in my own time. And I act the way I do in imitation of the way other people whom I admire do things that I admire. And I imitate their actions in hope that others will admire them in me. And I am all around annoying. And I write out of boredom. And also out of desire to be recognized as a writer. And I think of my works in words or art as masterpieces of total bullshit. And I used to brag about that, vainly, so vainly. And I was a hypocrite. And I said write from feeling only; use emotion as sole resource; and I bragged of my ability to mimic the feelings of others. And this was bullshit. And I did it well. And even if I don’t read the books I still read very well; I read people very well. And I can always tell what they want from me. And I either

give them that or I don't depending on whether I like them. And I would never cut my ear off for a woman, even though I know that would be something I would admire. And I would never yell or cause a scene. And I try to control the situation or the person. And I feel nothing so strongly as to act on it extravagantly. And I feel nothing special. And I don't feel special. And I wonder why I would? And I wonder why I don't? And I don't know know these answers. And I feel like a master mimic miming all emotion. And, in fact, all action. And I am as annoying as a mime. And I go through the motions like a robot without a smile or any other sign of mental participation or even presence. And I wonder why? And I wonder if I should die? And if I should happen to die before I wake would I be missed? And if so who would miss me? And if someone I knew died I wouldn't miss them. And I think I want to be noticed but I know I don't like to be seen; or at least, I don't like to be looked at. And I am an exhibitionistic introvert. And a show man on the surface. And beneath I have no purpose. And I speak to be heard, not to say anything that deserves hearing. And I am a child at an adults' party. And I sip a martini. And I puff a cigar. And wear a suit. And I mingle. And I learn to blend. And I am still a child. And this is the primary disjuncting, I believe. And one must understand this to understand me. And it's not that I *feel* out of place, although I do, and it's not that I try to appear to fit in, although I do, and it's not that no one respects me because I am a child, no. And all of that aside, the real problem is that I *don't* fit in, that I *am* out of place and that it is impossible for me to have any feeling of self worth when I don't feel respected by my elders who I mistake for my peers. And can you taste my tears, dry as stoic slate? And can you understand my hate? And I can... from a distance, I think. And I wear the trappings of the elusive stranger, suave, serene and in control. And I am not this. And I am not in control. And I am a wayfarer, lost as a tourist, in a world of people too big for me to understand, who make deals too big for me, who use words too big for me, who have no patience for my smallness. And I sit in chairs too big for me, try to finish servings of food too big for me. And I try to walk bigger than I am. And I try to talk bigger than I am. And I sometimes fool those who don't see me for the dinner theater actor that I am. And I approach everyone I admire this way. And I approach everything I desire this way. And I follow everything to which I aspire this way. And I talk big. And I walk big. And I have no idea why. And I ask it only in fancy, only in passing. And I can't understand the answer anyway. And now I try to ape the author. And the poet, don't ya know it. And my attempts are cute and fancy... only in passing. And get no respect from my liberal peers to whom I pander and peddle my product; I've treated them with disrespectful contempt and now it is mine in return. And of those conservative big adults whom I secretly hope to impress? And their response to my magnified small efforts to be big? And all I get is a distracted pat on the head or one passes by briefly to examine it only to say, "it's nice, what's it supposed to be?" And I only show contempt to my peers out of imitation of my judges, those who I wish to please most. And I am jealous of other kids because they don't know the adults like I do, or rather like I think I do. And it is I who made them my judges. And I must have wanted them to judge me. And I know I'll never measure up in their eyes. And so I pursue my endeavors to impress, too jealous to go out into the real world as anything but a tourist; angry outcast. And I would be author, artist, poet. And the Creator is Huge Upon, rather Above, the World. And the Creator is Gulliver in a land of mental Lilliputians. And I try to seem that big, but really I feel small. And I can relate more with the tiny cows Gulliver brought back with him to England than I can to Gulliver himself. And, although it was interesting to say and to hear myself say it, I don't think I can any longer berate society. And it's all do big. And I can never hope to

understand it. And I don't really want to anyway. And I'm content to play the actor, acting like I'm real. And I would never be that good at acting, just as I'm not great at writing, not great at drawing and apparently horrible at singing. And as I am all these things as I am human, as I breathe in bitter sweet tragic mockery of life, as I dwell on the mundane and dream romantically of the insane, as I look down on the world not as a giant but from an isolated perch so distant from all things my true size; as I am all this and so do act on this and in these ways, I cry. And I cry not for anything, but in lieu of something. And in absentia of something. And I think it's something real. And it's something worth to feel. And I don't really know what it is or even why I want it. And I don't know when I lost it but I think that I once had it. And I look for it in other people or in books that I don't read or in memories too numb to grieve. And every time I leave, I leave more of it behind. And I only miss it because it's mine. And so I cry. And I'm telling you a lie. And I don't care to distinguish between fantasy and reality any further. And I've nothing more to say. And I wrote this all this way, for no reason, really. And I'm sorry if I've wasted your time. And I'm sorry I said what was on my mind. And I know that good writing is dumping. And probably manipulating. And therefore all literature is abuse. And I don't care 'cause I don't read anyway. And I'm bored. And I'm boring. And I say nothing interesting. And I always end up complaining. And my listeners sit draining. And I suck out all their energy. and vampyre their emotions to sustain me. And of their true feelings make a mockery. And for this I am sorry. And overall I'm a sorry guy. And you believe another lie. And I don't know life from an act. And the play's the thing. And I play with words and emotions and myself. And none of this matters. And when they find me it'll be a bloody mess. And I'll be dead. And if I don't have the self value to get into a fight, if I don't even have the energy to urge me through a fight... and I'm really all talk. And I'm the pansy pussy closet queer who gets hit and walks away, supposedly stoically, lip trembling, tears welling up in my stubborn proud eyes. And it is me, not any other naked dick slapping faggot who will catch a bug dying on a windowsill, take it to a door and let it fly free, so that it can die from it's old age of two days in one extra hour. And I've maimed white mice with a sharp metal ruler. And I cut one's tail off. And I pushed one into an ant bed and held it there. And I gutted one and watched it bleed to death. And I cried about all this on my mother's shoulder within an hour. And I once tried to stop a dog fight that broke out between a golden retriever who was coming to see me and a wiener dog who I was petting. And I knew the dogs. And the wiener dog was an old girl with a paling thin face and dark loving eyes named Annie. And I couldn't stop the golden retriever whom I'd known since she was a puppy from ripping Annie open. And Annie slinked away; loping; a mess. And her entrails dragged out behind her and trailed on the driveway. And as I ran to all the neighbors for help and couldn't get any; and as I stayed with her owner as she called all the emergency vets; and as I watched... Annie slowly, very, very painfully, died. And they buried her in a box in their back yard. And later I had to defend the golden retriever to an animal safety inspector because there were charged raised over the incident. And I feel rage is futile. And leads to actions... inexplicable... in later testimony. And I will never have to plead temporary insanity as I will always control my rage. And all my other feelings as well. And if a girl waves to me, wink at me, touches my shoulder or makes contact physical in any other way with me, or even says hello to me, I think I love her. And I think she loves me. And I can't think of anything more futile than hate other than my concept of love. And I've "loved" several girls in this way, driven every one away, sooner or later, most of them sooner. And I won't get started on that. And anyway I've really

bored you enough with this already. And I only say this because I can see myself reading this in front of a small group of people my age in a liberal and hip attempt to impress them and to endear myself to them. And this is all a prelude to an end. And so can be said of life. And I'd like to be called “brilliant” before I die, but... I don't know... I'm not a patient man. And I am honest. And I do lie. And I'm still honest for it. And I don't believe in anything. And this makes me gullible. And the ones who don't believe in anything are always the ones anxious to believe anything or to follow anyone anywhere. And I am a sap, especially for large groups. And I only act as recluse. And I feel sometimes like I've already had such a full life. And I feel old. And weary. And bored. And most of all I feel bored. And I like sentence fragments, incomplete sentences, verb tense shifts, indirect objects and other discordant grammatical notes. And who says you can't start a sentence with “and?” And why not, I might ask? And for what? And for who? And who cares? And if you give me an inch I'll take a mile, and on a date I would fight you for the movie theatre arm rest rather than put my arm around you. And I'd pay for your ticket, and I wouldn't make out or watch the movie. And I wouldn't know why I'd gone. And if you give me a mile I'll only appreciate an inch. And I'm sorry but it's all too much. And I'm not much at all.

Azure Blues (cont.)

And so Azure stepped into this bar, preceded by his reputation (and his raw hide odor) and anteceded by his entourage. Upon his arrival, everyone cheers loudly, whoops and stomps their feet, and spits in their tables' spittoons; his choice of this bar means they don't have to get up and go over to some other bar and stand out in the street looking in the dusty windows; besides — they've already got the choice seats here. Half of the cheer is for Azure and the other half is for their seats. “Free drinks!” he orders shooting a finger at the bartender. Another roar of fiesta from the crowd. There is still a high noise level or people shouting “yee-haw!” and such as everyone generally genially chatting about their luck as to his choice of this bar and how great their seats are. When Azure arrives the whole town gets a legal day off, and post men, whores, deputies, hotel managers, blacksmiths, prospectors and everyone else one could think of, all sit side by side gabbing contentedly. Azure makes his way over to the piano, his boys saturating spectrally and yet strategically throughout the crowd, and a hush begins to wash over them. Azure sits down on the bench and the crowd clenches in to be close to him and, in so doing, nearly encloses him, as waitresses pass out table sized trays of mugs full of ale. He is temporarily lost to my sight behind a pushing crowding standing crew. My eyes flick quickly over his boys and I can see that none of them can see him either as they all hold their guns impatiently, ready to pounce like a sprung trap if action is taken against Azure. Music begins to choke cacophonically and they ease back a little revealing him hunched over the keyboard trying to coerce tunes from it by sheer force of will coupled by the intoned threat of physical violence. The microphone I had planted in the piano hums into my ear implant that he is grumbling curses and threats at the contraption. The bolder people in the audience laugh and groan and the bodyguard desperadoes eye them like with intent to kill. The discordant thunder stops and Azure turns around on the bench with a wide, yet tight lipped smile. “I never *could* play much,” he jokes. By now a crowd is gathering outside from the other bar. Azure welcomes them with a wave directing everyone's attention to their arrival. A few

wave back meagerly, all the people in the bar's heads turn at once, and while both groups are thus distracted for the count of 1.5 seconds (just long enough to turn the head, recognize, and turn the head back) Azure skillfully and silently mounts the piano, dangling his legs down its front so his feet hang above the keys. He is certainly a refined and practised show man. He would have had to have practised this stunt on the road, as his annual tour takes nearly a year. He spends 365 days visiting 465 towns, which makes his stops the brief and popular economic blessings they are. I amble leisurely over to one of the desperadoes and idle next to a foolish looking bald man in a green shirt and brown corduroys. Obviously a rube and a shoe salesman; obviously a gentleman of no tact and not the sense inherent an armadillo. I drop a very old 10 spot paper currency bill into his lap and he looks at it and then looks at me with beady little eyes like two holes stuck in a ball of dough. I point harshly at the money, then at him, aiming my finger right between his button little eyes with a good glare, and then jab my thumb away from us; all of this indicating, “money's yours — vamoose.” He gets up and weaves through the crowd to lean against the wall. 10 was really pushing it, even for a rube like him, but he didn't move from monetary incitement, he moved out of an obligation every rube has — to fear. I sat down heavily next to the desperado, Bilá Kayf, who wore shoulder straps of gun belts and held a heavy gatling gun on his lap. His pancho was dark with dirt. His face hardened and taut. I pretended to listen to Azure expostulate exuberantly on some anecdote about a town “alot like this one, only the patrons weren't so ruly. HAW! HAW! HAW!” I had to look interested and attentive. I had to act like a real cunt so as not to give this guard the trigger finger itch hired desperadoes were renowned for catching so easily. Finally I leaned over to him and smiled in a drunk Mexican accent, “hee'z pretty funny, eezn't he?” indicating Azure with a raised finger. Billy looked at me expressionless, like an alien would. “How would I get heez autograph?” I slur. He shrugs slowly, still with stone expression, eyes dead of all save intent. “I bet yoo know heem, dont yoo?” He slowly shakes his head no, still stone faced, eyes fixated on me like search lights on an escaping prisoner. “I'll geev yoo a hoondred dahllers eef yoo let me meet heem.” Now this is the hook. If he doesn't bite I'll use the axe. He carefully sets his gun on the table with an heavy clank; he never takes his hand off his gun, he never takes his eyes off me. He leans in and whispers in a beautiful rich tone, “show it to me.” His breath is cinnamon. I put the hundred dollar bill on the table halfway under my hand. He smiles a glowing white toothed smile and takes the money off me. I look at him the way he had looked at me earlier, dead save for purpose, as we both leaned back. “My name's Billy<“ he said putting the gun back in his lap. I pretend to listen to the rest of the “show” Azure put on, secretly holding my heart rate at an even pace and arranging my actions and questions for later.

(cont.)

Legend

So I sit and listen with all intent to the words of the man. His long white hair is now yellow, now red; the skin stretched around his face shadowed intensely by dark dry river bed cracks, his eyes catch light in spark, hold in ember, and breath soft warmth on breath of story. He sweats with strength, each word is pushed forth nearly stumbling over its predecessor and lingering just long enough to cast long shadows for his next word to fill. And they always do. In one breath, or sometimes,

two. And the light is glowing in his dark eyes like a distant light in a deep cavern. And it glows there constantly, never harshly. Reassuringly like a home; as mute and constant as a groan. His story unfolds one tale over another like a hydra; fables of animal heroes roll seamlessly into stories of a baker or a farmer and into a story of two knighted brothers who are going to slay each other over a woman and then a story of a man who got lost and decided never again to find the way that did not offer itself to him and do and so on and on so as such until his listeners, like gaping children, were in a state of awe like as to none induced by chemical not herb. The fire never dims nor flickers low and the old man never tires nor recognizes our faces friend or foe. He is being spoken through and his tongue flaps and flails like a Japanese ship's silk sails to keep pace with the voice of the speaking spirit that has so possessed him, uses his brow as a throne, and calls the old man's speech his own. He sweats under pressures unknown and his expression is concentrate yet distant as stone. Clicks and rolls of the tongue translate out fire flicker of unlanguage knowing like a chameleon changing by the mood of its female mistress. Hush hush and sorrow. Joy in a faint smile. Drums thump thump thump thump in the hollow air behind the roll of his words. His speech follows, one to the next, like a waking follows rest, and from his brow and mouth and breast spring words twice as stunning as their best. His mood is like climate, his energy condensates on the foreheads of the guests, his sorrow knots throats and warms eyes with teary lament. Language is no obstacle no barrier no encumbrance for his words. They lap like waves and jab like swords. Beyond him there is nothing, an articulating shade painted like a hole in the day to the hidden night is his, and it mimes in reinforced imitation as if shaking its finger at us to listen. Warm sea breezes blow the dry river bed and his shadow rests in vaporous shade about his head. In him is soul, on him is movement, between are the spirit and the spirit's words. He talks of legendary heroes, warriors and medicine women bringing white water home from the night's breast to assuage the yearning tongues of the infants of an ancient tribe. And yet beyond the story there is a presence, sitting distant, contemplative, arms folded, nodding every now and then, wearing a warm smile like a cloak of feathers. So I sit back and listen with all content intent to the words of this man, and beyond the man his nodding spirit and beyond the darkness of the deepest soul the colors like a burst upon the sky. Now yellow, now red, like fire.

Shakespeare in a Can

Simian society! And are we not but white apes crawling in our concrete jungle gym?! Where has our sometimes home of outside these bars gone, eh? And are we not stuck here now, eh? Van the bugs not crawl in through the cracks but to give us messages of the other place of green and fruits just once? Not once nor never hence? What has gone before is prologue. What is still to come is surely our boundless prison. To be condemned to freedom, nay even to think of it is too much! Scientific philosophical jealousies. Professionalism in the elite classes only, nowhere save in history, and never communicates even remotely, save to control the present. And to think of this sheer chaos of an infinitely random circumstances! A fractal cage as surely as a dying passenger's rage: and what, pray tell, would Shakespeare say? Devout and curious bard of yesterday? Have our legends all now in distaste fled away and left us helpless in [our or this] mysterious glass cage? With what may I gauge the rate of time it takes to change our stage? Surely a pocket time piece is as antiquated as

a well. And so may be the grandfather clock who sternly ticks and tocks his watch, his unblinking gaze chiming away another hour in this hell. No I believe, by Jove and all His craftsmen, there be no tool with which to measure the infantisity [sic], the felicity, the sobriety or inhibition [inebriation?] of the cinema verité of a lifetime. By nothing huge as sky nor mousy small by whose chime or by whose toll we can measure in ticks and tocks a meaning that lies so distant as to be forever lost. Picture a mountain range so distant in a million lives we could never achieve it, yet we must onward as our tired pistons will us and then raise up our children to do as such and place in them our trust to do the same come their day. We can never reach the goal nor see our prison wall, and yet we admit upon slightest question as if by whim: “ay, both lay yonder.” If we must break the Law to be human, then the Law no longer exists in my eyes. Humanity over industry and automated monarchy, infinitely, every time. Freedom over life! Freedom over life! Brother may fight brother or by his side may fight another but in time they raise the numbers, no regard for whom they smother. We, the suffocate, raise our voice such. From each to each may each in each one trust. Only in oppression is there unity of purpose. Only by crushing ourselves under the feather light weight of a world we deem unbearable to burden, may we find our commonality. All for all against our suffocate finality. Those above scatter easily, looking down and then from coconspirator to coconspirator. We are conspiring a plot most foul against ourselves. When our underside rebels to usurp its oppressor’s position, I pity the man caught between. We conspire against ourselves. We rebel against our own conspiracy. We flea from our own rebellion. One brother slays the other and both halves of the pair are killed. Siamese brain and soul — can’t fathom this double enclosure anymore. Handcuffed tight my left to right. Too much! Must fight! Apes we are who blinded be, ape we can when we can see, our invisible cage and distant salvation, entrapped in a tomb of our own limitation. We strive to go further than further itself can, oh Gods! What a piece of work is man!

Pavlov’s Liberty Bell

There is a difference between suggestion and actual influence. When a bell rings does it let us know we can go to thing or does it conjure in our mind the need to go? If the telephone rings how long till we give in and answer? When what is presented or offered is the only option then it is no longer an alternative but an urgent need to be met. When only one thing offers itself to be done, you *must* do it. Therefore it does not offer. If you obey, then it, by necessity, commands. If there is only one road open you must take that road. You cannot take another. This is not an option. It is a necessity. You must do this, this way. There is a difference between freedom of and freedom to. Freedom of is unmarginated. Without borders. Freedom of thought. A limitless concept. Freedom to guarantees a specific. And therefore a confine. A tightly patrolled bounded area. The difference between freedom of speech and freedom to speak. Freedom of thought and freedom to think. One implies an option, one a restriction. One you can and may, one you can and must. And if you must then you must only. The cage of what we are taught. The prison policed freedom in which everyone must respect the other good citizens. This is the difference between conceptualizing and enacting. The concept “of.” The acting “to” (towards a goal). A wedge is driven by patrolled consciousness between the brain and the nerves. The impulse highway raodblocked by the police of thought. The police are

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enforcers of philosophy. They question... “why?” until everything is meaningless and the subject is reduced to an infant’s tears. After a grilling one feels helpless, hopeless, mindless, unconscious. After a point there is no answer to “why?” Afterall, why anything? And in this way autonomy is confined by ontology and policed by epistemology. This concept should not promote hedonism. Merely Epicureanism or absurdism. How may one have fun and not break the law? How may one take action without breaking the knowledge rule of “why?” To say there are no wrong answers to this question is a distortion of the truth. To say there are no right answers is more to the point but no less a misnomer. Beyond inaction there is only the enforced necessity of action. Whether it is more true to the self to abandon all hope of non-rebellious action or to lie inert. When you come to the blocked road will you go the one way or will you sit down and grow roots on the very spot, begin living stories to tell your grandchildren, begin believing stories told you by your grandfather. Time moves forward. Crash of days as society reminds you you’re getting older. Funny how trivial time’s passage seems when you’ve distanced yourself from society and from its urgent need to make you believe that there are things you must do and its sickening attempt to try to make you proud that you are free to do them. Society as salesman. Freedom as luxury product. Waves of consumers drooling at the very sight of the phallic torch atop the statue of Liberty as it is used to decorate ads for such “necessities” as deodorant. These are the truths we hold to be self evident. And how did man live so long before such “necessities” as deodorant were invented? In our backwards pop culture we exalt trivialities as necessities and liberty as luxury. Do you really think cops make you free?

Apocalypse Now!

Civilized man has externalized God as he has externalized all other emotion; love he bestows gracefully upon the heads and hearts of those he deems appropriate, hate he serves distastefully and with an apologetic smile to those he feels deserve it. The men enter the jungle as infants. The tiger springs from the jungle, roaring inhumanly, hungry, “I am the now! Fear me if only to feel me at all!” The men whisper the Lord’s prayer. They are filled with that emotional heat like boiling water which causes every emotion in reaction, anger, happiness, denial, disgust. Like all civilized men birthed into the jungle, they are baptised in the boiling water that flows the tiger’s blood. They are bathed in horror. They’ve pushed God away, see insanity “playing God” over the sane, they push away that which they do not wish to comprehend as sane. They push away God. God is insane. God’s the very insanity as it does live and breathe and walk and talk and speak, and in so speaking does call itself “man.” God is in the roar of the tiger and the baptism of horror which shunts away civilization and shuffs off innocence as a dandelion does its shimmering orb of seedlings. Innocence is the seedling of horror. Man is the seedling of the tiger. All of earth is the seedling of God. In all actions sane or otherwise men take is God, alienated and defining by background (the bald head of Kurtz emerging from the inky surface of shadow), or lurching forward and forcing you to look him straight in his horrific gaze (the tiger springing from the woods, the girl running to protect her puppy). In the jungle all men are infants or animals.

Azure Blues (cont.)

“So Azure, so Azure, so Azure...” walk around him menacingly quoting random lines of Shakespeare sonnets. “So, shall I compare thee to a summer’s day?” I hiss between tight teeth through curled lips; my breath licking hotly against his face, “nay!” I bellow, rearing back into shadow, “thou art more lovely and more temperate!” I stomp like a raving loon in a circle around him. Subterranean works of art unearthed at badlands grotto “wilderness lips ranch.” Azure Jones, ranch owner, sells works to thrice hidden rare arts dealer through some Swiss account. Rumors that art work has been stolen from secret dealer; some two “years” (if you can still call them that, Ha!) later, the art is hanging in the office of a certain Samuel Calypso (needless to say all the people in the long line I just described are dead. I killed them), and Azure Jones is collecting a substantial check from a subsidiary of Calypso’s medical supply company, which subsequently bellied under a year later for trafficking and was never reestablished, for “services rendered.” Circle in stomping footsteps. “Are you a madman!?” he demands. “Were I a madman,” I answer mournfully, “would I not say, ‘is not night and more night coming on all the while? Must not lanterns be lit in the morning? Do we not hear anything yet of the noise of the grave diggers who are burying God? Do we not smell anything yet of God’s decomposition? Gods too decompose. God is dead. God remains dead. And we have killed him.’ Or perhaps, were I mad, I might say, ‘to what base uses may we return! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till a find it stopping a bung hole? No faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it, as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and of that loam whereto he was converted might they not stop a beer barrel? Imperious Caesar, dead and turned to clay, might stop a hole to keep the wind away. O, that earth which kept the world in awe should path a wall to expel the winter’s flaw!’” Azure, “say what?” I, “alas you cannot speak though you have tongue, you cannot hear though healthy ears do spoil your visage. You are lost, I am afraid. You can hear my voice but my words seem gibberish. In your mind is only ‘how’ and most importantly ‘why me?’ Well, Azure, as the sky swathed, surely there is no simple answer. Should one be found countless of government issue philosophical think tanks would be necessarily recalled from the field. But as war is a business most profitable (being that the dollar feeds on young mens’ lives), it would be most contrary to government policy to recall such an effort were a simple answer found. Thus, an answer may already lie in the hands of uncle Sam, locked away in some Air Force base hangar. So you see, either way, as I am no government official to be sure, I have not the answer you seek.” “You fucking sick-o. Let me loose and I’ll lasso hog tie you so damn quick your head’ll be spinnin. like a slaughter house sow, yahoo!” “You are not allowed to talk anymore, Azure Sam. Yes, I do know your real name. Know all about you. Once a talented black op.’s hit man. Serious stuff for a free agent. Then the P.D. started feeling upstaged by your vigilante technique. So they expatriated you and now you live out here with the cowboys and the relocated “protected” witnesses. Didn’t take you long to develop and entourage of remoré looking for plastic cash (you got lots of, more than enough to go around several times) and start running rackets, buying stock in entrepreneurial business and slowly accumulating a border length empire of sects and enclaves. Then you tour locally as propaganda, let your servants know you’re a family czar and all that shit. How would they like to know who you really are and the shit that you’re really into?” “What are you trying to cut me for? Huh? Blackmail? You want something from me?” “Doesn’t everybody want something from everybody?” “Are

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you crazy? Are you going to kill me?” “That depends. That all just depends. Depends on your point of view. Depends on my mood. Mostly it depends on if you’re going to help me get the information I want.” “You a skeleton bookie? A secret salesman?” “No, Azure. I’m just looking for somebody. Your old boss, actually. You should remember him. Name of Cheshire Sam?” Azure gulps. “Nope. Sorry. Never heard of him. Sorry. Nope. Nope. Sorry. Sorry.” “Me thinks thou dost protest too much,” I swoon, lurching forward putting my face to his. A shame I’ve no more probe or this would go... more smoothly, shall we say? “Do you, Azure the thief, Azure the hitman, Azure the cowboy king, do you know what a changeling is? hmm?” “No, I —” “A changeling, dear, *dear* Azure, is a goblin replacement for a baby at birth. A fake that plays the part of the human creature whose place in the play it has usurped. You see, ‘all the world’s a stage, and all the men and women merely players,’ etc. Do you see where I’m headed dear Azure?” “I’m afraid I’ve no study in following the ramblings of an insane lunatic.” “Yes, and by your very compiled speech you do prove yourself a liar. And here’s the head to which we’ve been aiming. You, my very dear Azure, are a liar most foul. Oh, not in the trivial pursuits of business, although you’re a most typically unscrupulous and professionally unsanitary customer in this respect, nay. You are a self deceived and thrice ill conceived changeling of a vat grown seed. You are a heinous replacement, memories — implants, preconceptions — dreams of an electric sheep. My dear Azure — the very ‘you’ is a fraud.” Azure blinks. “And now,” I overstep his mute pale shadow, “you must either be under my employ, or as all others are to me, be returned to the dead state from which you were grown. Take pick.” Azure blinks. “My partner or my prey. Would that I were not you this day.”

“Tristesse, A Girl With God”

She woke up. The sky was gray as a skin. The name of the movie she was watching about me was “Dead Bomb.” Sleep shook off slowly as all good things do and left her with the cold naked goose prickled flesh of loneliness and boredom. Outside her solid gray flaking wood apartment was the gray industrial sky over the gray factories. She stood nude before the open window, reading Kafka, her flesh occasionally chilled by a nipping breeze that smelled of sulfur. From the unfolded back of the eastern bug was born the samurai nude Michaelangelo archipelago like a porcelain cat tail with a head of matted brown hair ashen a dull gray in the gray light. She looked out over the glumly sinister factory sprawl, unrolled like a perverse three dimensional map. Below a muddy slick gray dirt road and a tall ominous barb wire spiral capped gray solid wall. She blinked with dark rapture. There was no one behind the wall where the smokestacks stuck up like erections; there was no one on the road, not even an old bag lady carrying trashy relics of her tattered life or a little girl in glorious red playing with a gray ball in the gray puddle. Across from her window a street light hung, lit with a dull gray glow. She sighed disappointedly, despondently, stroking her dark bush of pubic hair with a lonely frown. She set down her book of Kafka and sat down on a gray couch opposite the window. A circular gray table lay between. She propped her feet up uselessly, floppily like a marionette, on the table, leaning her dark matted tresses over an aging gray cushion. She stared at the ceiling. A light gray spattle. A fly did not buzz there. No flies buzzed around her jam and jelly jars although she let them sit open on the gray windowsill all say attempting to lure flies near. A cat did not call. A clock chimed. Dark smoke billowed unendingly up from the smokestacks outside the dull window

pane. She blinked, morose. Glum. She had stopped washing her clothes about three years ago, having never seen another person. She had stopped changing them also, and cutting or combing her hair. Soon, her hair was a matted tangle, her clothes had disintegrated to rags and finally blown away like dust. Her flesh was soft, but very oily; her finger and tow nails broke and chipped constantly. She ate gray crackers for breakfast, gray bread for lunch, gray Campbell's alphabet soup for supper. She never ran out. She looked at her feet, wiggling her toes. She stared, expressionless, emotionless as the wiggled and flexed. Her legs had grown hairy as she fantasized a man's to be; but then, she'd never seen a man. She stroked her labiae, which out-turned automatically in a bulbous slow rolling wave of flesh. Her expression did not change. Listless. Morose. She no longer found pleasure in masturbating. Only distraction. Her eyes were lidded and accented by dark rings of denied sleep. She might sleep now, but she had just wakened up only minutes ago. She had been reading by the window and fallen asleep standing up. She had been having a dream about television. About movies and a young face framed by long hair. She couldn't quite focus the face, the features blurry smudges of darkness. She squinted trying to make her mind focus. She pursed her lips repeatedly thinking gray thoughts. Once she had thought she had seen a crow flying through the slate grave swamp sky, but it turned out to be a piece of burned paper fluttering aimlessly around in the sharp slow syrupy winds. She picked at a gray button like a scab on the dusty surface of the gray cushion. She pulled and picked thinking about masturbating or seeing someone... anyone. The button came off with a pop and she held it before her dull eyes, mildly surprised but very short of caring. She rolled it over this way and that, looking from every angle, examining uninterestedly its every face and colorless feature. She shut one eye and looked at it with only one, then she switched and closed the open eye, to dully stare at it from the shadowed cavern of the other. She looked up at the ceiling again, her eyes flipping up like a slot machine. Blank gray plane. She touched at the button with her tongue and then dropped it into her little mouth, rolling it around from one side to the other. It tasted like metal and dust. Its very flavor was gray. It clacked against her molars and made her tongue claustrophobic against the roof of her mouth. She swallowed it with a minute wince, a motion only as her eyes did not flutter, stared fixedly at the ceiling as if looking through it. Her wetted cunt was now again relaxed, her hardened nipples now soft and fleshy as ear lobes, her sexual tension now fizzled into its inert ember of trivial commonality. Her stomach rolled over as the button splashed down. She imagined it sickeningly tucked into her stool. Looking down at it glistening gray inside the black chunks, balls, ropes of solid shit like dense mud pushed gently into their rotten pile in the pale water of the pale cold toilet bowl; its cold porcelain seat freezing her fleshy cushion buttocks as she grunted and strained, sometimes winced, her lips curling back to show gritted teeth, her eyes closed tight. Then the earthy odor would waft up. The slate gray stink of the effort. Gray tile floor and walls. Gray bathtub, gray marbled curtain, gray towels to dry off her wet cold flesh. She hardly ever showered anymore. She supposed she couldn't smell herself, although the gray fleshy smell of masturbating, sweat rising in beads under her nose and on her forehead and cheeks, and when shitting, that powerful dirt odor. She imagined trying to pass the button, and how it might tear the flesh of her taut clenched anus, stretching or ripping the skin of the hole itself. She imagined it traveling through her guts. The horrible grunting ache of it pushing, undissolved metal, pangs as it was clenched between the straining muscles of her digestive tract, trying to push it through. She fell asleep again and dreamed of the uncomfortable blubbery unstable clenching darkness of

the wet cavern of her intestine enclosing her, she crouching nude, wet, hot, sweating, soaked, smothering. She woke up with an uneasy groan. She thought about the crack and burst wet sound of her head breaking on the gray mud packed road below. Like the sound of shit falling from a height into a bucket. She fondled the inside of her meat hole thinking of her matted dark hair clumped around her burst skull spilling gray brains and puddles of dark blood. She fingered faster, sinking deeper and deeper, picturing her body decomposing in the deserted road. Rains battering down on her bloated carcass as she swelled and paled and filled with gasses. She fantasized her fat, milky form under the stringy dark ceiling of gray industrial clouds. At night she would be lit by the dim street light in a neat circle, like a performer. She stroked frantically, imagining herself rubbing erotically against the wet clammy flesh of her own corpse. Her eyes were closed tight. She bit her lip. Her feet were parted wide, no longer crossed, and quivering from the force, her toes wriggling wildly. Her hips rocked back and forwards and her back arched and covered with an oily slime of sweat. She could feel orgasm nearing, like a lighted gray at the end of a dull lead tube; she could see it coming. Just then she heard something. Above the carnage of machinery distant and constant, above the occasional voice of wind. A high buzz. Relentless. A buzz. She opened her eyes and looked around, still working her doughy cunt, orgasm now, again, distant. She looked tightly at the table, the counter, the cupboard. She felt something land on her arm, a minute brush of a touch, tingle on her arm hairs. She looked down with a focused intent short of alarm but nearing annoyance. A small dark fly crouched, licking its front legs and walking hurriedly around. She froze all movement, eyes, unbelieving, filling to super size. A smile washed across her face. For a moment she thought she saw color, felt it in her hot and racing heart. Her loins were still pulsing heat like embers but she transfixed her attention to the insect in childlike awe. In a cracking unused rusty whisper she choked in awe, “... God?”

Pure Pulp

Dawn over the melancholy lull of incoherent commerce. Spectacular bursts and smears of lights on the crouched clouds that had brought rain yesterday and would bring rain again tomorrow. Crystal puddles of muck, pools of slime slick seepage and liquid ruin. Now they glow like brilliant fire, reflecting the sunrise. The AI/clone tycoon named Nemesis, citizen name “Cain.” Azure led me to his crucial link in the sequence. They are known for saying “... the weak link in the chain.” But what if the chain is so entangled that the links don’t even know they’re a part of it, don’t even know the existence of the chain? But this is needlessly metaphysical. Azure had, at one time, been contracted by a conglomerate called “Samson Techtronics,” back when he was a hacker and a saboteur. Breaking into Videodrome storage cells and unleashing dormant reference files, Azure sublimated the cortex structure by injecting a randomizing subroutine disguised as a custodial supplement program. The defense systems shattered, Azure floated easily into the Videodrome logic ballroom, information demilitarized zone. The secrets of all the companies holding accounts with Videodrome lay in infinitesimally small boxes surrounding him in a spherical room with no floor or ceiling and no gravity. Contracted to get only one drawer’s contents from this treasure chest of would-be blackmail, Azure drifted past millions of deposit boxes looking for the digital display labeled account number 867-7651-20002. He finally found it and dubbed a jester program over its

medium tight security wafer. The security program sufficiently muddled, Azure jacked his RAM book into the box front and downloaded the stored data. The job was going easily, too easily, but slow, too slow. If the Netcops (called Bugs) busted him; or if the real police found his entry point... if he were separated, trapped “in” here in some way, he would be severed from his body. Brain dead. He fidgeted impatiently. Finally the transfer was complete and he slipped out. No cops. No bugs. No hitches. He wondered why it had gone so smoothly and did a check. At the time he was in the Videodrome main safe, all the cops and bugs had been routed to Samson Techtronic headquarters, which was being corporate raided by Yakuza forces in league with the Society for Ontological Anarchism and the Chinese Merchants Association. He sat on the robbed knowledge, black info. for a week. The AOA and the CMA both denied involvement in the raid and destruction. The police had gotten an anonymous tip saying the AOA and CMA fronted Yak assassins and were going to kill Samson Tech. To Azure it sounded like a classic black op.'s bag job, probably supined by the owner of this box, having been somehow informed, or having otherwise discovered. And so why would they not have connected Azure to its theft, and deduced that it was in his possession; having not found it at Samson all the Yak ninjas self destructed. Azure duplicated the contents of his download and placed the original on the black market described only by its account number. The theft having never been publicized, and Videodrome having told only the account holder of the theft, and the price that Azure set on the thing would all be sufficient sieves with which to shake out the box's owner. Finally one “Nemesis Cain” had purchased the box with a thrice buried transaction from a distant Swiss account. When Azure ran the credit check he found not the name “Nemesis Cain” on the account, but the name “Cheshire Samuel.”

Memo Regarding the Insurrection

Post apocalypse anarchy doesn't scare me. The free chaos beast of the spirit; the chains of the law broken. But the pre-apocalyptic chaote is not my ally and I say this only for the benefit of the listening devices of the State. If the bullets are only going one way, you know which side to stand on. But between anarchy and polity / social monarchy there is a cross fire. The middle man is therefore riddled with rules from the right and rebellion from the left. Although I cannot condone acts of violence, personally (are you still there J. Edgar Hoover?) I support the existence of the anarchist enclaves. However, I must question their goal. Do they wish to overthrow the government of law, for which economic dependence is an auxiliary influence, thus leaving the middle man in a heap of looting instead of buying and selling and killing your neighbors senselessly because there is no longer a law to prevent you? This *is* the kind of mad anarchic schism that would occur were the drug of the law to be dropped cold turkey leaving us in a state of sudden and violent economic withdrawal. Or the other possible goal would be to elect an anarchist president (oxymoron) and eat the government from the inside out like a moth or a cancer. Is this truly a realistic possibility? I think not. The majority would still hold sway over greater power than the minority, even if the minority was the president. Look at what happened to JFK, whose primary goals of office were to prevent the rather pointless excursion of American troops onto Vietnamese soil, a conflict of interest we now know as the Vietnam war, and to disband the FBI and the CIA. He was fucking with the wrong people, taking away the military power as commander-in-chief and disbanding the eyes-on-ourselves bureaus we know of as Big Brother, and

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subsequently he was killed. He wasn't an anarchist but he was a revolutionary. Then there is Nixon, who used gangsteresque methods of power mongering such as spying, information extortion, witness bribing, breaking and entering, etc. etc. the list of charges goes on and on. Were he acting for the interests of a part, say, the anarchists, the department of commonwealth middle America, the youth movement, or any other, he would have had at least the support of that party. But as his actions were in his own interest simply for the furtherance of his own presidential career, he became the only president ever to resign from office. And, after all, where would anarchy be without its popular opposite — the State? Could it exist were it not a reaction to a condition? And in that it is a reaction, can it really be administered in a combined dosage and symptomatically cure our law addiction? Being that it is, itself, a reaction, can anarchy be anything more than a symptom? I condone lawlessness, social upheaval, electric eclectic rebellion, pyrotechnics and spying. But do I condone anarchism? Would I condone anarchism were there no state — post apocalyptic anarchism? Only time will tell. Besides, I'm far too bored to engage in any *movement*.

Sincerely,
“Mr. 2:00,” Jimmy Carter

Memories of Unknown

Sand has long since covered this place unknown. Smell of rot and decay and dust like an attic mixed with meat gone bad. This is memory. I wake to the words “File Not Found” blinking impatiently on the screen. The personal computer, lacking anything definable as “personality,” lacks bedside manner. Pustules mole up like flesh, worms of white pus, hair thin, snake out in solid, slow geysers. This is how life began. Sneaking into consciousness and tricking itself into awake awareness. No. Consciousness never woke. It is still as dormant as pus, showing through only in worming fountains of art or words. Thoughts aren't consciousness. The ability to comprehend our own mortality; the fear of what lies beyond the time of termination of our lifespan is not consciousness. Consciousness is not what makes us human. Consciousness is not what makes us animal. The zen of a tree. Consciousness is not what makes us living. Consciousness has gone through unnumbered stages of awakening since its realization of self awareness. It opens eyelid after eyelid in an unending penumbral gradient of bed spreads, but it is not yet awake. More and more light reaches its eyes as fewer and fewer layers hide them in sleep. It is portentous to say that “we” (implying mankind) are the dream that urged the initiation of the awakening. It is possible that “life” was its dream. Perhaps you do not fathom the words of the talking painting (pursing in a bastard reciprocal all the most commercial aspects of communicationalism). Let me put it before you in this way: if I were to ask you to describe consciousness (not the state of being conscious, but what defines your awareness of your own consciousness) you would be at a loss metaphysically. Consciousness is unconscious. So you can see now why I have said consciousness never woke. We are aware in some impression of the first person present what our own consciousness is. It is reasonable to assume that I am conscious while I am writing this and that you are conscious while reading it. But the fact that I am formulating what I write, and the fact that you are interpreting what you read, are facts of the *subconscious*. A consciousness *beneath* our own awareness and

understanding of consciousness; a darker, more mysterious, hazier consciousness where thoughts are born and where the dreams paint the landscape inexplicable hues. So you can see that our consciousness is one one lid of the awakening consciousness, that our *subconscious* is merely the concealed lid below us. And below the unknowable number of further levels is the true eye of consciousness. We will not live to see the opening eye. Our mortality must limit our perception so. But we may relish in how close we came. Were we an amoeba, we would be masked from the eye by countless more lids of lacking self awareness and lacking cognizance of our inevitable demise. But, oh luck, we are not this simple creature! No we are far more intimate to the eye of awareness. We see our own death, we see the passage of time, we know science. But none of this can ever bring us closer to the eye, for they are only the allotment for our level of evolution. Had we more time, that we might evolve more and shed more ignorant lids and so be much closer to understanding! But no. We are mortal, and must avoid planning grandiosely past the stretch of our own life.

Cheetahs

Cheetah cheaters. The captured Haitian refugees will be sent to a national park in Zimbabwe, where they will be safe, and will be studied for many years to come. Painfully tag the cheetah's ear after it's been captured by every species' biggest predator — man. We should be tagging the ears of our politicians. We should be keeping better track of the people supposed to be keeping track of us. We think we know the best solution for any problem just because we've got opposable thumbs. Human hubris! We cause the damn problems to begin with. We're meekly attempting to undo our own initial damage. The real problem is greediness on the part of man. As soon as some poor bored fuck conceptualized counting, we lost interest in quality and became jealous of and greedy for quantity. We started counting everything as ours. Numerically labeling the world (this is how modern mathematics and the sciences were born — a way to measure what we already own or what we want). Now, when a big cat like a cheetah picks off one of *our* glorious fucking cows, we have to slaughter at least ten just to feel safe. And by slaughter I mean shame their bodies after death by stuffing them as decorations and / or flaunting their peeled skin as a trophy to our infantile “courage.” How would you like to see your glass eyed body stuffed on a pedestal in the corner of some camouflaged hunter's wood paneled den? Look on him every day as this repulsive slug of flesh and blood sat in slippers in a leather arm chair, high backed, hemmed with brass buttons, smoked a pipe and read the sports section? So study them, oh yes, whatever's best in the Godlike name of “science,” but for heaven's sake don't just kill them. Kill 'em in slow captivity where they can feel, dulled and droopy eyed as a mental patient, pin cushion of syringes. “We need to know more about the cheetah.” More. More more more. Scientific greed. See how a scientist would feel if, when stepping up to dinner at *ché Hubris*, a cage suddenly dropped around them, men with guns wound them and the next they know their ear is being pierced with a hole punch and huge clunky plastic tag is now marring their ever so carefully groomed appearance. We only count species on the verge of extinction so we can drool like God from a throne. Their very existence is in our hands now. Do we push them over the edge into the meaningless statistics of extinct species whose demise we can blame on Joe Blow's good Christian neglect? Protestant shame, any kind of shame, is the fucking perfect cover up. Or do we pull their numbers back up so they can survive as entertainment a little while longer

while we make pompous speeches about the civic duty of the individual and, the ultimate bureaucratic cancer (economical germ warfare is the law of tomorrow's conquering elite), lack of funds to the minority group supporting S.O.S. (Save Our Species)? We are goddamned fools. We are so full of ourselves just because we can count we sit atop the food chain and piss down upon the poor naive knaves of the animal kingdom. We renounce our “savage” roots for fear of their return. We study ways to civilize the wild, and so endanger the species with poacher's worst weapon: humanization.

Nueteronomy

These very ancient works were, in reality, written by three separate scribes. One, “J,” the Jonist, is concerned with depth psychology. You can see his writing in the section entitled “And,” as well as in several of the personality cover-ups that permeate the piece, attempting to bfuscate the true identity of the author(s) with gibberish about various different professions such as porno actor. The second, “P,” the Politist, is concerned with social and political philosophy, as well, peripherally, with metaphysics such as pertain to the Péshah and to the nature of spacetime. His work can be seen in “State of the Union Undressed” as well as the sections on time and the righteous teacher and wicked priest. The third author of these compiled works is called “E,” or the Eye, who is simply a plainclothes private investigator tracking down someone he knows most simply as Sam. His escapades lead him through a series of aliases for this character, and ultimately we are denied a denouement in these writings.

- works attributed to each

The works that we can safely ascribe to J are:

the original essence of “Day 21”
the original idea of “A Tour”
the first part of “Snail”
the second part of “the real me”
the second part of “re. etc.”
“Too Much Part 2”
“Talk Show Host”
“well, whatever”
part of the first part of “the Salesman”
first interlude of “the Salesman”
“the Writer”
“the Book Tour”
part of part 3 of “OPMVR”
interlude of “Cannibal”
part of “ZONE”
“A Tragedy in One Act Starring One Actor”
part of “the Ontological Expatriate”
“And”

The works of P include

“Intro.”
“Random Insert: Master Card”
the second part of “Snail”

“Cheshire Inc.”

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“Moon Shot”
“the Input Plant”
“Bulletin”
the first part of “re. etc.”
“Too Much part 3”
first part of “the Salesman”
part of the second part of “the Salesman”
conclusion of “the Salesman”
“Equality”
“the Righteous Teacher”
“World Music”
“Random Insert: Artistic Liscence”
“Our Passion Masked Technology”
part of “nothing at all”
parts 1, 2 and 4 of “One Pirate Mangles Versatile Realms”
part of “Calling Only Dead Especially Secrets”
part 2 of “Virtual Omni Informational Distress”
part 1(?) and part 2 of “Cannibal”
“State of the Union Undressed”
part of “the Ontological Expatriate”
“Shakespeare in a Can”
“Pavlov’s Liberty Bell”
“Memo Regarding the Insurrection”
“Memories of Unknown”
“Cheetahs”

The works written by E are

“Cheshire Inc.”
“Zone P.D.”
“Day 21”
“A Tour”
the first part of “the real me”
“Soap”
“My Job”
“the Dr.”
“the Bugs”
“Too Much part 1”
part of the second part of “the Salesman”
second interlude of “the Salesman”
“At the Scene”
“the Grand Accusator”
“Club Convergence”
part of part 3 of “OPMVR”
part of part 2 of “CODES”
part one of “VOID”
part of “ZONE”
“THOSELIPS”
“Azure Blues” parts 1, 2 and 3
“Pure Pulp”

unknown works

“Lyn”

“the Dream”

“the Night”

“the Hops Part 1 and 2”

“the Radio Man”

“the Undone Time”

“nothing at all”

part one of “Calling only Dead...”

part 1 (?) of “Cannibal”

“Noodle”

“Legend”

“Tristesse: a Girl With God”

- situational implications and possible timeframes of writings (P)

What is perhaps most interesting about these writings is what we can learn of the different situations of these different writers, that is, the time period in which each wrote, and how this is reflected in and contributes to the writing style and dominant interests of the authors.

If we were to assume, as the writings of E indicate, that the works are arranged according to a proper chronology, then we could say with certainty that: P wrote before and longer than J, that E wrote before but finished before P, etc. However, is it safe to assume this? As the E material indicates, what chronology exists is only loose and unreliable. Furthermore, we have the author(s) of the unknown works fitting in apparently at random. The best way to establish a continuity for these works is suggested, not by E, but by “Nothing At All,” which is repetitive. So we see the only way to examine these works relative to one another is to see the points at which they make reference to one another.

Only the writings of E seem to follow any continuity as such, though they are interspersed throughout the final compilation. This, somewhat elastic, continuity can be subdivided into four essential sections.

Section 1: includes introductory and descriptive material of settings and classes of characters. This spans consecutively from “Cheshire Inc.” through “My Job,” but also includes subsequently the sections “the Bugs;” “Club Convergence parts 1 and 2;” “the Grand Accusator” and “THOSELIPS” — which both have the same inconclusive ending. “The Bugs” seems, contextually, to function as a segue between the first section and the second section.

Section 2: begins the trail of Sam, the character introduced in “Cheshire Inc.” The trail picks up with “the Dr.” introducing Calyope and Calypso as aliases for Sam, continues through “Too Much part 1” introducing the assassin character Tumuzsch who returns in the second part and second interlude of “the Salesman” — which also connects Lyn to the detective character. The first part of the trail concludes “At the Scene” introducing the characters of the Sarge and Paco. “The Grand Accusator” and “Club Convergence parts 1 and 2” then act as a bridge to section 3.

Section 3: is not necessarily congruent to section 2. In fact, none of the characters repeat themselves except in one editorial instance when the detective recounts the aliases of Sam. These parts, herein collectively known as the trail pt. 2, include “part 3 of OPMVR,” “part 2 of CODES,” “part one of VOID,” “ZONE” and “THOSELIPS.” It might also be appropriate to label this section “the anagram section.” “THOSELIPS” is another serial segue to section 4.

Section 4: this is the Azure section, the most autonomous of the section in which the detective is tracking Sam, because it deals only with one other main character, Azure Jones, in the three part “Azure Blues” and in “Pure Pulp.”

Section 3 is as dependent on section 2 as sections 2-4 are on section 1, but since some of the material of section 1 falls later in the chronology, between sections 2 and 3 and sections 3 and 4, then this statement holds water only insofar as to infer the preexistence of the material of section 1 for sections 2-4, and the material of section 2 for section 3, however this is not altogether a substantial conclusion, as the material for section 1 appears interspersed throughout the chronology of the other sections, acting to divide them from one another, more or less, referentially.

Here we see that certain words or phrases introduced by E are repeated by the other authors. The question then becomes, the given order of the multiply authored complete compilation notwithstanding, and that of E being, as demonstrated, “elastic”: in which direction do these quotes flow? Are the other authors making reference to E or is E making reference to the other authors? Or were these quotes added later by the compiler? The purpose of asking such a question is to establish a time frame of reference relative to each of the authors and the work as a whole. If the quotes are genuine to the apparent authors, then certain words, phrases and concepts pre-existed some of the writings, while being introduced in others, and thus a relative chronology could be constructed. If the quotes were placed in their different contexts at the time of compilation the relativity of the segments to each other breaks down and becomes more complicated.

The general theory of multiple authors itself is, admittedly, given wholly over to the fact of thematic ideological repetition devoid of the chronology of works implied by the compilation. This theory is sound with only one resounding flaw — that of the inserted unknown works. These works, which appear at random intervals throughout the compilation, are not only stylistically unique to the other hypothesized authors, but to one another as well. Speculations regarding some place them as myths preexistent to the first writing of any of the authors; some others suggest however contemporaneity to at least one of the authors. Thus, their chronology is especially hard to place.

The writings attributed to J indicate the thinking of a young male, probably in his late teens to early twenties. There is a lot of pent up sexual energy involved in his writings, and he is clearly in a stage of growth and development known to shamen as “coming of age.” This is a time in the humanoid homind’s life of much philosophizing over such issues as age, time, death, youth, sex, love, personality and deep psychological introspection of what characteristic attributes contribute to and define their outlook, behaviors, relationships, responsibilities, expectations of others, their environment and themselves, as well as their unique qualities such as experiences and desired goals. Much of this is reflected in the writings, as well as self-referentialism of the act of writing itself. Whatever assumptions about the character of the Jonist one makes, they are already meeting J halfway.

The different topics addressed by the Politist, on the other hand, are rarely of a personal, self defining nature — except insofar as assumed roles relative to the social structure. Much of what P stands for makes placing the writings in spacetime easy: a late 20th century reader of theoretical physics, political philosophy and “speculative” or “revisionist” history, P is outspoken, short fused, and rarely self revelatory. With topics ranging from the conspiracy for the New World Order and the theoretical differences between police state marshal law and outright looting anarchism to commentary on art and music as the last bastions of meaningful soul in

an otherwise mechanised world, the exact personal background of the Politist is difficult to put a finger on as his personal politics swing rapidly from right to left. This, in itself, in addition to the content of his/her writings, is a comment on the time and place.

The writings attributed to the scribe called E are the most difficult to place in relation to space and time. The references to and quotes from William Burroughs, Wilhelm Nietzsche and William Shakespeare place the origins of the author as a probable humanoid of earth from after the middle of the twentieth century, but the setting for the narrative is clearly some place other than the earth of that time. Whether it was written as if set in an optional future at that time, and whether it was meant to describe that planet at all, are unexplained in the context of the narrative. The narrator himself is clearly an extremely dangerous psychopath with little or no concept of right or wrong.

The unknown works deserve to be commented on each in its own at greater length than the limited space here will provide. Some of them are far afield, others more apprehendable. All are possessed of a unique style, making it difficult to place their time or space of origin.

- apocalyptic and prophetic implications

One of the primary stylistic elements that unifies most of these works is the similarity to apocalyptic writings, such as the Book of Revelations and various apocryphal biblical writings, and to prophetic writings, again such as various biblical writings and the writings of Michel Nostradamus. Much of the writing also bears similarity to the cut-up method of William Burroughs and the cyberpunk science fiction of William Gibson. One is led to wonder by such similarities if they are not, in fact, intentional?

The ancient schools of prophecy involved dream analysis and altered states of intoxication. In the states of alpha wave sleep or the various different forms of sensory delusion brought on by transcendental meditative techniques and / or chemical inebriation it was thought by the ancients that the corporeal limitations of space and time could be overcome and the greater causal relationships guiding all events from the distant past into the vastly more foreseeable future could be comprehended and to a greater extent controlled. This was the foundation of the schools of mysticism (seeing) and magic (doing) that became the basis of all apocalyptic and prophetic writings. It is known that such techniques were practised by, among others, the Essene jews at the time of Jesus, Michel Nostradamus, and William Burroughs. Again, one wonders if the similarities in the present writings are, in fact, intentional?

If so then the philosophies of P and the science fiction of E might actually prove as universally applicable as the “coming of age” depth psychology of J. And if this is the case then the question really becomes — what is the bridge between the time frames described by P and E? Is it to be the anthropomorphic, as J, or anthropic, as the unknown works? And in which of these cases does E become a constant, and which a variable?

The writings of E, like much of those of Burroughs and those of Gibson, deserve the name popular at the end of the second millennium for such dystopically prophetic science fiction — “post-apocalyptic.” This name is entirely inappropriate, since the Greek word “apokalyps” means “revelation.” Thus the term “post-apocalyptic” is essentially an exclusively Christian term meaning “after the events of the Book of Revelation” which describe a beforehand account of the battle of

Miggedo, or “Armeggedon,” an event which actually subsequently happened during the second Jewish uprising and is described by the contemporary second Maccabees and Josephus’ “History of the Jews.” Thus, this is not, as the Catholic papacy and the Lutheran protestant Christian churches have persuaded their parishoners and priests to believe and evangelize, a future event that has not already ocured. What has not, by most accounts, already ocured is the second coming of Christ described in Revelation. This is where the argument between the anthropormorphic writings of J and the legends and myths of the unknown works becomes relevant.

Thus, it is, technically, accurate to describe the E material as post-Miggedian, or the popular slur “post apocalyptic,” but as the debate between an anthropomorphic second coming of Christ or an anthropic set of fables and prophecies, the pastiche order of the material offers no simple solution, no resolution.

- gematria and word games

One stylistic technique, employed most obviously by E, but more subtly by the others as well, is anagramming and acronyms. These sort of word play are known in the tradition of Jewish mysticism as gematria. There are three types of anagramming: gematria (number letter equivalence), notariqon (where the letters of a word form the first, middle or last letters of the words of a sentence), and temura (permutation by letter substitution). Where one of these is present, so shall the others be present as well. The obvious anagramming in the text is notariqon — which occurs in several titles, but also throughout the body, of several pieces of the text. This additional layer of meaning added to the text occurs hologrammatically, such that the regular dimensions of textual length, bredth and depth areased by a shared dimension, equivalent in physics to the concept of time, in an expanded continuum.

The practice of notariqon is associated with QBLH, which is the Old Testament equivalent of the New Testament concept of the Péshah. Both signify a concealed code hidden self-referentially in the text whose discovery and comprehension leads one to “enlightenment” — the western version of Buddhist “illumination.” The difference between the QBLH and the Péshah is that between the anthropomorphic Christ and the anthropic cosmological. While the Péshah was a code based on double meanings of the New Testament parables — the exoteric meanings left open to interpretation and the esoteric true meanings revealed only to the apostles — historically relative facts of the contemporary time period — revealing the life of the true person of Yeshua the Nazorene — and certain political code words used by competing sects such as the zealots, essenes and pharisees — which revealed popular scriptural interpretation of the day; the QBLH was a code based on interpretation by gematria and translation of certain key words and phrases of the Old Testament scriptures, supposed to have begun before they were canonized in written form, arranged relative to one another in esoterically secret geometric relationships meant to reveal a deeper picture of the will of God as it could be interpreted through His creation.

- reference by characterization to one author by another within context of the writing

In addition to the anthropic word play it is relevent to consider the anthropomorphic characterisation of each of the personality types of the authors in the works of the others. By doing so it should become more evident the motives for

certain behaviors by the characters described, as well as the intentions of some of the authors in their descriptions of the world according to their opinions.

Of primary note, even of utmost concern, is the portrayal by E of his female characters. Every female character is portrayed as emotionally cold, everly sexual, under intelligent, and as either a coerced informant or victim of torture, rape and murder. This victimized position is juxtaposed to the masculine omnipresence of the Grand Accusator and the digital mouth in “THOSELIPS,” the stalking follower of Tumuzsch and the eventually feminized but temporarily heroic Azure Jones; not to mention the enigmatic Cheshire - Calyope - Calypso - Cain Nemesis Sam. This portrayal of the anima reflects in the context of the compilation on the effeminently open minded J. The portrayal of Lyn, the iconized Gaia principle associated with the Kali-demiurge in the unknown work, with the detective character persona of E as the ex-wife of ten years murdered by Tumuzsch might indicate a connection between the various murders of women committed by the detective persona and the murder of Lyn scene in the unknown work at the hands of rainbow armored assassins, however the description of the blood flower and blood flooding tunnel in the unknown work is definitively more archetypally menstrual than the meaningless torture of Dr. McCoy.

Another connecting factor between E and J are the descriptions of the character Enrico in J and that of Tumuzsch in E. Since even the fanciful writing by J of “the Book Tour” is self referential to himself as a writer, and describes Enrico as another author, this sheds some light on the character of Tumuzsch as a stalking agent following the detective even as the detective follows Sam. One wonders if the “Rick” and “Enrico” of J’s writings weren’t the same person perceived at different times, and if the Tumuzsch - detective - Sam triangle might not also be an ontological tautology, but the dischordant chronology of the compilation does not support answers to these questions.

Finally, from a lay person’s perspective, the “old man” in the unknown work “Legend” appears to be an allegory for God. Beside this, the character of Sam could be seen as an allegory for Satan, perhaps even Satan in a Godless world. To juxtapose this, however, Satan does actually appear as a character in the E material, albeit apparently only for comic relief. Perhaps the best hypothesis is that, just as Lyn (and in particular her mythical death) represents “coming of age” to womanhood, so might the “old man” be an idealization of the elderly J, and Sam a hypothesis of what it would be like if P came to power.

“Cheshire Inc.”

Jonathan Barlow Gee

